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BERLIN OFFICE MUSICAL COURIER,
BERLIN, June 22, 1898.

ALTHOUGH a residence of over seventeen years in the United States has knocked my never very pronounced monarchical predilections out of me long ago, I cannot help feeling a great admiration for the person who figures as patron saint over my Berlin Branch Budget—for Emperor William II. of Germany. He has really a big mind and broad, noble ideas of frequently quite surprising originality. Among these must be counted his action of Thursday of last week, when in commemoration of the tenth anniversary of his reign the Emperor invited all the chief artists of the royal comedy and of the royal opera, including the heads of the orchestra and ballet, to the concert room of the opera house.

His Majesty appeared in gala dress, the large orange ribbon of the order of the Black Eagle decorating his uniform, and he was accompanied by the Empress. After having saluted the artists in most solemn, but exceedingly kind and courteous fashion, Emperor William addressed to them these words of august thanks for their services:

"I have invited you to assemble here because I wished you to participate in the festivities of this day like all others who have come to me to celebrate it. When ten years ago I took up the reign I had just left the school of idealism in which my father had brought me up. I held the idea that the royal theatre was called above everything else to cultivate in our people that idealism in which, thanks to the Lord, it is still so rich and the warm waves of which still vividly flow through its heart. I was of the conviction and had firmly proposed to myself that the royal theatre should be an operative implement of the monarch just like the school and university which have the task to educate the growing generation and to prepare them for the work of maintaining the highest intellectual goods of our glorious German fatherland. Just so the theatre must contribute to the education of mind and character and toward the ennobling of moral intuitions.

"The theatre likewise is one of my weapons! It is my heart's desire to express to you all my most sincere, heartiest and most deeply felt royal thanks for the willingness with which you have fulfilled this task. You have most completely come up to the high expectations which I have held of the personnel of my opera and comedy. It is the duty of every monarch to watch over the theatre, as I have seen it in the example of my father and grandfather, just because the theatre can become an immense power in his hand. And I thank you for your cultivation of our gloriously beautiful language, and that you have understood how to interpret in such pre-eminent style the creations of our own heroes of the intellect and of those of other nations.

"I thank you furthermore for having entered into all of my incitations and wishes. I can say it with joy that all countries follow with attention the activity of the royal theatres and look upon their performances with admiration. I have the firm conviction that the care and labor which you have bestowed upon your representations have not been wasted. I beg of all of you to assist me further, each one in his own way and in his own place, in the firm trust in the Lord, to serve the spirit of idealism and to continue the battle against that materialism and that non-German addition into which unfortunately some of the German stages have lapsed. And thus we will firmly persist in this battle and persevere in true endeavor. Hold yourselves assured that at every moment I shall watch your efforts and that you may be sure of my thanks, my care for you and of my recognition."

This heartfelt speech, rousing delivered by the Emperor, was received with really unparalleled enthusiasm by the artists, and it was with genuine emotion that Count Hochberg, royal general intendant, voiced the sentiment of all of them in the following reply:

"Among the high distinctions and honors which your Imperial and Royal Majesty has from time to time bestowed upon your theatres, the one conferred to-day is

surely the most gracious as well as the most brilliant one, and it stands alone in the annals of this institute of art.

"Your Majesty will please accept our most humble and most deeply felt thanks and at the same time the renewed promise that each one of us for his share and in the place assigned to him will do all in his power to preserve and augment the glory of the royal theatres to the joy and satisfaction of Your Majesty.

"I now take the liberty to add the most devout request in the name of all of us that Your Majesty will continue to take in your theatres that costly interest which has proved so gratifying and so fruitful. Only under the supervision of Your Majesty, through the wise counsel, the always squarely hitting orders, the high and refined art understanding, the comprehensive knowledge of Your Majesty, has it become possible to bring the royal theatres to such a stage of advancement that their representations, as I may be allowed to say, could, with a few exceptions, always have been given before Your Majesty as real parade and festival performances. This was, as I said before, only possible, because we were all supported by the consciousness of Your Majesty's gracious sentiments, but likewise because we were penetrated with the feeling that Your Majesty makes upon us the highest demands.

"Your Majesty, we are troops always ready to fight, we have courage, but we are sure of victory only when we are conscious of passing muster before the sharply critical eye of Your Majesty. Thus the royal theatres will gain for Your Majesty and under Your Majesty's guidance new victories in dramatic art. And now, my artistic hosts, will you give vent to our feelings of thanks toward our most gracious sovereign by joining me in the call 'His Majesty, our beloved Emperor, King and Master, long may he live! Hoch, hoch, hoch!'"

The three cheers were heartily joined in by all the assembled artists, to many of whom the Emperor before withdrawing addressed personally a few words of recognition and bestowed handshakes here and there. Not a few of the artists also received presents in the shape of diamond brooches for the ladies and scarf pins with the imperial initials for the gentlemen. The spectacle of the Emperor thus honoring his artists was an elevating one, and not one of the many who were participants in this royal display of favor and good will but goes back to his task with a feeling of gratefulness and with renewed vigor as well as ardor and the desire to do his or her utmost to please a ruler who has always proved himself as kind as he is considerate and art loving.

* * *

It may be of great interest to many of our readers who intend visiting Germany with the view of studying music to learn that the Virgil Technic Clavier and Method are gaining ground rapidly and enjoy the support of the highest musical authorities in Berlin, which town has been made the centre from which Mr. Virgil and his assistants influence the fatherland.

A committee of German musicians and critics was duly organized last January in Berlin to examine into the merits of the Virgil Technic Clavier and Method. The committee consists of Messrs. Otto Lessmann (chairman), Felix Dreyschock, Dr. Ernest Jedliczka, Philipp Scharwenka, Dr. C. Krebs and Dr. Oscar Bie, the secretary being Miss Florence Dodd. Eight children at their first lesson were examined by these gentlemen and after four and a half months' instruction the committee again examined the children and the following is a partial report of the proceedings and the opinions in full of the examiners as to the merits of the Clavier method. To accommodate the examiners' two examinations were held; therefore I give the statement of both divisions of the committee.

The two questions submitted by Mr. Virgil to the board of examiners are:

First—Does the Virgil Technic Clavier furnish to the piano student superior advantages for the acquisition of artistic executive skill?

Second—Does the Virgil Technic Clavier Method, ap-

pealing, as it does, directly to the mental and physical powers of the learner (independently for a time of musical effects), tend to dull the musical perceptions of the learner and stultify musical growth and interests?

The replies of the first section of the committee answered these questions as follows:

First—Yes; absolutely!

Second—No.

But, on the contrary, having witnessed the performance of eight young pupils, boys and girls, who have only been instructed in the Virgil Technic Clavier Method for four months, we have been convinced that by appealing to the mental faculties of the pupil, in a manner entirely foreign to the usual elementary instruction, an excellent foundation for the real musical education is laid.

OTTO LESSMANN,
FELIX DREYSCHOCK,
ERNEST JEDLICZKA,
PROF. C. LUTCHIG.

The last named gentleman, a professor at the Royal Conservatory and a well-known pedagogue in St. Petersburg, was so enthusiastic about the results attained by Mr. Virgil in that short time of instruction that he expressed the wish to sign the above report of the committee, to which he had the unanimous consent of the members.

The other section of the committee, holding the examination two days later, replied to the two questions as follows:

First—Yes; without doubt.

Second—No.

In the Virgil method the intellectual and physical faculties of the pupil are equally developed. By dispensing with the piano tone an element distracting the attention is abolished. The pupil at first is not tempted to divert his attention by listening to the sound produced, but he is all the more obliged to concentrate mind and will exclusively on the essence of technic: Position and movements of arms, hands, fingers and muscles. By means of an extraordinary, ingeniously invented system of exercises, constructed with the greatest logical consequence, a far more perfect training of the playing apparatus is attained than has been the case hitherto. Only after a sufficient use of the toneless Clavier is the practice of tonal effects taken up, which is now better and more easily attained, as the established conditions are better ones. That the gymnastic exercises of the Virgil method, which are but indirectly connected with music, might cause the dulling of musical perception and diminution of musical progress must be totally denied. The contrary might rather take place. For eight pupils, whom we have had the opportunity of examining at the commencement of their study and again four months afterward, showed an unusual exactness in the keeping and subdivision of a given time, and were with regard to variety of touch, hand gymnastics, stretching capacities and independence of fingers more advanced than is usually the case with an average pupil after the same time of study. The Virgil method may therefore be regarded as an essential means for furthering piano technic and its general adoption strongly recommended.

DR. C. KREBS,
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After the eight children had gone through the greater part of the exercises, the following paper, written by A. H. Virgil, was read in German before the investigating committee by Pastor Stieglitz:

Macaulay says: "As the science of an art becomes better understood, and its fundamental laws more clearly defined, the power and usefulness of the art are proportionately increased." Delsarte once said, referring to the special period of which he was speaking: "Hitherto genius alone and not science has made great orators." I believe it may be said with perhaps equal propriety at the present time that hitherto genius alone and not science has made great pianists, and for no other reason than that the fundamental laws of the executive side of the science of the art of piano playing, from an educational point of view, have not been sufficiently clearly defined.

Dr. Johnson defines the word "Technic" as "the skill of artistic execution." Now, technic studio in piano playing (consistent technic study) has for its object the acquisition of an effective and expressive execution. I make use of the term "consistent" advisedly for the reason that I am sure that in this department of piano study the gravest and most harmful inconsistencies prevail—inconsistencies which are a positive barrier to the acquisition of that skill which established an artistic execution.

In order not to be misunderstood by this assertion I will state that we regard technic as an elementary branch, and when rightly viewed and accepted for what it really is or should be, it is certainly the first essential element of piano study. Therefore, when we speak of the errors of instruction we have reference alone to those which obtain in this elementary branch of training. Now, it must not be supposed that America and England are especially amenable to the charge preferred. I find the same inconsistencies in Germany, and in view of the great interest in and the advanced condition of the musical art here, in other branches than technic, and in view of the fact that students of music flock to Germany as the Mecca of art, the deficiencies in the study of piano technic seem, if possible, more pronounced here than in either of the other countries mentioned.

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foreign students as pupils, are in a measure, however, to be exonerated for the frequent artistic failure of such pupils, for the reason that these come to their German master thoroughly imbued with the idea that his great reputation, in spite of the very faulty early training they have received and their deficiencies in the knowledge of the elementary principles of piano playing, will work miracles for them. Were he to offer them the kind of instruction which they really need, and which he knows they need, they would resent it. They come to Germany to learn great compositions and to acquire in a German atmosphere great artistic renown.

I have to the present date examined nearly 300 persons in Berlin. This number includes pupils who have been from one to ten or more years under instruction, also amateurs and a goodly number who are already teachers of the piano. The ages of those I have examined range from nine to fifty years, a large percentage of the number being Germans, the remainder principally English and Americans. Many of these gave evidence of the possession of more than average musical ability, and a few were favored by nature with superior talents, possessing excellent auricular, rhythmic and time sense, exceptionally good hands and arms, excellent muscles and nerves, and equally good mental and motive powers. Most of the number had had instruction right here in Berlin for years, and from some of the first masters of the present day and of the recent past. They had heard—and that too many times—all, or nearly all, of the great artists who have appeared in this city from Rubinstein to those of the present day; and if we may judge of their tastes by the statements they utter their deep love of music cannot be doubted. Still they are forced to admit that their fingers, in spite of their earnest efforts, refuse to produce the effects they so much desire. Now, to be musically intelligent and earnest is one thing, but to be technically intelligent and skillful is quite a different matter. In my judgment the consideration of first and greatest importance is early to secure and maintain in the pupil a condition of perfect harmony between his (the pupil's) judgment, his ambition, his playing skill and his emotional nature, and at the same time to promote a healthful growth in all. Therefore the system of musical training which considers the whole being—first, his mental, physical and executive or mechanical powers, and in due course the emotional—is the system which is sure to produce the most satisfactory and telling results.

Huxley says: "It is because the human body is a machine that education is possible." I doubt if there is any branch of education which demands a more complete and perfect development of all the powers of a human being than does piano playing. In this study brain, nerves, muscles and emotions are all involved to a degree which, in my judgment, finds a parallel in no other branch of learning, and the method of training that appeals directly to the emotions, and at best only indirectly to the mental faculties and physical powers, will fail to utilize to the greatest advantage all the resources of this wonderful human machine.

"Common sense," according to Sir William Hamilton, "is the faculty of first principles." In teaching the faculty of first principles always places the task to be performed before the learner in concise order, and the first right principle thoroughly comprehended and mastered leads naturally and easily to the second, and so on step by step. This faculty of first principles conducts the learner in an orderly manner through and over otherwise almost insuperable difficulties. The "faculty of first principles" is, unfortunately for the piano student and for the best good of the art, not a prominent element either with masters or with anxious music students. The last principle, the result, the effect affords so great interest that first principles receive no proper attention.

Rudimentary music teaching is often looked upon as a very trifling matter, so much so that anyone who is known to have bestowed some attention to the piano is thought capable of teaching beginning pupils. In evidence of this fact I frequently find people right here in Germany who have for years been engaged in teaching entirely ignorant of even the first principles of true piano playing—unable to even place their own hands in right playing position, or to make proper finger movements in the simplest passage, with no knowledge of their own muscles and no skill to control them. They will answer when I ask them if they are teachers that they are, but explain that they do not play very much, and that they do not understand those technical principles—they "only teach," they say. They often tell me, boasting, of the great compositions their pupils study under them. The question at once occurs to my mind when examining such people, How can this be? Can a person teach that which he does not know himself? Those things which he does not know and cannot do are only the simplest elementary principles of piano playing—the alphabet, so to speak, of the art. Could anyone give valuable instruction in German literature who could not pronounce correctly the letters of the alphabet? As a consequence of the neglect of "first principles" in piano playing students everywhere are struggling with compositions far beyond their ability and masters are taxing their own patience in the fruitless effort to secure the finished effects which these great compositions demand. "Why talk of expression before the fingers are capable of expression?" are the words of one of Berlin's most famous musical educators (Theodor Kullak), uttered years ago, and still, to this day, I find masters right here in Berlin not only talking expression but actually working to secure it from fingers that are entirely incapable. What would be thought of a mechanic were he to apply the polish to the crude material, expecting later on to proceed with the work of construction, with the hope of finally turning out a unique and finished product? Now, this is the common practice among music masters. They try to apply the polish to the crude material. Before the proposed structure has assumed tangible form they begin energetically to apply the finishing touches, and after years of effort and expense on the part of the pupil, and waste of talent, too, perhaps, signal failure is the result. I am meeting daily

the grotesque product of their hands. Now, this practice has prevailed for generations, and in the absence of a more consistent course of training the world seems to have settled down to a state of passive indifference, and while other departments of education have been favored with the best thought of earnest educators this branch of learning has been overlooked, and the consequence is that empirical knowledge rather than scientific principles generally obtains in teaching the piano.

I cannot here go into details with regard to the Technic Klavier Method, but will say briefly that we play with our fingers, and the fingers do their work through the action of the nerves and muscles, and they in turn are the servants of the brain. The mind derives its energy from the external objects, facts and principles which it is the office of instruction to place before the senses. Mind, then, claims first attention, and is first, is dependent for its energy of action upon the nature of the thing or subject presented and the manner of presentation. The mind, in the contemplation of substantial truths, deals only with facts, never with fancies. The Clavier Method differs from the prevailing or piano methods of instruction, both in the nature of the appeal it makes from the very outset and in the nature of the thing presented. It appeals to the intelligence and not to the emotions, and presents facts and not fancies to the pupil; therefore the best powers of the intellect are awakened.

As the human faculties are reached through the senses, and as all of the senses are more or less involved in every effort to promote the mental and physical activities, and as certain senses have far greater power in producing results than have other senses, and as the technical or executive part of piano playing is indispensable to that accomplishment, the question is, What sense or which of the senses appeal most strongly to the muscles and nerves which exercise control over the playing movements? Is it the sight and physical feeling, or is it the emotions whose effect is rather to remove from the mechanical effort the influence of every other sense? We hold that visible technic and physical feeling, and not audible effect, in teaching the first principles of playing, have the greater power. Now, as mind controls every bodily exertion, the mind as well as the body must be in a perfect state of health and activity in order that both may perform their proper functions. We therefore begin with physical and breathing exercises, and special exercises designed to induce mental activity, which exercises are continued during an entire course of training. Holding, as we do, that with the average learner sight, hearing and physical feeling are the senses through which the acquisition of correct playing movements and executive skill come, we first train the pupil to know his physical self. We appeal at once to sight and physical feeling to aid in controlling and dictating proper hand positions and right playing movements. Thus far the united powers of sight and physical feeling, guided by the brain, have been directly brought into action.

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bring into use the moving keys, with their unattractive sounds or clicks, which appeal to the sense of hearing only. Thus the power of the three senses, viz., sight, physical feeling and hearing, are now united to produce the desired result. By means of this union of strength every playing movement is taught and executed before the emotional faculties are appealed to.

We believe that to the general lack of knowledge of the cause or causes of effects in piano playing, far more than to the want of appreciation of effects, may be attributed the failures of the great majority of piano students.

The Technic Clavier Method, as before stated, appeals directly to the intelligence of the pupil, intelligence as to the legitimate cause of the effects he aims to produce, and the Clavier, rightly used, makes such logical procedure possible, while the piano naturally defeats such a course. This definite knowledge, of course, insures executive skill; executive skill insures the power of expression, and the power of expression gives the power of interpretation, which latter power is of course measured by the inner musical sense of the learner.

The Technic Clavier System of musical instruction is built upon psychological educational laws, as no other system of piano training is. In view of the fact, as admitted by every teacher and art master that effective playing is the result of right doing, from some cause, we believe that the Technic Clavier and Method solve a very important problem, namely: How may the average pupil, I mean the pupil of average talent and average means, can be favored with the best possible artistic foundational instruction, at a reasonable outlay of money, and at the same time, the teacher receive a reward for his services reasonable and commensurate?

It has long been a question, How can the master, who is really a master, receive proper compensation for his labor from a single pupil, and still keep the price of instruction within reasonable bounds? The Clavier Method so classifies and systematizes the exercises in teaching and so fixes the mental gaze upon each subject in its orderly presentation, that the best of instruction in the art of piano playing can be given to a large number of pupils at one time, thus reducing tuition fees, and, what is of still greater importance, enable the instructor to present the whole truth, omitting nothing, as we trust we have clearly demonstrated to the minds of the members of the committee.

It is a fact that schools of music give instruction to several pupils at the same time, so-called class instruction, but the nature of the method pursued and the facilities employed are such that serious neglects of great practical truths of an executive character are unavoidable. Each member of a class receives such instruction as the master in charge is able to give under the circumstances, of ten, maybe twenty minutes in practical playing. Now this is entirely inadequate beginning work, and pupils thus instructed omit so much that is essential that a true and correct technical foundation is seldom laid. The Clavier Method not only makes it possible to present every point clearly, but the facilities employed make it possible for every pupil in a class of eight, or even twice eight, to play constantly—in fact each and every member of a Clavier class will do more actual playing than is usually done by a single pupil at a private lesson. It is on account of the great advantages with the Clavier and the method offer that we present this system of instruction before this committee and this community where so great interest centres in the art of music and piano playing.

Distinguished musicians are often honestly opposed to the Clavier system, because the Clavier is a toneless instrument. Their argument is that tone is an essential factor in musical knowledge training. Now this objection is answered by a single sentence, to wit: The Clavier system employs both instruments, the Clavier and the piano, the former to train the several senses, which are better reached and developed without tone, and the latter to train the one sense, which can only be reached and developed with tone. Another common objection is that pupils cannot be made interested in practising on the Clavier. This opinion furnishes conclusive evidence that teachers of music who offer this objection are not educators, and that the study of music is not viewed by them in the light of consistent educational laws.

Horace Mann says: "Permanent good must be reached through the avenues of the intelligence." Are teachers seeking permanent good for their pupils? If so, they should understand that the very best and surest way to

awaken the interest and intelligence of the human soul is to appeal directly to that faculty, the intellect. The children forming this test class have been held strictly to the technic table and Clavier. I hope the committee will ask each member of the class whether or not he or she is interested in the work. I do not know that the question has ever been submitted to one of them, but if I may judge of their interest by their actions. I should say that their interest is far greater than it would have been had they been all of these four and a half months at the piano, and their intelligence of the true foundational principles of the technic of piano playing is superior to that of many whom I have examined who have used the piano for years. These pupils, I will add, are no exception to the general rule among Clavier pupils. We do not question the right of musicians to an opinion of their own, nor do we doubt the honesty of their convictions in view of the training they have had. Still we cannot respect a teacher as a teacher who does not himself respect great educational principles, and who is ready to pass adverse judgment upon important educational subjects before he has made an effort to get an understanding of them. Mendelssohn said: "The older I get, the more I see how important it is first to learn and then to form an opinion."

The reading of this paper, which made a great impression on the audience, having been concluded, the children went through the rest of their performances, which were followed by an exhibition of an advanced class of pupils, showing an admirable amount of technical skill. In addition to that Miss Todd gave a remarkable display of rhythmic scale and arpeggio playing—first on the Clavier and then on the piano—after which the committee expressed their opinion as given above.

Finally we should not like to omit stating that the autumn term of the Virgil Piano School in Berlin, W. Potsdamer strasse, 121 K., will begin on October 3, 1898. Students intending to make their finishing studies in music with some great artist in Germany may be advised to make their finishing studies in technic at the same time at the Virgil Piano School under A. K. Virgil's personal supervision.

Berlin has lots of opera during the present summer season. The Royal Opera personnel are holding forth at both the opera houses (the old and the new, formerly Kroll's), and both places are doing big business. Somewhat less fortunate is Herr Director Morwitz, but he made money out of the Prevosti guesting appearances, for that lady has drawn a few full houses at the Theater des Westens. I heard her during the past week in a part which I thought she would never have selected for public performance, viz., Carmen. There are some roles which seem to have been conceived for artists of a certain type and for them only. Thus I cannot conceive of a black-haired or tiny Gretchen, albeit Pauline Lucca, proved a noteworthy exception to the generally blond, German looking type of Goethe's heroine. Still less can I imagine a tall, blond woman being the best impersonator of the vixen of a dark Spanish cigarette girl as Carmen is described in the novel. Thus Madame Prevosti, who looks Irish rather than Italian, seems hardly predestined by nature as an impersonator of Carmen and still less is she adapted to it vocally.

Bizet's music was written for an alto voice, and Madame Prevosti has an open, clear soprano voice. She can sing portions of the work, thus the world famous "Habanera" (which was not composed by Bizet), only when they are transposed a tone or more upward. That in spite of these natural drawbacks Madame Prevosti was able to score quite a success in the part of Carmen proves her to be an artist of superior merit. And yet even histrionically she was as far removed from the ideal character as can be imagined, for she plays Carmen in a manner altogether too ladylike and tries to make her far more of an ideal in

character than she ought to be. Still this seemed to please the public and even some of the critics. Outside of the card scene I could see very little that was done the way I think it ought to have been done, and yet it was interesting, and it attracted nearly the entire audience, until after the third act they seemed to be carried away with enthusiasm.

Much less enthusiasm was evoked by the support of the guesting star. Schroeter is the name of the young tenor who sang Don José, and he has not a bad voice. He does not know, however, what to do with it, and only in the effect caused by the dramatic intensity of the last scenes was he vocally satisfactory. Escamillo was very tamely sung and acted by Herr von Lauppert, who "scored" only once, viz., with the Toreador song, while he fell flat in the big final scene with Carmen. Madame Andor is much too robust vocally in the tender part of Michaela, and worse than that she frequently sings off pitch. The rest of the cast is not worth mentioning.

Herr Pruewer, from Breslau, was the conductor, and he has apparently much routine but little refinement. He held his orchestra together, and in it is some good material, especially among the woodwind. In point of number, however, the orchestra is much too small, and its tone volume is even diminished by the bad position of the small space allotted to the orchestra and which is placed almost under the stage. The chorus was dreadful throughout. It is one of the worst operatic choruses I ever heard, and mind you I have lived through many seasons of Maplesonian régime at the old New York Academy of Music. Bizet's music, moreover, is not easy for the chorus, and hence there were several disasters.

A far different but by no means a "star" performance was that of Auber's five-act grand opera, "La Muette de Portici," or, as it is called in Italian, after the name of its hero, "Masaniello." The revival took place at the New Royal Opera House (Kroll's) on Saturday night of last week, and proved an event of some interest.

What had induced the intendency to newly mount and study this work of the old repertory I don't know, but one thing I am sure of and that is that Auber's chef d'œuvre sounded considerably antiquated in many places, and this despite the fact that it contains some very singable and popular music such as our musical ancestors used to sing, hum or whistle on the street. It is well known that no less a musician and composer than Richard Wagner himself was very fond of "Masaniello," and he tested to this predilection in several places in his "Gesammelte Schriften." On the whole, however, I believe that it was just as much the revolutionary spirit of the contents of Scribe's skillful opera book as Auber's music which took his fancy.

Be that as it may, there seems to us very little of this revolutionary fire left in the score, and when listening to it, though the work was rousing performed under old man Sucher, who had woke up for the occasion, I failed to comprehend why "La Muette de Portici" could ever have roused the Belgian revolution at Brussels in the early thirties. The fact remains, however, that it did, and this again proves that we listen to music differently from what our fathers did.

The really revolutionary close of the opera, which culminates in an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, was, if I mistake not, considerably changed in Berlin. Not that the volcano did not spit fire; on the contrary, it looked quite ferocious and imposing, but it seems to me that I remember a great popular uprising on the scene when "Masaniello" was produced in New York under the late Dr. Damrosch's direction at the Metropolitan Opera House, with

Niemann in the title role. I remember that barricades were built upon the stage, and that the mob, viz., the chorus, led on by Masaniello, pelted the palace of Duke Alfonso with false bricks until the castle went to pieces. All this revolutionary display was abandoned on the monarchical stage, and thus the close of the opera, despite the fire-spitting Vesuvius, appeared lame and even a trifle tame.

A real drawback in the otherwise very excellent performance of the opera was the apparent temporary indisposition of Herr Sylva as Masaniello. He sang the heroic portions of the title role with effort, and the lovely song in which he lulls his dumb sister to sleep he could reproduce only because he understands the art of handling his voice, even under adverse circumstances. Sylva sang in order to save the performance, which otherwise would have had to be postponed. He received but scanty thanks for his self sacrifice in the Berlin papers.

Herr Naval sang Alfonso well in the first act, but his sweet tenor voice gave out in the last, and his acting on the whole was not of the most interesting sort. Frau Herzog as Elvira was excellent, and her singing of the great B flat aria in the first act elicited a spontaneous round of well deserved applause.

The dumb girl Fenella was represented in very lively fashion by Mlle. dell'Era. She was perhaps a trifle too dramatic in her gestures. The entire ballet was very fine and the chorus greatly distinguished itself, coming in for a salvo of thundering handclappings after the Prayer of the third act, which was sung with rhythmic precision and effective dynamic shading.

To these same virtues the Swedish Students' Choir, a male chorus organization of some forty voices, which is just now concertizing here in Berlin, owe much of their very pronounced success. I heard them at the first appearance in Bechstein Hall, given under the auspices of the Berlin Press Club. Ivar Hedenblad, their director, seems to be an excellent and very painstaking conductor. He has drilled his men until they sing with rare unity and clearness in breathing and pronunciation and with absolute flawlessness of intonation. The Sons of Orpheus, as they call themselves, do the University of Upsala proud, and they will return to their alma mater crowned with laurels. Especially pleasing is the effect of their piano and in this they remind me of the Arion Chorus, of New York, as they sang under Van der Stucken on their artistic journey through Germany in 1892. Like the Arion chorus, the Swedish Student Chorus also carries some soloists, a mighty baritone named Lundqvist, and a basso whose name escaped me, but who is really the superior singer of the two. Both are no longer students in the earliest semesters. The Orpheus' Sons sing a repertory of forty numbers, all from memory, and some of the German quartets they give in the language of the fatherland.

Siegfried Wagner has entirely completed the score of his opera "Die Baerenhaeuter" and the work will be performed for the first time next winter at either Munich or Dresden.

I was much pleased to notice that my old friend Percy Betts has resumed his Musical Notes columns in the London Figaro. That old established, excellent journal was not complete during the interregnum of two years, when "Cherubino's" interesting pen was resting, but not rusting.

The ovations for Frl. Malten on her twenty-fifth artists' anniversary came near ending disastrously. After the curtain had been raised for the eighteenth time upon the bowing and smiling Elizabeth it came down for the nineteenth time right square upon her artistic nose and broke that organ. Frl. Malten retired precipitately and bleeding, and is now in bed nursing her nose. The representations of Isolde and Elsa will therefore have to be postponed.

There will be a postlude to the retirement jollities of the Stavenhagens from Weimar. Stavenhagen has sued

the grand ducal attendant Herr von Vignau for libel, and the affair will come up before the court next month.

Among my callers during the past week were Herr Karl Kaempf, of Berlin, composer and president of the Fafnerbund; Prof. Albert A. Stanley, of Ann Arbor, Mich.; Miss Francesca Bendecke, of Minneapolis, a sweet seventeen, pretty and talented violin pupil of Professor Hollaender, and Miss Augusta Cottlow, of Chicago.

O. F.

BERLIN MUSIC NOTES.

June 20, 1898.

The first public examination of the Stern Conservatory of Music was held at the Singakademie June 18. Mieczyslaw Natrowski, of Warsaw, a boy of fourteen, played the Ernst F sharp minor violin concerto. His technic is little short of astounding, overcoming all difficulties with the greatest ease. The two long runs in thirds, soon after the beginning, were perfect, and the octave run, which he fingered, was remarkable for its clearness and perfect intonation. He possesses a mellow, sensuous tone, which is very fascinating. Musically he does not rank as high as technically, although his childish interpretation must be attributed to his age, and there is no doubt that if he remains faithful to his art, which is always to be considered with prodigies, he has great chances of becoming one of the superior technicians of the romantic school.

Fraulein Ottilie Metzger, of Frankfort-am-Main, a pupil of Frau Prof. Nicklass-Kempner, sang an aria from Max Bruch's "Achilleus," giving evidence of remarkable dramatic talent, besides having a fine contralto voice of flexibility and power. She will soon make her debut in opera.

James Liebling, of New York, who played the Lindner violoncello concerto, had by far the greatest success, being recalled numerous times. Great interest was attached to his debut, as he has the reputation of being the hardest working student in Berlin, and consequently exceptional results were expected. The Conservatory orchestra, which played all the accompaniments, disgraced itself, particularly in this case, and made it very trying for young Liebling. Although handicapped on all sides (also playing on a poor instrument), he gave a remarkable performance of this very uninteresting concerto. He possesses a large and sweet tone, clear technic, perfect intonation and exceptional interpretative powers. It is only a matter of a few years when James Liebling's name will be mentioned with the foremost cellists of to-day. Decided credit is due his master, Anton Hekking, for the untiring interest he has shown in his pupil for over two years.

Of the remaining numbers little can be said, as none were above mediocrity, with the exception of the last two, which I did not hear: Liszt's E flat major concerto, played by Fraulein Gertrud Meyer, of Berlin, and the "Lorelei" finale of Mendelssohn, sung by Frau Prof. Nicklass-Kempner's class, and which, I am told, were both well rendered.

The composer, Ottokar Novacek, whose piano concerto was played here by Busoni at one of the Philharmonic concerts under the direction of Arthur Nikisch two seasons ago is composing a violin concerto. Before his departure for Leipzig, a few days ago, where he will remain during the summer months, he played several themes of his proposed concerto for me. As much as I could judge from the little he has finished it will be intensely modern. Its completion is being watched with ardent interest by his numerous admirers, and let us hope it will prove a greater success than his unfortunate piano concerto. It is said Concertmeister Anton Wittek will be the first to play it. If the composition will correspond to the masterful way in which Herr Wittek will interpret it I can vouch for its success.

A comical story was told me by one of Wilhelmj's friends in reference to a tour of Madame Patti through Great Britain with the assistance of William Henley, a young pupil of Wilhelmj. In numerous places the audiences became so enthusiastic over this young man that they left Madame Patti entirely in the cold. After several such disappointing experiences Madame Patti remarked

to young Henley: "Mr. Henley, this is not a Henley tour, it is a Patti tour!" Upon hearing this the cautious Wilhelmj telegraphed Henley: "Do not play so well, or I fear you won't get another tour."

My predecessor, Leonard Liebling, is being greatly missed in musical circles here. He was possibly the most successful young pianist and teacher in Berlin. During the last season he assisted Anton Hekking on a tour through the German provinces, scoring a great success wherever he played, and his name was to be found on concert programs at the Singakademie, Philharmonie, Bechstein Saal and Hotel de Rome nearly every week, and as a teacher he was equally successful. Among his pupils were several Americans, of whom Miss Jennevie Walz, to whom he will soon be married, was one of the most talented. Let this be a warning to parents against permitting their charming daughters to study with a young as well as handsome teacher.

Miss Bertha Visanska, the talented young American pianist, whom I mentioned in my last letter, was invited to play for Mme. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler upon her visit in Berlin a few weeks ago. She was more than delighted with this young artist's playing, and prophesied great things for her in the future.

Anton Hekking's American tournee next season has been postponed on account of the war. So much the better for us, as we will have the pleasure of hearing him play.

Herr Concertmeister Max Sully, of Magdeburg, is at present concertizing in Russia. He will appear in Berlin as soloist the coming season for the first time.

H. v. E.

F. X. Arens.

F. X. Arens left New York last week for Macatawa Park, Mich., where he will conduct a summer vocal course for singers and teachers, from July 1 to September 1. Mr. Arens has been a resident of New York for only one year, yet he has already established himself firmly as one of our most successful voice teachers. He purposes to return to New York the third week in September, when he will resume his work here.

Katharine Monteith Wheeler.

The song recital recently given in Cleveland, Ohio, by Miss Katharine Monteith Wheeler is spoken of by the newspapers of that city as an artistic success. As is well known she is one of Francis Fischer Power's most talented pupils.

This was the program given:

Due bist wie eine Blume.....	Chadwick
He Loves Me.....	Chadwick
Peu de chose.....	Johns
Strew Poppy Buds.....	Farwell
This Would I Do.....	Chapman
Frühlingsnacht.....	Schumann
Ich Liebe Dich.....	Grieg
Die Lorelei.....	Liszt
Aria, from Samson and Delilah.....	Saint-Saëns
L'Amour Captif.....	Chaminade
To Thee.....	d'Hardelot
Traison.....	Chaminade
Bon jour, Suzanne.....	Passard
When Thou Art Near Me.....	Löhr
The Merry, Merry Lark.....	Nevin
Indian Love Song.....	DeKoven
Les filles de Cadix.....	Tosti

One of the Cleveland papers thus comments upon Miss Wheeler's work:

Although the work before her was exceedingly trying in the diversity of songs as to character and style, Miss Wheeler acquitted herself most creditably, eliciting generous applause after each number, especially at the conclusion of the program, when she was twice recalled. Her pure intonation, wide range and intelligent execution found their opportunity in the grand compositions of Liszt, Saint-Saëns and Chaminade, and in the brilliant but lighter works of Chapman, Passard and DeKoven. The recital proved that the soloist has been intelligent and painstaking in her studies, and that she has been fortunate in having had for two years the benefit of masterful training under Francis Fischer Powers, of New York.

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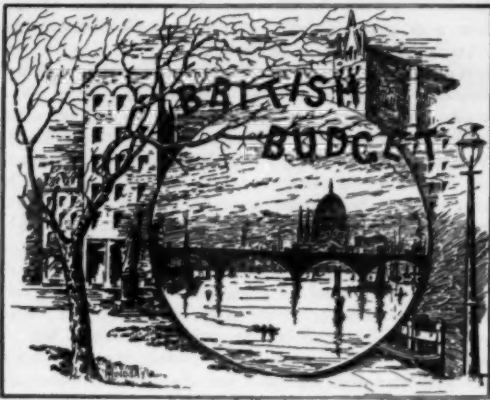
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BRITISH OFFICES OF THE MUSICAL COURIER,
21 PRINCES STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE,
LONDON, W., June 24, 1906.

LAST week I wrote something about several schemes for a permanent opera, and on Tuesday a committee consisting of the following: Sir A. C. Mackenzie (chairman), Joseph Bennett, Sir J. F. Bridge, F. Corder, F. H. Cowen, W. H. Cummings, Edward German, Sir G. Grove, J. A. Fuller Maitland, Sir G. C. Martin, Hamish MacCunn, Sir Walter Parratt, Sir C. Hubert H. Parry, A. Randegger, Sir John Stainer, C. Villiers Stanford, Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, F. Paolo Tosti and Samuel Aitken, placed before the London County Council a petition signed by some 200 signatories, including the Duke of Westminster, K. G.; Marquis of Lorne, K. T.; Marquis of Northampton, Earl Granville, Count Gleichen, Earl of Radnor, Earl Spencer, K. G., Lord Brassey, Lord Rathmore, Lord Windsor, Rear-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, M. P., Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M. P., Right Hon. John Morley, M. P., Right Hon. C. R. Spencer, Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, Q. C., M. P., Right Hon. C. Stuart Wortley, Q. C., M. P., Right Hon. Sir John Gorst, M. P., Lord Justice Chitty, Lord Justice Collins, Justice Kennedy, the Attorney-General, M. P., Sir F. Abel, K. C. B., D. C. L., F. R. S., Sir Joseph Fayrer, K. C. S. I., M. D., F. R. S., Sir Samuel Wilks, president R. C. P., Sir W. MacCormack, president R. C. S., Sir W. H. Broadbent, M. D., F. R. S., Sir Edward Lawson, Sir W. B. Richmond, K. C. B., R. A., Sir Walter Besant, Sir James Crichton Browne, M. D., Sir Martin Conway, Sir Henry Irving, Sir Squire Bancroft, thus showing what enormous influence there is at the back of the plan they advocate. Not only does this receive the support of most musicians, but support from that influential class of citizens who, from their position, will undoubtedly bring sufficient influence to bear upon the London County Council to carry out the scheme. John Burns, the well-known politician, who has great influence with the masses, is doing his best to further the scheme. This may be said of all interested in the matter, and they are legion. Many of these people who signed the petition are familiar with the support given opera on the Continent, and with the manner it is subsidized there, and are anxious it shall have the same opportunities in England. Things move slowly here; but I have every reason to believe that no time will be lost in pushing this forward.

There is another row on about the de Reszkés. The "Götterdämmerung," which was announced for to-night, is off, and it is given out as a reason that both Frau Ternina and Nordica, who are the only two who can do the Brünnhilde, are both sick. I have heard it stated that Jean de Reszké is annoyed at something and would not sing. There will be something definite come out before my next letter about it, which I will report.

Granville Bantock has succeeded in overcoming the religious scruples of the Wirral magistrates and is now in full possession of a seven days' license to play music at the excellent concerts of the new Brighton Pier Company. Henceforth there will be full orchestral concerts on Sunday afternoons.

Mlle. Elsa Ruegger, the clever young violoncellist, who met with such great success at her recent concert, was commanded last week to appear at Portsmouth before their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York.

who expressed in terms of warm praise the satisfaction they derived from Mlle. Ruegger's performance.

M. Gabriel Pierné has resigned the position he has held as organist of St. Clotilde since the death of César Franck. He has lately received a prize from the Academy for a symphonic poem with chorus, entitled "L'An Mil."

Last autumn the Misses Eissler were commanded to play before the Queen, and Her Majesty gave proof of a remarkable musical memory by asking them to repeat a march by Hasselmann which they had played at Windsor two years ago. Could a more delicate compliment be paid to an artist?

Mme. Lily Rebna (Baroness de Leibnitz) will sing at the Charity Concert given by the Duchess of Newcastle on the 28th inst. in aid of the Children's Home, which was started by the Duchess of York five years ago and is doing wonderful work.

The new tenor, G. A. Van der Beeck, who made his début at the Queen's Hall on Wednesday, is an Englishman, notwithstanding his foreign name. He was born in 1866 at Dalston, Islington. He started life as a man of business and his commercial pursuit led him to America, where he was "discovered" by Mr. Schmelz, conductor of the New York Choral Society for male voices. Mr. Van der Beeck then studied three years with Herr Stockhausen, and after having sung with the greatest success in the principal towns of Germany, Switzerland and Holland, he has returned to his native country to make his début.

A few days ago, it is reported, the autograph manuscripts of a couple of little known concert arias by Mozart were sold in Berlin for £440, while almost simultaneously in Vienna a handfull of scrappy notes by Beethoven fetched at auction no less than £10,000. "Si non e vero, e ben trovato!"

Frau Materna, the once famous operatic singer, has left Vienna to take up her permanent abode in the Chateau St. Johann, near Graz, which she has purchased. There the great artist will continue her useful career by teaching her art to her younger artistic sisters.

It is said that of the 11,050 students in the Quartier Latin of Paris only 500 are foreigners.

M. Flon, musical director of the Theatre de la Monnaie, Brussels, has just finished a ballet, "Riquet à la Houppe," the scenario of which has been written by M. Luc Malpertuis.

John Hollingshead's "Chronicles of the Gaiety Theatre" will be published this month. The history of this unique theatre cannot fail to provide most interesting and fascinating reading to all interested in matters theatrical, owing to the infinite variety of the productions and to the fact that almost every eminent actor and actress of the period has at some time been engaged there. The book will contain forty early portraits, including Sir Henry Irving, John L. Toole, Alfred Wigan, Charles Mathews, Samuel Phelps, Samuel Emery, Arthur Cecil, Edward Terry, E. W. Royce, Mrs. Kendal, Miss Nelly Farren, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, Miss Kate Vaughan, Miss Constance Gilchrist, &c.

A memorial tablet is to be placed upon the house in Carlsbad in which Brahms was wont to dwell while undergoing the cure. The Viennese designer of medals, Herr Scharf, has undertaken to furnish the model.

The fair sex are making an advance in the art of musical composition. We have recently heard of Miss Ethel Smyth's operatic success at Weimar and now we hear that the prize offered in open competition by the authorities of the Canton du Tessin in Switzerland for a hymn to be performed at the centenary festival of the absorption of the Canton by Switzerland has been won by Fraülein M. Galli.

FOLKSONG SOCIETY.

I have much pleasure in drawing attention to the recently formed Folksong Society, whose honorary secretary is Mrs. Kate Lee, 41 Rosary Gardens, London, S. W. In these days when every man, woman and child, with few exceptions, removes his neighbor's landmarks, when the old order changeth, giving place to the new, when oldest inhabitants are dying fast and with them much that is of genuine and great historical interest, the work to be done by so excellent a society cannot possibly be overrated. The delightful volume of "English County Songs," collected and edited (and published a few years ago) by Miss Lucy Broadwood and J. A. Fuller Mait-

land, is in itself enough to show how much real music lies buried in country places still, which in many cases would never be heard more, or anywhere outside certain localities. To bring such music, with the genuine texts and their variants, old ballads and their tunes, to light this society has been founded. As the prospectus which the society has issued says, it is certain that great numbers of these folksongs, ballads and tunes exist which have not been noted down, and are therefore in danger of being lost; while many others which have already been collected are practically, though quite undeservedly, unknown. The above-mentioned book is proof enough of this truth, and of the beauty of much of the music further proof was adduced when Plunket Greene and others sang some of the songs in public and completely captivated their audiences thereby. The society propose to hold periodical meetings, at which these songs will be introduced and form the subject of performance, lecture and discussion. From time to time collections of folksongs and ballads will be published. As the subscription is the modest sum of half a guinea the society should not lack funds or supporters. For this amount subscribers will be entitled to attend all lectures and meetings and to receive copies of all publications. The president of the society is the Right Hon. Lord Herschell; while the professors of music at Oxford and Cambridge and the heads of the Royal Academy of Music and committee includes many prominent musicians and writers, among them being Fuller Maitland, E. F. Jacques, A. P. Graves, the Irish poet, and Frederick Corder. The society is deserving of the support of everybody interested in the genuine music of this country. We wish it all possible success.

CONCERTS.

On Monday night Hans Richter brought to an end the thirtieth season of his illustrious reign in London. The only fault that can be found with this final concert is that there was food ample enough for two feasts. Here is what was provided for this one banquet: An overture of Berlioz, a symphonic poem of Liszt, Brahms' "Song of Destiny," Vorspiel and Liebestod from "Tristan," and then the Ninth Symphony. Could the most hungry and exacting seat buyer have grumbled if all this lavish abundance of music had been divided into two separate concerts with separate admission fees? Moreover, is not the Ninth Symphony too sacred a thing to be put last on a long program and begun only a little before 10 on the night of the longest day of a London season? Although the concert began half an hour earlier than usual, on account of the State concert at Buckingham Palace, it was not over till well after half-past 10.

Berlioz's overture, "Le Carnaval Romain," was so brilliant that it seemed too brief. It is based upon themes from the unlucky opera "Benvenuto Cellini," and is crowded with fascinating beauties, especially for the reeds. In the preliminary program issued for this concert there appeared a Bach suite, but when it became known that Frau Wagner would be present, one of her father's symphonic poems was substituted in her honor—No. 3 in C major, "Les Préludes," founded upon one of Lamartine's "Méditations Poétiques." Exquisitely melodious phrases, faultlessly given by a great orchestra, under the greatest of conductors, but what more? Candidly, is this true poetry or only the form without the spirit? or is the average British mind incapable of recognizing a poem expressed by music? Would an often repeated hearing of this work convince us of its claim to be a poem of high order or even "poetry" at all?

The juxtaposition of Brahms' "Song of Destiny," given in between Liszt and Wagner, seemed somewhat grotesque. Perhaps, though, it was the ingenious intention of Dr. Richter to use this dry-as-dust piece of calculation as a foil for the "Tristan" music—true music, than which can anything be more human and more lovely?—tender and beautiful beyond all expression. Even an apathetic "fashionable" London audience was stimulated and aroused by it and compelled to show signs of genuine delight, and the applause that followed the "Tristan" music was as obviously sincere on the part of the audience as it was well deserved by the conductor and the orchestra.

In spite of fatigue and surroundings everyone present last Monday must have gratefully acknowledged that the performance of the Ninth Symphony was a glorious and

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crowning end for the thirtieth season of Dr. Richter's triumphs. The dignity of his conducting from first to last was as remarkable as ever. It would be difficult to say too much in praise of the orchestra or chorus, though no one would go so far as to say that the latter could rival the memorable singing of the Leeds choir under Mottl last year. As for the soloists, Miss Fillunger, Miss Ada Crossley, Edward Lloyd and Andrew Black, each did almost all that was possible with the impossible music that they had to attempt.

M. Vladimir de Pachmann, in spite of the great heat last Saturday, was in splendid form at his recital at St. James' Hall. The announcement that the program would consist entirely of works by Chopin attracted a large audience, for is he not considered the greatest living exponent of that composer's works? The recital began with the Sonata in B flat minor, the first movement of which was taken rather more quietly than is usual; the "Marche Funèbre" was given with all due solemnity, though the smoothness was somewhat affected by the left and right hand not being played simultaneously. In the Fantaisie in F minor he was heard quite at his best, and he also played the two Studies, op. 10, No. 12, and op. 25, No. 3, with great brilliancy. The program was long, and included, besides the above, five preludes, a valse, nocturne, Ballade in G minor, two mazurkas and the A flat Polonaise.

Herr Felix Dreyschock, a pianist who made his début in London last Friday, and who is professor of the piano at the Stern'sche Akademie in Berlin, comes of a fine musical stock. His father was at one time leader of the Opera and Gewandhaus orchestra in Leipsic. His uncle was the famous Alexander Dreyschock, a pianist well known to fame some years ago. As a composer, too, Herr Dreyschock created a very favorable impression, though the compositions he played were but three glorified trifles. Still, they were musical, very pretty, and possessed a quaint charm of their own. Herr Dreyschock has a delightfully fluent technic, a graceful style and a capacity for producing a large quantity of tone with no apparent effort. His performance of the "Waldstein" sonata might have been broader, though it did not lack dignity; but his Chopin was excellent, if it erred on the side of roughness in one instance at least.

Without wishing to detract in the least from the attractiveness of Frederick Dawson's piano playing, I think it is certainly true that on the occasion of his concert last week the conductor, Professor Klindworth, was the attraction rather than the pianist. Professor Klindworth lived in London from 1854 till 1868, where he was one of the earliest of Wagnerian propagandists. To him we owe the fine piano scores of Wagner's "Nibelungen Ring." On quitting London Professor Klindworth lived first in Moscow and later in Berlin, where he still resides. There, besides being joint (and later sole) conductor of the Philharmonic Society, he founded a piano school, which has become famous. His experience as a conductor is great. Mr. Dawson played at an unusually rapid pace, but with enormous technical skill, Tchaikowsky's Piano Concerto in B flat minor, and, save for a lapse of memory from which he soon recovered, he gave also a fine performance of Beethoven's E flat Concerto. A capital orchestra, led by M. Maurice Sons, accompanied the concertos and played Liszt's symphonic poem "Orphée," Wagner's "Eine Faust Overture," and the Prelude to Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini."

Where is the music lover who is not heartily glad when Mr. Bispham reappears at St. James' Hall? He always brings us something new, and his art throws fresh light and beauty over the songs we thought so well known. How often have I wished to hear Jensen's "Lieder vom Rodenstein," and how admirably has Mr. Bispham found the tone of naive virility in words and music, without a suspicion of the coarseness to which the song would un-

doubtedly tempt a lesser artist. Hans Sommer is another composer who has made but tardy progress here, probably because his works, to be given adequately, require an absolute knowledge of the best characteristics of German music and poetry. "Im Herbst" pleased me best, but that is an individual impression. "Am Waldteich" has in its genre quite as much charm. A new song by Mr. Henschel, "Auferstehen," was also included in this interesting group. To Mr. Bispham belongs the credit of having first sung Beethoven's version of the "Haidenröslein" and the "Erkling." The manuscript contained only the vocal solo, the piano accompaniment being indicated in but one or two places. Herr Becker, who published this setting of the "Erkling" in November last, has carefully followed the few indications of the manuscript in modeling the accompaniment on the lines suggested by Beethoven's closing bars. The next group of songs was by American composers to poems by Rudyard Kipling, the most effective of them being "Danny Deever," by Walter Damrosch. A collection of Schumann songs in English out of the "Bispham Album" (Forsyth Brothers) closed the program. Miss Leonora Jackson's violin playing interspersed the group of songs.

Three performances of "Adelaide" were given by Mr. Bispham, assisted by Miss Julie Opp, Neil McKay and others, that were so poor as to hardly merit mentioning. Mr. Bispham did the part of Beethoven in a manner to meet with approval, and the love story of this immortal genius gave us a touching spectacle.

Several students' concerts and others of local interest made up a list which ran as high as six in a day. Private concerts, too, are numerous.

F. V. ATWATER.

From Paris.

PARIS, June 21, 1898.

THREE more distinct successes for Paris this week. "La Vie de Bohème" at the Opéra Comique, the representations by the Italian artist Novelli at the Renaissance, and the—Automobile Exposition.

Indeed it would seem as if "Cyrano de Bergerac" was a mascot for the theatrical interests of the town, for since its auspicious advent unbroken successes have followed one another in various lines. Et tant mieux!

It is with sincere pleasure that THE MUSICAL COURIER records the immense success of Puccini's lyric comedy at the Opéra Comique. The energy, patience, extreme generosity and fearless initiative of M. Albert Carré have again won. At the close of the season one could but wish it the commencement, to repay him in spirit at least. As it is, nothing could be more promising for the opening of the new season than this admirable close. At the third representation all the large entrance doors were wide open, and people thronging in from all quarters. "Strapontins" had been sold at 8 frs., and not a seat was to be had unless secured in advance. Interest is all alive, and requests have been made to have the closing of the theatre postponed till the last of July. As the lease of the building expires the 30th of June, however, this is impossible, and Mr. Carré is already planning his "déménagement." He moves and plans and thinks and talks in such a quiet, steady, certain and unexcitable way that it is a pleasure to see. He seems in that much more like an American than a Frenchman. There is nothing that is bizarre, foreign, nervous or flighty about him. There is all that is forceful and quick and sure.

It is to be remarked that this opera, written by a Frenchman, was dramatized by another, then translated into Italian and adapted by an Italian author for the music of the Italian composer, and has now been retranslated by a French writer. (Indeed, there are two translations: one for the music score and one for the words of the book.)

It was on the 17th of February that the latter, M. Paul

Ferrier, was called by M. Carré to perform this delicate task, a task so successful that it is quite possible that other ventures of a similar kind may be made serving to introduce the Italian musical suggestions (always welcome to every audience) into the French atmosphere. Who knows what may be bred of this happy marriage. The great author of the future is he who will build Italian temperament over German science in music, and return to the world the old romantic school nourished and fed by progress. A Frenchman is as liable to be the coming prophet as anyone else. It will never be accomplished by imitation, however; it must come from within, as the flower of a growth.

Many critics insist on using the word Falstaff in connection with this opera comique. It is not easy to see why, except in its being "progressive Italian," but yet Italian. Its extreme movement pleases the French immensely, and still Puccini cries all over and under and through the repetitions, "Movement, movement, more movement!" It is half the success of the work. It is about the same length as Leoncavallo's "Bohème," but the points of difference are many. The latter was written, words and music, by the composer, and is less dramatic and emotional and more descriptive of 1840 student life than the former.

One critic finds Massenet, the Massenet of "Manon and Werther" in the work, but admits that even this allure does not obliterate the Italian heart and soul which is predominant (another part of the success).

Let it be repeated that the hunger and thirst for the romantic school of music, for melody, for rhythm, in short for music of the senses as a medium for thought, is once more accented by the success of the "Vie de Bohème" at Paris. The wise man is he who takes hints and observes indications. Meanwhile let us all pray hard for rhythm and melody to come back to the earth.

To an American mind one point forces itself out of all this French literature of novel and drama, which treats of sentiment and poverty, namely:

"Why in the world do not the boys go out and earn some money to relieve the situations?" The idea of sitting down under conditions and bemoaning them or expressing them unaccompanied by hard cash facts is something incomprehensible to us. The idea also of brothers and cousins and other male relations hulking around in lycées, colleges and at home while mothers, sisters, sweethearts and fathers commit suicide all about them for want of bread seems unbelievable and is wholly unappealing to a Saxon mind.

Here in one play, for example, a young man bemoans and weeps, prays and sighs through three acts over the poverty of a girl he fancies. He weeps like a calf when she shows him the lamp shades and fans made by the sick sister to help support the family. He sheds big shaking sobs over the recital of the cruel landlord, the raising of the rent and the efforts to meet it, and sickness, too. He kneels and kisses the hem of the girl's dress and her shadow on the floor because she bears so beautifully the "wearing drag of support of a large household." Yet it never once occurs to him to send around a good fat check to the landlord, another to the butcher and grocer and one to the doctor! It never occurs to him even to send her home in a cab from his mother's house when it pours rain. He never thought of that, but he wept and called her an "angel" when he saw how "drenched" she looked! In another family were three boys of twelve, seventeen and twenty who sat around studying and drawing and practicing, and weeping their little weeps and showing their little pathetic courages in refusing sugar in tea and going to bed without a light, while the family went to the dogs. But it never occurred to one of them to get up and go hustle. Strange! And there is so much of that over



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here. Of course none of this sort of stuff appeals to us except to laugh at it. It could not.

The Italian artist, Novelli, with members of his company are being fêted and received in the city while their representations are being largely patronized. Novelli and Puccini were guests at the dinner and reception given this week by the Italian society "Polenta" at the Hotel Continental.

After "La Morte Civile" (a sort of Enoch Arden story, in which a criminal after years of penal servitude returns to disturb the peace and prosperity of his re-arranged family and dies in the attempt), "Don Pietra Caruso" (one act), "Michele Perrin" (two acts), "Spettri" (three acts), Ibsen; "Un Drame Nouveau" (three acts) and "Al-leluja" form the list of remaining Italian plays. A French critic writes that the Italian writing is more simple and sincere and less pretentious than the French in this order of writing.

Salvini played "La Morte Civile" here in Italian in 1877. Madame Wagner is coming to Paris.

Sara Bernhardt, with a troupe of fifty persons, has left for London. Arthur Sullivan's illness, Burne-Jones' death and the disasters of Sir Henry Irving are among the topics of the week which indicate the smallness or greatness of life.

"Zaza" has been bought for Germany, Austria, England and America. And Réjane's divorce has been postponed while she renews her contract with her husband-manager and remains at the Vaudeville! Frenchy!

The overture of the Automobile Club Exposition at the Tuileries was made memorable by the presence of two bands of music, something remarkable indeed in a town whose fêtes are marked by absence of music. The pieces were dull enough, with the exception of a few bright overtures, but still it was better than nothing.

The one vital point of outside progress in Paris is that which pertains to bicycle automobile movements, and that has come upon the city with the rapidity of a tropical thunder storm. In fact, the disclosures within this exposition building, which is a résumé of what has been taking place, and the city conditions outside which resist the advance with dying force, are as two worlds. There is the difference of a century between the two expressions. Some three hundred species of carriages are exposed. Much wonder is expressed by foreigners over the absurd coloring of the vehicles which are never the most graceful looking of created things. Reds and yellows, greens and blues, purples and greens, the most horrible juxtapositions of colors take place in the painting of the carriages without any regard to the exquisite art of tint and shade which characterizes French art taste and makes renowned the Paris shop windows. A well-known, traveled sportsman in speaking of this says that it is quite a fact that while in the small, dainty exquisiteness of effect the French are unexcelled in matters of taste, in the large lines, especially in matters of sport, they seem utterly at sea. They are and should remain "artists" in the high art sense. They are strong in matters which come to them from "tradition" and from instinct. That which needs travel, reading, intermingling, "outlook" is lacking. The question is, should it be required of them? Are not concentrated artists more valuable than mongrel mondains. Progress is answering many questions, however, and meanwhile seems to put many things out of joint.

The incredible ignorance of the average untraveled French person as to what is going on in other countries is evidenced in a remark made by one Frenchman to another coming out of the exposition as a smart tally-ho passed down the rue de Rivoli.

"Ah, viola! Regardez moi cela, ma chère! Quelle ville! quelle ville! On ne voit ces qu'à choses—là qu'à Paris?" "It is only in Paris that one sees such things as that!"

The common "tally-ho" which we have had in use running between Soapville and Peppertown since "before the flood."

A new application of electricity to the stage of the new Opéra Comique is being put into place. By it the grad-

ual change between night and day and day and night may be effected instead of the abrupt transitions hitherto known. The device by which the apparition of the young Christian in "La Cloche du Rhin" is made to glide over the surface of the moonlit water to meet her faithful lover on the bank, is very ingenious, and due to the ever inventive genius of the able director, M. Gailhard. The principle is something on that of the motive of our cable cars, except that the motor is invisible. That is to say, the "cables" are steel cords fine as a knife blade, so as to seem invisible. The feet adjusted to these, the body is made to pass slowly and mystically, as moonlight over the water, and the effect, accompanied by the touching beauty of the apparition and suitable music, is powerful enough.

An "International Magazine" is coming to the front in Paris. A recent number treats of Paris, Madrid, Rome, London, St. Petersburg, Lisbon, Amsterdam, Vienna and New York. One cannot imagine a greater boon to Paris than a well edited international review—provided the people could by any manner of means be made to read it.

Last week's *Monde Musical* contains a fine memorial portrait of M. Edouard Mangeot, late director of *Monde Musical*, Paris, with an able sketch of the good man's life and a long and sympathetic letter of condolence from M. Th. Dubois, director of the Paris Conservatoire. The paper passes under the directorship of M. Auguste Mangeot, the son, who will carry on the program of honorable aid to music and musicians mapped out by the father. We wish the young man every success.

Madame Yeatman, the celebrated head of the School for Young Ladies at Paris, gave a grand matinée musicale at the school this week. The crowd was immense and naturally the program long but highly entertaining. Comedy, piano, violin, declamation, singing, passed in turn, and much talent as well as training was displayed. Refreshments and walking in the grounds closed the entertainment. The day was perfect, the costumes varied and elegant.

Mlle. Victoria Cartier, the charming young Canadian organist, who, in Paris, is studying with M. Gigout, will next week give a concert with the assistance of artists and under the patronage of the Canadian colony. The profits of the concert will go to the erection of a monument at St. Malo to the memory of the celebrated Jacques Cartier. Details of the interesting concert next week.

Madame Marchesi's closing concert was given at the Salle Erard as usual this week to a crowded house. The following was the program:

Air from "Samson and Dalila," Mlle. Cayla French; airs from Barthe's "Fiancée d'Abydos" and Gretry's "Deux Auteurs," Mlle. Fowlin, St. Petersburg; Mozart's "Il re Pastore," Mlle. Amelin, Vienna; "Divinité des Styx," Mlle. Illyna, St. Petersburg; air from "Herodiade," Miss Lucy Stephenson, Baltimore; duo from Thomas' "Mignon," Mlle. Amelin and an artist from the Opéra, M. Douaillier; "En Prière," Fauré, and "Le Myosotis," by Fauré, Miss Mary Alcock, of London; "Lakme" duo, Misses Munchhoff, of Omaha, and Sylvana, of Philadelphia; air from Gounod's "Sapho," Miss Sally Akers, of New York; Liszt's "Loreley," Miss Sylvana (Peacock); air from "Cid," Mlle. Papajan Astrakan; "La Fiancée du Timbalier" and songs by Brahms and Schlesinger, La Barronne de Reibnitz, of Boston. There were besides by the same singers:

A "Faust" duo, duo from "Psyché" (Thomas), air from "Philemon and Baucis," songs by Fauré, duo from "Aida," air from "Traviata" and the "Hamlet" trio.

Three of the singers, Mlle. Illyna, Stephenson, Akers and Papajan, are prepared for début in opera. Mlle. Sylvana, Munchhoff and Barronne de Reibnitz are destined for the concert stage and either engaged or ready to be. Mlle. Alcock is an amateur.

The following extract from among a quantity of others, in reference to the singing of Mlle. Fannie Francesca at the Trocadéro, is from *l'Europe Artiste*, Paris:

"Next followed a young singer, a foreigner, Mlle. Fannie Francesca, a soprano such as I have seldom listened to, who trills and vocalizes marvelously. She sang a

"Traviata" aria and "Il Penseroso" of Händel. This last piece was crowded with difficulties—trills, turns, scales, ascending and descending and vocalizes—which the composer seemed to have sown as defiance to any singer. Mlle. Francesca did not seem to perceive that there was any difficulty whatever. She surmounted the marvels of agility with incomparable ease and skill. At the close there was indeed a feast for all who love really lovely music, a duo between the singer and M. Aigre, flutist of the Opéra, with piano accompaniment. I have seldom heard anything in music so suave, so touching, so beautiful, as this union of equally sweet and penetrating sounds. The voice of Mlle. Francesca resembles much that of the flute, with more power, variety and expression."

Lionel Hayes, a pupil of Trabadelo and now teaching under that professor's direction, is to be one of the soloists in a series of concerts to be given by the Paris Christian Endeavor Society.

Marie Rozé's last musicale was based on music by the composer V. Joncières, who was present. It was highly appreciated by a large concourse of people. This charming professor and woman leaves for London on Monday. M. Gailhard, of the Opéra, leaves for London next week. He follows with deep interest now as manager the movements of the Covent Garden Theatre, where for many years he was a favored artist.

Dr. Palmer has already left for London. Mrs. Etta Edwards, of Boston, is in Paris, looking up new music and musical ideas. Miss Johnson, also of Boston, is here to study piano.

Mrs. Homer, pupil of Fidèle Koenig, made a hit in her début at Vichy in "La Favorita." She was offered two engagements for the winter at the close of the performance, one of which, for Antwerp, she will accept.

Among the pupils admitted to the competition of the piano class in the Conservatoire this week was Miss Lucie Hickenlooper. The young girl, who is an American, a native of Galveston, Tex., merits sincere congratulation on this very flattering testimony to her merits, this being her first year in the institution and being a pupil of foreign training. Even should she not pass the competition she has already passed an immense barrier in being permitted to compete.

The following pieces were played by the members of M. Delaborde's class as trial pieces: Mlle. Epstein, a Russian girl, Fugue from Beethoven's Ninth Quatuor, arranged for piano by Saint-Saëns; Mlle. Herth, finale of Sonata, op. 58, Chopin; Mlle. Percheron, who won second prize last year, scherzo from "Sonnet d'une Nuit d'Été" arranged by Saint-Saëns; Mlle. Vergounet, a first accessit two years ago, scherzo from Fifth Quatuor, Beethoven, arranged by Saint-Saëns; Mlle. Novello, finale of Schumann's F sharp minor Sonata; Mlle. Goguez, First Scherzo, Chopin; Mlle. Loeb, a tiny child, daughter of the well-known violoncellist, finale of the "Carnaval de Vienne"; Mlle. Bussiers, first movement of Sonata, op. 58, Chopin; Mlle. Hickenlooper, finale of Third Grand Sonatata, op. 13, Schumann; Mlle. Plocquin, finale of Concerto D minor, Mozart; Mlle. d'Almeida, scherzo from Concerto in G minor, Saint-Saëns; Mlle. Nosny, Scherzo in B flat major, Chopin.

Manuscript was also read at sight. Miss Lucie will now play for the competition Second Ballad by Chopin, and organ fugue in G minor, Bach, transcribed for piano and read manuscript music at sight.

There are thirty-six pupils in the three superior piano classes, of whom twenty-six will compete. Three have been dismissed as incompetent after two years' trial. The boys' class have as test pieces First Scherzo by Chopin and finale of F major Sonata, op. 10, Beethoven. Seventeen out of twenty-four were allowed to compete and two were dismissed as incompetent.

Among the pupils in harmony allowed to compete were from the class of M. Lavignac eight out of twelve, from the class of M. Tandon seven out of twelve, from the class of M. Pessard four out of twelve, and from the class of M. X. Leroux twelve out of twelve.

Leon Delafosse, the young pianist, since his return from recent tournées, has written twenty preludes now published by Hengel. He is at work on "Mandolines à la

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"Le Prophète" and "La Cloche du Rhin" continue to draw large houses.

Mlle. Guiraudon, who is singing Mimi in "La Vie de Bohème," is a Conservatoire pupil. Although she has heretofore played chiefly the roles of Oriental princesses she is delicious and most clever in the modern personation.

JUNE 28, 1898.

The Academy of Beaux Arts was called this week to pass upon a curious case, unique in the history of official convocation. It seems that of the four competitors for the Prix de Rome in music this year but one had finished his cantata at the time designated for folding of the papers. One of the boys, indeed, taken ill during his writing, was obliged to cease for two days, so could make but sketchy indications of his subjects. The one who completely finished was a M. Malherbe. The Academy convocation, under the presidency of Th. Dubois, was to decide what was to be done about it. The result will not be known before Saturday.

It is not a "peculiar coincidence" but a sign of the times that both Paris and London are taking active measures in favor of municipal opera companies. No doubt if the United States were not so busy putting an end to human bull fights New York would have formed a triple alliance in the clamor. We will have all the municipal music we want before we finish.

Note must be made of a successful conservatory of music in Buenos Ayres under the direction of Albert Williams (whose name, by the way, does not sound Spanish). There are twenty classes of solfège, if you please, in it (the first rung in the ladder of musical education); twenty-six classes in piano, seven in violin, and classes in alto, cello, harmonium, singing, harmony and in the history and aesthetics of music. Concerts are given during the year, prizes at the close and the standard is high.

The Emperor of Germany has the good sense to perceive that "the theatre goes hand in hand with education in the elevation of a nation's standard." Provided, of course, always that the theatre were worthy of its mission. It is greatly to be feared that were all plays of the nature of this superb piece of artistic depravity "Zaza," which Réjane is playing here at the Vaudeville, all the educative or elevating influence on earth could make but little headway as a counterdote. Indeed the word "superb" only applies to the piece with Réjane. Without her it would be depraved still, but flat and powerless. As it is, one would prefer Zaza bad to all the good women that ever blossomed or bloomed on earth. And no wonder.

The effects of the Opéra Comique are being distributed in various buildings about town to await the finishing of the new building. Some rehearsals are being held at the Conservatoire. Would not one have imagined that they would have made an effort to have the place of new occupation ready at the time of the closing of the old lease. M. Carré smiled quietly and threatened to haul up a big rolling carriage, such as are used at the circus, in front of the new building and put the things into it. National dignity awoke then, and they found him suitable but very inconvenient lodgings in piecemeal.

A strong effort is being made to keep alive the idea of

Bohemia in the midst of modern realism. A fête was organized this week to celebrate its memory. Services were held in the Luxemburg Gardens in front of Murger's statue. Poems, music and prose were delivered, whence the "Bande à la Casquette" adjourned to St. Cloud for dinner and toast. The bicycle played an important part in the festivity. As one expressed it, the originals would not know themselves, petted and fêted as they are, could they look out of their graves. The unfortunate Mimi, who during her life never probably entered the doors of a theatre, died last week at the Comédie, this week at the Opéra Comique, and there is no need to pawn a coat to get her memory a bunch of violets. So it is—one must die to be celebrated—even in Bohemia.

The French Canadians gave a grand fête this week in honor of their patron, Saint John the Baptist. Besides mass, lunch, dinner, punch and toasts, a charming concert was given in the evening, of which Mlle. Victoria Cartier, of Montreal, an organist-pianist of much value, was the bright particular star.

Mlle. Cartier had just right to the privilege other than by her grand talent, she being direct descendant of Jacques Cartier, the voyager. The concert, in fact, was given to aid in the erection of a monument to his memory at St. Malo, his birthplace.

The performance was under the patronage of M. Hector Fabre, Commissaire Général from Canada; M. Louis Herbet, Counsellor of State, and M. Martin, Director of the Institution for the Blind at Paris. M. Gigout, professor of organ of the young artist in Paris, was one of the artists who assisted. Among the pieces on the program was a Rhapsody on Canadian airs for the organ, written by M. Gigout for Mlle. Cartier, and played by her. She likewise played Boellman's sonata for piano and cello, the piano part, a transcription by M. Gigout for piano and organ of Saint-Saëns' "Rouet d'Omphale," and several compositions as solos on the piano. She was much applauded.

An interesting concert was given by Mme. Yoeling Rambaud, which was in a sense a fête for the professor. Several artists appeared. One of the best of her pupils, Miss Margaret Eden, had a great success and bids fair to have a fine future.

In this time of war and rumors of war it is interesting to note a curious process not yet decided in Buenos Ayres between Tamagno and his impresario. It seems that some years ago, when the tenor was engaged, he was paid a third of the promised sum as guaranty of good faith. By the time he reached the country, however, a revolution broke out, music of bullets took the place of other harmony, and the singer turned about and left the country. He now sues the company for the rest of the money, and they sue him for the sum paid, which has never been earned. Meantime the raging Otello has signed with another company for the coming season for 500,000 francs, all expenses and voyage paid. Voila, an artist who should never come to charity in his old days!

Victorien Sardou is writing a Robespierre which he hopes may be a means of re-establishing Sir Henry Irving. Brunneau is writing on l'Ouragon from another Zola romance.

Delna is rehearsing "Dalila" and "La Favorite"; Mlle. Flahaut is rehearsing "Fidés" to replace her in "Le Prophète." The costume worn by M. Fournets, the fam-

ous basse chantant of the Opéra, in "Le Prophète" is unusually luxurious. The feather in his hat cost 100 francs. M. Fournets, besides being a singer of distinction, is one of the most interesting and distinguished of gentlemen. He is, by the way, compatriot of Henri IV. from the famous Basque region. A study of this historic and picturesque country will by his gracious courtesy appear later on in these columns.

New members of the council of administration of the musical commerce of Paris are M. Aug. Durand, the head of the well-known publishing house A. Durand et Fils; M. Henri Heugel and M. René Vielleville, as president, vice-president and secretary respectively. M. Durand has recently been decorated chevalier de l'Ordre de Léopold by Belgium for services rendered in the late exposition.

Mlle. Acté is next to play Elsa in "Lohengrin." She will sing a boy's part in Mehul's "Joseph," to be given at the Opéra by and by. Bernhardt has been invited to go to the East Indies to play in the courts. "Cyrano" has had its 200th representation.

The author of "Izyl," given with such success by Mme. Bernhardt, music by Pierne, is M. Eugène Moran, a young, dark and extremely comme il faut Frenchman. He is now writing a new poem, "Messeline," to which de Lara writes the music, to be played at Monte Carlo naturally. Messeline is a contralto role, to be created by Heglon, in February. M. Moran is in Paris on his way from London, where he has been ordering costumes, scenery, &c., for "Messeline."

Fannie Franciscia is engaged for the next season at Monte Carlo. She sings at the Trocadéro again this afternoon the Proch Variations and an aria with the flute.

Mr. Fergusson, the young Scotch baritone, who made such a hit at the Trocadéro at Mr. Eddy's concert, has made his studies wholly in the United States, as pupil of George Sweet, of New York, whom he regards as one of the greatest of teachers. He is a most charming and gentlemanly fellow, very manly and energetic and devoted to his art. He has had much success in recitals in London. He expects soon to go to the States.

Mme. Florence-Fox, of Philadelphia, now in Paris, has just bought a beautiful oil painting from Mr. Marcus-Simons, a young painter, American by birth, but who has lived almost all his life in Paris. The subject is an inspiration of the artist, "The Moonlight Sonata," by Beethoven, and represents a mystical mountain landscape bathed in moonlight, veiled in mystical mauve tints. It is a moving picture and greatly admired.

The same artist has made a superb portrait of Emma Nevada, in the role of Aida. The coloring is extremely rich, the likeness striking, the ensemble lovely.

Emma Nevada had another triumph this week at a grand charity affair given by Mme. Jackson. She sang the "Lucia" aria and several Russian and French songs.

Mrs. Norcross is recovering from a severe illness, but her voice remains unharmed. Mme. Saville's brother is to make his début at the Opéra Comique this year as pupil of M. Sbriglia. Other remarkable pupils of this teacher are Miss Snyder, Miss Lillian Markham, Mr. Whitehill, Mr. McLaughlin, Mr. Gillig and Miss Dunlap, member of the well-known New York family.

Of the younger singers at Covent Garden Mlle. Adams, Mlle. Roudez and M. Mieux are from M. Bouhy's school;

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Mlle. Fanchon Thompson from M. Sbriglia's, Mlle. de Sales from de la Grange. Cecile Lorraine (Miss Kate Rielly), who has been singing with the Carl Rosa Company and who is engaged for America next season, is pupil of M. Koenig.

Mlle. Rita Elandi, of the Carl Rosa Company, is in Paris. Miss Anna Millar has just arrived from London. Frank van der Stucken and his wife passed through the city last week.

Von Bülow said once in a conversation with Mme. Lurig, the professeur de chant now established at Paris: "My child, if you are even half satisfied with a teacher remain with her. You will learn more than if you make a change—even for a better teacher!"

Mme. Lurig has left Paris for her class in Havre. She goes thence to Hamburg, where her German class is awaiting her, and will be ready for work in Paris in the fall.

There exists in Paris a school for foreign languages, in which numbers of French young people are studying English. A play, "The Magistrate," was given this week by the school. A most remarkable fact was that of eight French pupils but one showed strongly the French accent. Were the class English studying French, the seven would have done so. Why is this? It is because the English, being pedagogues and not artists, know how to teach their language; the French, being artists and not pedagogues, cannot teach anything. There are exceptions, of course, to this rule. There is nothing so badly taught as French.

Nobody speaks of music in the war. Herod rode an automobile. It is written of him: "The King rode in a chariot propelled by steam."

A new young composer who is en train to become la mode is Bernard Rolt. He has written songs for Nevada and for Melba and has left for London to hear the latter sing his "Rappelle-toi," which is described as "too lovely."

Sidney Booth, son of Mrs. Agnes Booth-Schoeffel, was with his mother in Paris. They have left for London.

The season is in full swing in Mont Dore, an admirable place, in which throat, chest, head, lungs and "cough place" are cured and made like new. The Casino has opened with great éclat under the direction of M. Dirat. Artists from "all over" are engaged, all of name and renown. Operas, translations, operas comiques, operas bouffes, operettes and comedies are announced. The chef d'orchestra (M. Bruni) is from Lyons. As usual the place is thronged with visitors, the Duchess of Flanders being among the first, and as usual the Hotel Sarciron is the headquarters for the élite.

It is well known that miracles are performed for singers, orators and actors in this haven of mountains and springs. The de Reszkés have closed their season there for some eighteen years. Hading, Carrere, Albani, the Escalais, Marie Roze, Marie Sasse, are always to be found there passing their twenty days of cure.

The second concert of the members of the Cours d'Opera et d'Opera-Comique, under the direction of the Ambroselli agency, will occur this week at the Theatre Lyrique, near the Bourse. "Faust," "Manon," "Hamlet," "Dragons de Villars" and "la Favorite" will be given—that is, scenes from these operas. Artistic classes are attached to the theatre especially to coach the members in stage business.

Giuseppe Ferrati.

Giuseppe Ferrati, the pianist and composer, is spending a short vacation at Inglewood, Md.

Albert Gérard-Thiers.

Last week Albert Gérard-Thiers sailed from New York for Europe. He will fill during the summer a number of concert engagements in Italy, Austria and England, and will return to New York early in the fall.

Mme. Katharine Evans von Klenner.

After a remarkably successful season of teaching Mme. Katharine von Klenner is enjoying a vacation. She will spend some time at Saratoga and in the Green Mountains. Early in the fall she will return to New York and resume her classes, in which are several exceptionally talented pupils.



17 RUE DE LONDRES, BRUSSELS, June 25, 1898.

It would be an unpardonable neglect before finishing my account of the concert season, for which I had neither time nor space in my last letter, not to mention with very special praise Herr Van Rooy's visit to Brussels. He sang at the fourth popular concert given March 27, directed by Joseph Dupont. It is a very rare occurrence to hear so perfect a singer. Herr Van Rooy is a singer who knows how to sing. Alas! that it should be such a great exception. He has a beautiful voice, a perfect method and a true and artistic style. His case is hard upon the critics, as there is nothing to criticise, only to praise, which for me is far more agreeable and occurs only too seldom. The selections by Herr Van Rooy were "Romance de l'Etoile" ("Tannhäuser," R. Wagner), deliciously sung, with perfect understanding and much shading, so that the effect was exquisite and most touching; "Du bist die Ruhe," Schubert; "Sei mir ge grüsst," Schubert; "Mainacht," Brahms; "Der Hidalgo," Schumann—all wonderfully well sung—and finally "Les Adieux de Wotan," last scene from the third act of "Die Walküre," which was superb. His success was immense. Although Herr Van Rooy is Dutch, his method of singing is purely Italian. He studied with Jules Stockhausen, one of the last disciples of the great Garcia. It is a great pleasure and satisfies one's artistic sense entirely to hear a voice so well conducted and managed, as if it were a violin. He obtained great effects of color, with delicate shading. The rest of the program, which is as follows, was without special interest and was not very well given.

Symphony in B flat, op. 38.....Schumann
Overture, op. 124 (Zur Weihe des Hauses)....Beethoven
Melodies populaires Ecosaises, transcrits pour instruments à cordes (Popular Scotch Airs arranged for strings).....P. Gilson

The last concert at the Conservatoire took place early in April, when was given "The Passion, According to St. Matthew," by Bach. The music itself is so glorious that it is impossible not to be affected and impressed, even if the execution is imperfect. As is generally the case at the Conservatoire "The Passion" was lacking in life. The correction was all that could be desired, but cold and lifeless; that is, in general; the organ passages by Mr. Mailly were superb, as also the solo for viola da gamba, by Mr. Jacobs, but the soli (voices), with scarcely an exception, were abominable; the choruses were admirable as regards exactness and ensemble, but in general they were dragged and colorless. An eminent American artist who heard "The Passion" at the Conservatoire this time, and who had before heard it given both at Berlin and Leipsic, told me that such a performance of "The Passion" was nothing less than a crime. This strong language startled me somewhat, as I have great respect for the Conservatoire, but as I have never heard the same music given elsewhere I could not dispute this assertion, as contrast is all that forms our judgment. The orchestra at the Conservatoire is incontestably a superior one, but in every thing given there there is a lack of life and color; it is much to be regretted, and there is no reason why these defects should not be overcome and corrected. Since the concert there have been two séances of chamber music. The first included only works by Mozart: Quatuor in D minor for

two violins, viola and 'cello, played by MM. Schörg, Daucher, Miry and Gaillard. I have already spoken of this excellent string quartet, which gave several concerts during the winter with success. Then followed the Grand Sérénade in B flat for two hautbois, two clarinets, two cors de basset, two bassoons, four horns and one double bass. This was well and carefully executed, but with the usual lack of shading and expression. The second séance of chamber music was devoted exclusively to the works of Brahms, and this closed the concert season at the Conservatoire. The quartet, MM. Schörg, Daucher, Miry and Gaillard, played the Quatuor in C minor remarkably well; then followed four lieder, sung by an amateur, and the séance ended with the Sérénade in A. The last of the Ysaye concerts took place on Good Friday, when the "Beatitudes," by César Franck, was given for the first time in Brussels, under the direction of M. G. Huberti, director of the School of Music of Th. Josse-ten-Noodl-Schaerboeck (a quarter of Brussels.) It is a most interesting and beautiful work, but the preparation had not been sufficient or else the material was lacking, for it was not a very satisfactory interpretation and by no means worthy of the work itself. Some of the choruses were very good and then others were too slow and too monotonous. M. Demest, professor at the Conservatoire, sang the words of Christ with much feeling and a perfect diction. He was also in remarkably good voice. For the feminine voices, those who sang the soli, I can only say with deep regret that they lacked both voice and art, two very essential factors in a singer. The most interesting among the lesser concerts was the second séance of the string quartet; Thomson, Laoureux, Vanhout and E. Jacobs, given April 19. The program was as follows:

Quatuor in F, No. 7.....Beethoven
Allegro. Allegro vivace and sempre scherzando.
Quatuor in D, op. 64, No. 5.....Haydn
Quintet, with two 'celli.....Schubert

These four admirable artists executed all three quartets with great brilliancy. The Haydn was especially fine, although each one of these artists is so eminent each for his special instrument they have not played long enough together to be perfect as a quartet. All the instruments are not yet perfectly blended, the 'cello being at times too loud. Next winter we shall probably hear them in greater perfection.

A concert that especially interested the American students was one given March 17 by Arthur Van Dooren, at which Miss Wilma Anderson, a young American girl from Wisconsin, played the second part of a sonata for two pianos by Mozart, also the second part of a scherzo for two pianos by Scharwenka. Her professor, Mr. Van Dooren, played the first part. Miss Anderson, who is still very young and has hardly studied more than a year and a half, did her professor as well as herself much credit, especially considering the comparatively short time she has studied. Her technit was very clear, and she played with facility and taste.

A young English violinist, Bromley Booth, played with Mr. Van Dooren a suite by Hans Huber; afterward, as soloist, Chaconne, for violin (Bach); also a nocturne by Chopin and a polonaise by Wieniawski. I asked a young American violinist, a pupil of Thomson, what he thought of Mr. Booth's playing. He told me that he had a certain amount of technic, but that there was a sad lack of soul in his music, that his interpretation of Bach was unworthy and childish in the extreme. I explained that I wanted criticism for my letter, and as he was a violinist he could criticise more truly than I, to which he replied: "Roast him." Although the days of St. Lawrence and his grid-iron are long past, it seems possible to "roast" unfortunate mortals by other slow fires than one of coals.

Another concert given March 23, and which interested deeply all the artists as well as many others, was organized for the benefit of Emile Bosquet, a young pianist of unusual talent, who fell a victim to the law of conscription. All his friends felt that it would be a great misfortune were he obliged to serve in the army, as it would completely ruin his career as pianist. His friends exerted themselves to such a degree that the concert proved a great success.

The hall was crowded, and I believe that money enough was raised to release Mr. Bosquet. Mr. Bosquet took a

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first prize with distinction at the Conservatoire here two years ago; since then he has studied continually and with excellent results, and he has a fine career before him. His professor, Mr. De Greef, took part in this concert, as also Mr. Demest and Joseph Jacob, violoncellist and professor at the Conservatoire of Ghent. The program was as follows:

Fantaisie Stucke, 'cello and piano.....Schumann
Messrs. Jacob and Bosquet.
Concerto in E flat No. 3.....Saint-Saëns
Mr. Bosquet.
La Cloche, melodie.....Saint-Saëns
M. Demest.
Kol Nidrei, for 'cello, with orchestra accompaniment.....Max Bruch
M. Jacob.
Fantaisie Chromatique et Fugue.....Bach
Andante and Variations.....Haydn
Islamey, Fantaisie Orientales.....Balakireff
Mr. Bosquet.
Nanny, melodie.....Chausson
L'Absence, melodie.....Berlioz
M. Demest.
Aubade (Tzigane), Cramignons, for 'cello.....Jacob
M. Jacob.
Valse Romantique, for two pianos.....Chabrier
Messrs. de Greef and Bosquet.

Mr. Bosquet played admirably. He has a remarkable technic, combined with very good interpretation and style.

The "concours" are now in progress at the Conservatoire; they are always interesting, especially to teachers and students. The most interesting thus far have been the "concours" for 'cello, Edward Jacobs, professor, and the organ "concours," Mr. Mailly, professor. It is just announced that César Thomson has been appointed to succeed Ysaye as professor of violin at the Conservatoire. Mlle. Alice Verlet has recently returned to her home in Brussels after a most successful season in the United States.

As music is now a dead letter in Brussels, all the best musicians having migrated to Ostend Spa and other summer resorts, I find it a good opportunity to write a few letters, especially on the subject of music study in Brussels, with details as to certain professors and what seems to me the best advantages to be had here. This idea has been suggested to me by the numerous letters I receive in regard to what can be obtained here in the way of music and professors. This will be the means of informing students who are thinking of Brussels as to what is actually to be found.

HELEN S. NORTH.

Oscar Franklin Comstock's Lecture Recital.

Oscar Franklin Comstock gave his ninth and last lecture-recital at the Conservatory of Music in Meadville, Pa., week before last. His subject was "Characteristic Songs." Mrs. Hull assisted the lecturer and sang German, Russian, Norwegian, French, Italian and English songs.

The Cantata Musical Society.

The recently organized Cantata Musical Society, of New York, held a meeting at Mr. Wellman's studio, No. 1668 Lexington avenue, Friday evening, July 1, when an election of officers took place. Mr. Wellman was chosen the musical director. At the close of the business meeting an impromptu concert was given by Mr. Wellman's pupils, assisted by Miss Lillian Boyd, pianist, and Miss Rose Kornacker, accompanist. The serious work of the society will begin next September, when will be given the first of three public concerts which it purposes to give during the season of 1898-9.

Samuel B. Moyle.

This successful teacher purposed to visit London this month, but at the solicitation of a number of pupils who are anxious to equip themselves for choir positions by early in the fall he has determined to forego his accustomed vacation and to remain in New York all the summer. Mr. Moyle has been very successful in preparing singers for church work. He has also trained the voices of a number of clergymen, and at present has several in his class. A number of teachers and soloists from the Southern and Western States were taught by M. Moyle the past season, and some of them will remain with him all the summer.

Feeling in Paris in Regard to the War.

MUCH has been written, and very erroneously written, too, in our home papers in regard to the open mistreatment of Americans in Paris since the commencement of war.

There has been no such demonstration in the city. Had there been it would not have been considered at all serious; the grimacing of angry children across a back yard fence, and only that.

It is much more serious than that, however, or at least was, for no French feeling is profound or permanent. Any sentiment may be changed in twenty-four hours by a master stroke, by diversion or by letting it die for want of nourishment. But while a feeling does last with them, it is new, and is fed, it is virulent and malignant enough. The unanimous and stinging onslaught of French mockery, blame, sneer and raillery that burst out with the opening of the war was appalling to people who had come to love French people dearly and who had come to believe the United States, their country, and its conditions to be highly esteemed and admired in turn.

When this outburst was supposed to be a conviction it came as a blow, and was extremely painful to our people. But they were not long in discovering that far from being "a conviction" it was but a result of the most dense and deplorable ignorance of conditions, of facts, of beliefs and of movements of modern life by all classes. (In these there were of course exceptions.)

Conversation, discussion, retort, repartee and friendly argument threw up to light a condition of sleep, almost death, in French knowledge and instruction, that had heretofore remained undiscovered under cover of the ruling legend of French civilization, art and intelligence.

Discovering this to their intense surprise, Americans thereafter, instead of arguing, held their peace and smiled. For what is the use of wasting breath with a person who insists that it is Thursday when it is in reality Friday, and who will not look at the almanac; indeed, who will not have an almanac in the house because it is too modern and untraditional.

This revelation of ignorance and misconception in a people supposed to be leaders of civilization was even more of a surprise to foreigners than was the first. But it removed the poignancy of the sting. Indignation gave way to astonishment and the dramatic gave way to the ludicrous, where sentiment rests to-day.

The feeling was not conviction, for facts, and therefore reason and logic, were lacking. It could not be argued against, for what has not been reasoned into cannot be reasoned out of the mind. It was pure and unbiased impression to be swept aside by some succeeding impression. It was worthless.

The French are not a stupid people. On the contrary, they are extremely alert and bright in mind, with a lively, penetrating understanding that could easily keep up the reputation of "civilized intelligence" if ever they could by any means be induced to imagine that there was anything anywhere outside their frontiers that was worth knowing or seeing or believing or having; if they could by any means be induced to read, to travel, to believe or even to listen!

The fact is, however, that the nation by virtue of its past reputation has deliberately turned its back upon all outside of itself and deliberately shut its eyes to all progress and civilization, even to the belief in the existence of any, except what is born within its borders, or slipped in so unconsciously that it is believed to have been born within.

By the incessant repetition of the words, "No place but Paris," "No things like these outside of Paris," "France has it all," "We have everything here," "There is not anything anywhere that we have not," they come to be believed as absolute facts, and a vitiating conceit and self-sufficiency set in, flanked by an ignorance of outside life and movement great as that of a giraffe in the jungle of Africa of the doings in Paris.

Other countries are proud, bombastic perhaps of their resources. But they have this advantage that they have kept eyes and ears open and intelligence working. They have sought, found, borrowed, bought, accepted, taken of outside advantages, assimilated them and thanked God and themselves for the privilege.

The story of the hare and the tortoise has logically supervened; hence the unconscious stultification and the general stupefaction in regard to it now that it is discovered. This ignorance is confined not only to facts, but extends to feelings, sentiments, beliefs, motives of action and tendencies, which have developed outside, but to which the French have remained blind. All the modern ideas of spirituality, humanity, conciliation, tendencies, internationality, yea, even of common hygiene and comfort, remain sealed books to them.

It would be absolutely impossible to make the ordinary French citizen believe that any sentiment could cause expenditure, outlay or bloodshed. That this war is not a war for war but a war for peace and decency does not occur to them nor could it possibly be made to enter their heads. It could not possibly be shown to any of them (not exceptions) that internationality is any nearer to-day than in the days of the ancient Gauls. That humanity has anything to do with this war is absolutely unbelievable. It could not be otherwise. It is not possible with their lack of knowledge and backwardness that they could or should believe these things. They would have to be insincere to assert it. They cannot see what they cannot see.

One grand reason of this war (outside of its justice) is to relieve people of ignorance in regard to us. Several great steps in their education have already been taken. And the end is not yet.

There was yet another element in this adverse French criticism, one easier of comprehension than the above. All exclusiveness leads to suspicion, vague fear and a latent jealousy. With us who are born and trained as merchants, the idea of friction and competition mean creation of movement, stir in thought, increase and attraction to trade and prosperity. The French who are artists, born and trained (and who by right should never enter the commercial world), have a blind, superstitious horror and hatred of competition. The oldest friend, the closest acquaintance, the dearest relation who once assumes the position of "concurrent" is in danger of deadly enmity. Indeed, instinctive jealousy is one of the strongest weaknesses among the many splendid qualities of the race. It prevents confidence, loyalty, solidarity among themselves. They do not know it, but this is the source of much loss and harm to them.

Ever since, of these late years vague rumors (steadily becoming more strong and distinct) have come to their ears of a giant of force, speed, audacity and practicality existing somewhere on the outside, and liable to take up an onward march some day, a vague feeling of fear, dislike and irritation have taken possession of the average French mind in regard to the States. The advantages to be gained from the despised wealth of the "barbarian" became the main source of the continuance of that exquisite politeness and charm which are among the natural qualities of the race.

While the merchant who gained by the intercourse smiled the one who feared concurrence growled between his teeth, the artist sneered, the élite looked on in wide eyed wonder, the military eye flashed and the mass gained its "impression" that a monster was abroad.

Instead of facing the inevitability of advancement, opening eyes and seeking to know and to do, to learn, to adapt and to cope, these people deliberately shut their eyes, turned their backs to facts and smiled over their shoulders. They would not learn, they would not receive, they would not admire, they would not inquire, they would not even look.

In the midst of this came the war. It is false to say that the feeling inspired and expressed was for Spain as a sister nation and a weaker member. Such would have been accepted as reasonable, logical and natural. The first onslaught had nothing whatever to do "for Spain." It was a volley of pent-up wrath directed straight at the American. It came from the heart of parlor, salon, boulevard, club, dining room, theatre, school room, station and street, and from the printed pages as a résumé thereof.

Without force sufficient to see ahead into the damaging effect of their course in future business, they wreaked their petty vengeance on the dreaded concurrent. It was not till the absence of Americans from the city became apparent, till the united feeling of offense was manifest,

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till the rich client everywhere was missed in theatre, store, hotel and school, till the countermanding of goods by Americans was published, and till leaders suggested possible danger to the Exposition that tongues became silenced, insincerities came to be spoken, pledges of continued affection to be made and half apologies to be uttered.

Now, of course, it is too late. The esteem of the foreigner in Paris for the tradition of "enlightenment and intelligence" of the French people is destroyed. Confidence in protestation, compliment and expressions of admiration is likewise shaken. Until certain evidences of a real change of heart are seen, until study, research, desire for development and other signs of twentieth century progress are exhibited, until the French people consent to open their eyes and their minds, to read, to study, to talk foreign affairs, to believe, to look out as well as in, they can never hope to regain the place of esteem and affection they once held in the minds of worshipping visitors in their midst.

Of course in every nation there exist large ideated people, clairvoyant souls, those who travel and see and accept and think and know. No one denies the existence of such as exceptions to the above, which may be taken as a faithful and impartial view of the French feeling in regard to the war.

JOHN D. FAIRMAN.

Conrad Wirtz.

Conrad Wirtz, the pianist, will spend July and August in Stamford, N. Y. He will have charge of the music in Churchill Hall and will give a number of recitals during the summer. He will also do considerable teaching.

John Hermann Loud.

The organ recital given June 9 in Christ Church, Quincy, Mass., by John Hermann Loud attracted a large audience. The Quincy Daily Ledger spoke in the most complimentary terms of Mr. Loud's playing.

Emma K. Denison.

Emma K. Denison, who has had a studio in Hardman Hall, has closed a successful season and is spending the summer in Lexington, Mass. She will return to New York and resume her teaching the latter part of next September.

Lieutenant Godfrey.

Lieutenant Godfrey, the band leader, yields in his admiration for America to no man, but he mildly protested against the patriotic printer who set up the program for his first concert in the Lenox Lyceum. The over-zealous compositor substituted "Tampa" for "Zampa" and changed the "Barber of Seville" to the "Barber of Manila."

Patriotic Reflections.

THE world must become one country and the word humanity take the place of patriotism.

Time was when activity was directed to the development of individual resource. Exchange and interchange are now the bases of operations. Common interest calls for unity and common sense calls for internationality.

Exclusiveness leads to conceit and ignorance in individuals, in families and in nations.

Conceit may be combated, ignorance may be instructed; conceited ignorance must be struck by lightning to bring it into educative condition.

All children should be brought up to believe that the truth their parents teach them is not all the truth; that they must expect to meet new truth, perhaps quite different, and to know it, to judge it, to receive it all their lives; that parents and teachers and leaders teach only what they know, but that they cannot know all. Each one must take on of it for himself and for herself all through their lives.

The crime of the earth is the doctrine: "What I tell you is right, it is all that is right, and nothing else is right; believe else and you and your thought are damned."

Teachers, leaders and parents would have avoided much pain, much resistance, much falsehood in the world by creating this anticipative attitude instead of forcing by blind coercion.

America by the decree of fate and the logic of conditions has become the factory and receptacle of new thought. Like a batch of yeasted dough which has reached the border of its pan—it must flow over.

The New World had its message to send out. But it was written in the new language of peace and progress, humanity, internationality. The Old World has retained its language of the early ages, the language of war, caste, tradition, imposed thought, exclusiveness. They had to be addressed in their own language—the language of war. War had to come. Spain and Cuba both are only incidents—the means of communication.

It is a crime that nations should in this age remain tacit enemies. It is a crime that the attitude of war should be maintained. It is a crime that nations, all needing one another, should stand isolated, their backs to each other, surly and grudging, like dogs, giving and taking of necessary favors. It is not rational, it is not logical, it is not necessary, not practical. It must all be changed, and it will be.

America is not betraying her peaceful principles by engaging in this war. It was inevitable as a means of peace. It is not a war for conquest; it is a war for a cause, and the cause is peace.

Spain is not an enemy of the United States. She is a

badly behaved neighbor, who had to be punished for the sake of common decency.

Progress has made the strides of years in the past six months.

See how hard war dies! This, whatever form it may assume, is probably the last writhe of the monster before total extinction.

Even on our own country the effect will be beneficial. Even should we come to national bankruptcy, the effect will have been beneficial as an antiseptic. The era of unearthing possibility in its first crude sense had come to an end. Our men needed a change of thought and occupation. Their nature was becoming petrified into effort for accumulation. Our women were becoming restless under one-sided advancement. It was time a taking of stock were made. The sudden blowing to the wind of fortunes and plans will red line many a dragging account. A new system of bookkeeping will be established. The "house" will be found stronger than ever, but—"never the same again!"

Our men needed to find the other side of their natures. North and South needed knitting. East and West needed welding. Wealth and poverty needed to look each other in the eye and walk step in step for a while. Enervation needed nipping in the bud. "What comes in with the guitar goes out with the drum."

Reorganization must come in the laws of exchange all over, everywhere. The outgrowth of trade has been lying, selfishness, deceit and hypocrisy. These have come into such predominance that the only thing left for the clean, straight, honest person is to retire from all activity of exchange. Right has been pushed to the wall everywhere in all countries, in all lines and among all classes. There is neither encouragement, hope nor opportunity for the right sort of person. The habit of the earth is a hotbed for poisonous growths. This is not pessimism, it is truth.

Reorganization must come and it is coming with the speed of a race horse down the course. Internationality does not mean one country or the other having control or pre-eminence or dictatorship. It means leaving to every nation its temperamental individuality, but aiding all in the management of material affairs, and making them strong in the peace and security of union.

Suppose in any home or hotel or boarding house each person, on the plea of individual taste, should insist on providing and cooking his own individual repasts. What would be the result? Is it necessary? Are not the individual tastes and movements of various members of the household free and independent, although the household management is made to rest in a central directorship?

What is to hinder the individual good of the nations by a union of the best thought of those nations hand in

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hand and face to face, instead of back to back in separate discussion? Especially when these nations cannot exist independent of each other. Especially when this dependence grows more strong and more necessary every day.

Where would be the harm in the regular union and discussion by all the several heads of the present nations as to the general good of even the interchangeable features of their various homes, instead of each one by himself crouched in a corner over his own little tin sword, brooding harm to the others who are feeding him or enriching him; or whom he is feeding or enriching. What is the objection to a union of forces?

Are our United States any worse off for being united in one body, led by one head, although all climates and temperaments are represented among them?

Things must come to that in order that existing possibilities, which are different from all previous possibilities, may be best developed. Commerce, science, art, education, progress, all call for union—that is, for united direction.

FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

Musical Notes from Mexico.

EXTRACTS from an interesting letter of our friend Luis David, recently received, inform us of the advent in Mexico City of the Cuban pianist Ignacio Cervantes.

This artist was a passenger on the French steamer Lafayette, which was held up by one of our cruisers at Havana, trying to run the blockade. Señor Cervantes was unfortunate enough to carry with him a lasting souvenir of the incident, having been injured by a fragment of shell fired by our boys at the time.

He is contemplating a series of concerts next month at Wagner & Leven's private concert hall, and inasmuch as he has gained the encomiums and commendations of the city's foremost critics at private recitals, no doubt he has received sufficient encouragement from them to appear at a series of public concerts.

Saloma with his quartet (string) has just returned from a tour of the States. During his stay he has heard and met Ysaye, the result of which means that the Belgian violinist has found another devoted disciple, who is unconsciously performing "advance" duties.

His impressions of the Thomas orchestra have again revived the question of a permanent orchestra in the Aztec capital. Señor Saloma is a pure blooded Mexican Indian and is a violinist of great talent without any doubt, being considered one of Mexico's greatest native artists.

He was discovered by M. Hansen, a member of the Russian Embassy at Mexico City, who was also the mentor of the Saloma Quartet, and who is connected with every classical musical event of note that has occurred during the past five years.

As soon as it became known that Señiorita Maria Louise Ritter (Mexico's foremost pianist) had abandoned her plans of a professional tour through the United States efforts were again made to prevail upon her to accept a few advanced scholars, which, from last accounts, seemed to have proved successful, and among which should be mentioned Mrs. T. St. Claire Gore, who is herself an artist of no mean ability. The writer has heard her on one occasion at her own cozy home, just off the Paseo de la Reforma. She is the wife of T. S. Gore, the baritone, who sang Valentine in Del Conti's production of "Faust" in Mexico.

It is reported that M. B. Leavitt, the little giant of the Pacific Slope, is to invade the Republic of Mexico this winter with the musical extravaganza "The Spider and Fly."

Mr. Leavitt also reassumes the management of his old Bush Street Theatre in San Francisco and has renamed it the Comedie. He is now booking this as well as other companies throughout California, Texas and our sister republics.

ISIDOR W. TESCHNER.

French Singing Teachers and the War.

PARIS, June 20, 1898.

Editors The Musical Courier:

FRENCH singing teachers are much exercised as to whether the spontaneous burst of French hostility against the United States cannot be nipped in the bud in some way so as to prevent the good American dollars from slipping away from their shores next year and keep them instead flowing into their coffers as usual.

Many of them are making all sorts of conciliatory overtures and speeches to persuade their "très chères petites" that it is all nothing but a naughty little misunderstanding which will pass at once, which must pass quickly, indeed, so much is dear, dear America beloved by French-tradespeople.

Alas the truth must be told; these people have every reason to be nervous. Unfortunately the true "hands were shown" in the first moment of impulse. The harm has now been done, the American heart in Paris has felt the faint wish of the soft French glove on its face in the dark. Apologies may prevent duels, but do not change conditions and do not alter the knowledge of a feeling once known to exist.

American pupils have been deeply hurt, and several groups have already made their decisions that this shall be their last study year in Paris, while many have hastened their departure, pleading various excuses and have left the city.

Had people stepped forward at the first expression of an ignorant and unjust sentiment, Americans would have believed and confidence been restored. But the novelty of the situation tickled them, and the deep underlying jealousy against a rich and independent nation flew into the sharp little sparks and thin flames of malignant speech, or into sarcastic and cynical mockery before they had time to think.

The rumor of an American boycott, however, fortified by the news spread in Paris this week of a countermand by Americans of 50,000 frs. worth of French silk at Lyons, brought the truth home to the commercant mind, whether trading in silk, potatoes or operatic arias; a panic is struck and "back water" is screamed in whispers through the ranks.

Americans accustomed to Parisians are too well acquainted with the elastic, silk-velvet phrases which do service for the expression of all sorts of sentiments—"a bed by night, a chest of drawers by day." They are not to be taken in by the too apparent effort at conciliation which really only irritates them the more.

Before the eccentricities of foreign studios American girls may be easily managed, but crossed in their feeling, especially in their patriotic feelings, they are hard subjects to handle.

This matter is rendered all the more serious that in these later days there has been a steadily growing discontentment by both parents and pupils in the States as to the results of the Paris vocal education. While Paris teachers have settled down into a settled conviction that there was nothing more to learn than they knew, nothing more to think than they thought, and nothing more to do than they did, the American teachers, musicians and public have been keeping abreast of the great surging march of progress. They have not only caught up with but distanced by far the older, more negligent series in eight-tenths of the thing called musical knowledge, interest, judgment, search, discovery and—result. While not so ripe as the dropping fruit of the Old World they have much to impart to pupils before the ripe stages. They

have superb schools, many languages, knowledge of all the schools, big resources to make efficient teachers, efficient concert singers, efficient oratorio singers, efficient church singers. These are all rich and fruitful careers to girls who have no disposition whatever for operatic careers, and who are wasting their lives and their parents' money in following a thin mirage framed by the Faust and Marguerite, Romeo and Juliette of fifty years ago.

The world moves. Paris prides herself on standing still! If there is any consolation to be found in this terrible war outside of its justice, it is in the fact that the qualities of our country will be presented to the astonished eyes of Europeans, and that the insolence which is the result of ignorance will be changed to wonder and admiration.

In the meantime this shock of discovery of real French feeling was the one thing needed to bring us to a sense of our independence of old European advantages, which have become for the most part legendary. Set upon our own feet we will be surprised ourselves to find where we now stand, not only in regard to silks and dressmakers, but in regard to art education.

Our thinking people are beginning to find out that they can visit the art repositories of Europe to much better advantage after they have become educated, informed people or artists, than as crude, ignorant young students who know not what is good for them, who have no standard of excellence from which to judge, and who are wholly without compass or lighthouse once launched upon the ocean of a foreign education, itself without control.

Time was perhaps when the means of making "educated, informed artists" in the States were lacking, but the time has passed, as is daily proved. Although Paris holds immense treasures, precious to the souls of all people ambitious of development, there is no reason why these privileges cannot be availed of by visitors who are not students in Parisian schoolrooms.

These young people have been spilling youth, money, voice and spirit into this foreign vocal venture now for the past half century. They are willing to acknowledge all the benefits they have ever gained. It was necessary once. It has been thought necessary longer than it is. Eyes are now being opened and will not again be closed. The unexpected political shock has shifted the kaleidoscope, the particles are rearranged, and the colors will be found seriously unbecoming to Paris teachers and boarding house keepers next autumn at the opening of the "schools." They have themselves to blame.

AMERICAN ABROAD.

The Late Edward Irving Darling.

MRS. FLORA ADAMS DARLING, mother of the late Edward Irving Darling, took his ashes to Lancaster, N. H., for burial July 3. She was accompanied by a large party of friends of the lamented composer and a number of representatives of societies to which he had belonged. The members of the Edward Irving Darling Society sent some beautiful floral pieces, which were placed on the grave. The interment took place in the old burial ground connected with the church which Mr. Darling's father founded in 1830.

A memorial service was held July 3, a feature of which was the singing of Darling's anthem "De Profundis." The services were conducted by Mr. Douforth. Appropriate addresses touching the life and work of the dead composer were made. The same day a tablet was placed on the grave of Colonel Andrew Adams, a Revolutionary war hero, by his great-grandson, John Quincy Adams.

Madame Bjorksten.

Mme. Hervor Torpadie Bjorksten has taken a cottage in Oteora, in the Catskills, where she will pass the summer. She will receive a limited number of pupils.

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CHICAGO OFFICE MUSICAL COURIER,
224 WABASH AVENUE, June 29, 1898.

A FULL report of the Illinois Music Teachers' Convention will be given later. It takes place too late for the present issue.

AUGUST HYLLESTED.

The eminent Danish pianist, who returned only a year ago to the scene of his former triumphs, still continues to pursue his brilliant career. Not only in Chicago, but in Canada and various cities he has played since his return with extraordinary success. A glance at the appended notices will give some idea of the reception which audiences have given this unique virtuoso:

The appearance of August Hyllested in piano recital at Library Hall Friday evening was a musical event of great interest to the people of the three cities. The hall was well filled, and the event, artistically considered, was a great success. Mr. Hyllested belongs to a wealthy family of the Danish nobility, and has made a musician of himself because of his love for that work and life. His program of Friday night indicated that he had done wisely in cultivating gifts of unusual order and merit. His technique, while more rugged and bold than that of the gentle Godowsky, the last man to appear here under the auspices of the members of the Music Students' Club of this city, is not less interesting, and to the student not less attractive for its merit. He masters the piano instead of caressing it, but does not abuse it, and in works that require a strong and decided interpretation he is fairly unmatched. This was his first visit to this city, but if he should come again a larger hall would be needed to hold his audience.—Davenport Sunday Democrat.

Herr August Hyllested, the Danish pianist, upon whom royalty has set its seal of approval, played before a large audience last evening at Library Hall.

A man of distinguished appearance, he at once impressed most favorably those who had gathered to listen to him. When the program was finished no one felt disposed to dispute the taste of crowned heads.

Herr Hyllested's playing is characterized by marvelous strength and brilliancy of execution; his touch at once signifying that he is master of the instrument, yet a gentle master withal, capable of bringing out all the depth and sweetness of which the piano is possessed.

His program last night was well selected, and he graciously responded to two encores, playing Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" and the Chopin Valse each the second time.

Mr. Hyllested's own composition, "Mazurka de Concert," was also vigorously applauded, showing that the audience recognized the composer as well as the pianist.

The exquisite Liszt Rhapsody, which brought the program to a close, was faultlessly rendered, and the artist was repeatedly recalled, but the enthusiastic protestations were only acknowledged with a bow.

The City Federation of Clubs brought Mr. Hyllested to Topeka, and last night's concert is one of the best of

many treats from the same source during the past winter.—Topeka (Kan.) Daily Capital, May 1, 1898.

To Mrs. J. L. Murphy and Miss Nichols, of this city, are some three hundred lovers of good music in the three cities indebted for a treat given at Library Hall Friday night. It was a piano recital given by August Hyllested, the celebrated pianist and composer of Chicago. Indeed, the recital was such as has rarely if ever been equaled in this city. The hall was comfortably filled, there being no less than three hundred present from the three cities. The reputation of the great pianist is not only local, but is national and international. Recently he returned from a European tour in which he played before all of the leading courts of Europe, winning laurels wherever he went. More than that, his compositions are considered of the best of the latter day composers. They have that life, breadth and depth which must not only give them a place immediately among the compositions of the masters, but which will cause them to assume a place among the masters of future generations. He is a young man yet, but he has neglected none of his opportunities, but has made the best of them. He opened his program Friday evening with a composition by Bach, Toccata and Fugue in D minor, and carried his audience with him from the very first chord. The elegance of his touch and his masterly technic commanded attention. He followed with three movements from Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata," op. 57, and in these the transitions were made with that masterly conception so rare in pianists both great and small. Probably the number furnishing the greatest opportunity for a display of his skill and wonderful gifts was the third, composed of selections from Bach, Schumann and Mendelssohn, the latter being the "Spring Song" and the "Spinning Song" from his "Songs Without Words." At times during the rendition of this number a portion of the audience in the rear of the hall rose to their feet in order to get the full benefit of his wonderful execution. The touch and the movements of his hands over the keyboard adding to its completeness. He followed this number immediately by "Etudes Symphoniques," by Schumann.

The greatest interest was centered in the fifth number on the program. This, too, was composed of three selections, the first, Chopin's Valse in double notes, brought a storm of applause, and he was compelled to bow his acknowledgements before proceeding, but it was in the second and third that the climax was reached. These were of his own composition, the Mazurka in D flat and the Polonaise in E major. It was in these selections that the composer's conception could not only be heard but felt. There is that music which finds a responsive chord in the heart, and the listener loses sight of his auricular sense and seems to feel the music. It takes possession of him, and this was the result of the rendition of both of the above numbers. The applause at the close of each was spontaneous and showed the depth of feeling that the composer and artist had awakened. At the close of the third selection of the number he was presented with a beautiful bouquet of roses and lilies.

"Undoubtedly it will be the building of the city," said a prominent publisher, when speaking of the Fine Arts Building on Michigan avenue, owned by the Studebakers and managed by Charles Curtiss. Most of the prominent women's clubs and organizations can be found here. The

higher class managers and musical artists are also located in this magnificent structure, and before the beginning of the season it looks as if the entire amount of space will be rented to the best people in the art world.

Congratulations are extended to all concerned by THE MUSICAL COURIER.

Pianists will be the gainers by obtaining "Technic as Applied to the Pianoforte" by John W. Tufts, of Boston, now in the course of publication by the Clayton F. Summy Company.

The photograph of a posing pianist, who is also a player of the piccolo, whose patronymic begins with a "P" and who was born in Palermo, has been forwarded to me, together with a circular of his attainments. Among his other qualifications it is said that "his fingers simply serve as the willing and eager instruments of the expression of his intellectual and sensuous musical wishes." Next, please!

Wise was the mind which conceived the idea of the Patriotic Song Concert at the Auditorium on Tuesday evening last, the 28th of June, and worthy was the audience which gathered to do it honor. Under the auspices of the Chicago Young People's Temperance Union and guided by Miss Eva Shonts, 1,000 voices woke the echoes in a happy combination of patriotic and temperance rally. The concert, which in every way was a success, was chiefly noticeable musically for the first real public hearing of THE MUSICAL COURIER patriotic song, "The March of America." Readers of this paper will recall how, some months since, attention was called in this column to the stirring words of that master of prose and verse, our noted Western novelist and writer, Stanley Waterloo. I spoke of the need of a patriotic song and the opportunity afforded some of our Western composers to do such words justice in musical setting. Miss Jessie L. Gaynor at once grasped the position and in a short while a few select musical souls had the pleasure of hearing how the task had been performed. There was no dissonant voice, only praise was possible, and the writer of the words and the composer of the music were each able to congratulate the other upon a successful accomplishment. The verdict of the few then met no reversal before the many at the Auditorium. The song's reception was enthusiastic. Praise to Stanley Waterloo as a writer was superfluous, but gifted and able as Miss Jessie Gaynor is known to be, all expectations were exceeded in the vigor, power and grasp of idea she has shown in the work she undertook. Miss Gaynor has already done much that is notable, but infinitely greater are the possibilities before this unquestionably woman composer of the West.

Another new song which also has the stamp of merit is that recently composed by Henry B. Roney, for which Mrs. Coonley Ward wrote the words and which was sung at the same concert. Mr. Roney has caught the patriotic fever and written a stirring song, entitled "Unfurl the Flag!" It is eminently suited to a big chorus, and will probably be sung all over the country, as the martial fire is much in evidence, both music and words being appropriate to the war times.

A year of more than usual success for a new school was brought to a close by the concert of the Sherwood Piano School in Steinway Hall last week. The exercises consisted of a fine piano recital given by William H. Sherwood before the members of the school in the morning and the concert in the evening. A large and enthusiastic audience was present and the universal opinion was most favorable. The program consisted entirely of concertos,



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and proved, though unusual, to be intensely interesting. The second piano parts were played by Mr. Sherwood, Misses Strong and Johnson.

Miss Elsie De Voe, a sixteen-year-old girl, opened the program with a very artistic interpretation of Beethoven's Concerto in C minor, op. 37 (adagio and rondo). Miss Emma Siegmund played the Capriccio in B minor, op. 22, by Mendelssohn. John J. Blackmore's playing of the first movement of the Grieg Concerto in A minor, op. 16, was splendid. He showed great feeling, and played with such fire and finish that the audience compelled him to respond to an encore.

Miss Mamie Hartman played the Pollaca Brillante of Weber, arranged by Liszt.

The first movement of the Concerto in F minor, op. 2, by Anton Arenski, was played in a masterly way by Miss Emma Payne. Miss Frank Blymyer gave the larghetto and rondo from the Concerto, op. 16, by Gernsheim, in a highly artistic manner. Miss Stella La Zalle's playing of the Liszt Concerto in E flat was intensely brilliant and full of dash. Miss Blanche Strong played the scherzo from the Second Concerto, by MacDowell, in a very artistic and finished style. The last number on the program was the "Invitation to the Dance," by Weber, for eight hands, by Misses La Zalle and Hartman and Messrs. Blackmore and Theodore Teepe.

Hrs. Luella Clark Emery gave a musicale on Saturday at which she had the artistic co-operation of Miss Sybil Sammis and Miss Grace Ensminger.

The series of concerts so successfully inaugurated last season under the very efficient management of Miss Mildred Webber will be again introduced next season, only in a more central location; possibly the Auditorium Banquet Hall. Dr. Bendix and Mr. Godowsky will be, as before, the principal attractions, with some good local or visiting vocalist assisting. During the summer Mr. Bendix is conducting a season of summer night concerts and showing that he is as fine a conductor as he is a violinist, and everyone knows that he is one of the most accomplished of living violinists. If ever an orchestral leader is wanted in Chicago or in any other big city that will be satisfied only with the best obtainable, Max Bendix will be in strong demand for the position.

Miss Mildred Webber has had excellent success in her managerial business for Miss Minnie Fish Griffin, for whom she has made a number of good engagements. Miss Webber will also manage the Godowsky and Bendix recitals, which are to be given in the principal cities of the States. Among other artists, of whom the same lady will have control, is Miss Grey, a reader of much versatility and power.

Chamber music next season will have an impetus hitherto lacking, for the Spiering Quartet has found a manager who understands his business and who is remarkably energetic and able. It is probable that P. V. R. Key, the manager in question, will devote his entire time to the Spiering Quartet, as the inquiries for the services of this noted organization are already of engrossing number, the dates booked being far ahead of any previous year. Indications are that Chicago will recognize more fully during the coming year the extraordinary musical resources there are here, especially in the matter of this quartet.

The thirty-second annual commencement of the Chicago Musical College was celebrated at Central Music Hall Tuesday evening, June 21. The immense audience more than filled the auditorium, many being turned away from

the door. An interesting program was given with an orchestral accompaniment, under the direction of Hans Von Schiller and Bernhard Listemann, as follows:

Overture, Fidelio.....Beethoven
Orchestra.
Piano, Concerto, C minor, (first movement).....Mohr
Bernhard Niernman.
Violin, Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso. Saint-Saëns
Miss Ebba L. Hjertstedt.
Vocal, My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice (Samson
and Delilah).....Saint-Saëns
Miss Emma H. Swasey.
Piano, Concerto, F sharp minor (first and third
movements).....Hiller
George H. Shapiro.
Violin, Concerto in E major, No. 1 (first move-
ment).....Vieuxtemps
Lewis R. Blackman.
Vocal, Polonaise, from Mignon.....Thomas
Miss Grace A. Nelson
Piano, Concerto, E flat major.....Liszt
Arthur Rech.

An enthusiastic audience bestowed liberal applause on each succeeding number of the program, but it remained for Arthur Rech, the successful contestant for every medal offered by the college, to rouse them to a degree approaching an ovation.

The general excellence of the work throughout the program met with no exception. George H. Shapiro and Arthur Rech in their piano numbers proved their just claim to the diamond medals bestowed, respectively, by W. W. Kimball and Marshall Field. Bernhard Niernman won the Dr. Ziegfeld diamond medal in the teachers' certificate class. The really beautiful work of Miss Grace A. Nelson, who sang the Polonaise from "Mignon," certainly should prove a potent argument against the necessity of going abroad to study voice culture. Miss Emma Swasey, a California girl of charming personality and beautiful voice, sang like an artist. Miss Swasey is a girl with a "future," whose career will be interesting to watch.

Miss Ruth S. Dement sang the Lullaby from "Jocelyn" (Godard) Friday, June 24, at the commencement exercises of the Doolittle School, winning much praise for her finished interpretation of this dainty composition.

Thursday evening, June 23, at Kimball Hall, an entertaining concert under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Bicknell Young was given by Miss Florence Loomis, soprano; Charles Fulton, tenor, and H. Burgess Jones, pupils of Mr. Young, assisted by Miss Belle Adams, pianist, and Mrs. Edith Mahon, accompanist. Miss Loomis has been a pupil of Mr. Young for some time, and the excellence of his method could perhaps have no better exponent than this young lady, who has pursued her studies so faithfully under his instruction. Her work on Thursday evening showed a degree of advancement from that of her appearance of a year ago, which should be highly gratifying alike to Miss Loomis and her teacher. Miss Belle Adams, a worthy pupil of Emil Liebling, played with the finish and attention to detail which marks the work of pupils of this eminent master. Charles Fulton, a really promising tenor voice, only requires further study along the lines so well chosen to become one of the much talked of but seldom heard good tenors of Chicago. Mr. Jones' work was very acceptable, showing marked improvement as the result of his last year's study.

As Mr. and Mrs. Bicknell Young are two of the most popular artists and have an immense following, of course a big audience was in attendance. The program was interesting and charmingly varied, including selections from Schubert, Godard, Mendelssohn, Chaminade, Randegger and several American and English composers.

Of successful lecturers this season certainly William Armstrong has been the most conspicuously in demand.

From Chicago to San Francisco he has lectured, and leaves for a return engagement at Omaha to-night. He has two new lectures completed, which promises to be as absorbingly interesting as those already given.

Frank King Clark recently sang two important engagements with the Chicago Apollo Club and Thomas orchestra, under the direction of W. L. Tomlins at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition, Omaha, Neb., appearing in "Elijah" and parts of "The Messiah" and "The Swan and Skylark." Below are appended the press notices of his work:

The famous Apollo Club of Chicago, under the direction of Mr. Tomlins and assisted by the Thomas Orchestra, last night rendered the immortal oratorio, "Elijah," by Mendelssohn, and the effect was incomparably fine. * * * The soloists were Jennie Osborne, Katharine Fisk, George Hamlin and Frank King Clark. * * * Bass solos are not attractive as a general thing, yet when Mr. Clark sings them they hold one almost spellbound. He has a strong voice, yet one which is very musical and very smooth, and when to these qualities are added true conception of the composition and correct expression, it is no wonder that even following choruses could not drown the wave of applause which swept over the Auditorium at times. He certainly is a superb basso.—The Omaha World-Herald, June 22, 1898.

The trying role of Elijah was given to Frank King Clark, of Chicago. Mr. Clark possesses a fine basso cantante voice of unusual compass and rich quality. He is a young singer, and last evening made his debut in oratorio. At times the music was a little too high for his kind of voice, but it rarely embarrassed him at all. He has studied the role carefully, and is evidently trying to make an individuality out of Elijah. For this he deserves hearty commendation.—The Omaha Daily Bee, June 23, 1898.

Frank King Clark found himself at home in the music allotted to him. His rendering of the difficult aria "Why Do the Nations So Furiously Rage?" was a masterpiece of vocalization. * * * Mr. Clark sang the long roudades with a rhythmical precision and clearness of tone that did him great credit. The solo for the baritone in "Swan and Skylark" was rendered by Mr. Clark with full robust tones and musicianly phrasing.—Omaha Daily Bee, June 23, 1898.

Mr. Clark is a young singer of great promise. His rendering of "Why Do the Nations" was enthusiastically received.—The Omaha World-Herald, June 23, 1898.

Mrs. G. B. Carpenter has returned from the Women's Clubs' convention at Denver, and will be hereafter at the Fine Arts Building. Among the artists of whom Mrs. Carpenter has exclusive control are Mrs. Genevieve Clark Wilson, Mrs. Christine Nilsson Dreier, Frank King Clark and Glen Hall.

Allen Spencer is one of our local artists who will spend the summer in study, as he expects to play in orchestral concerts next season. He was one of the artists dedicating Illinois Day at the Omaha Exposition, and met with unqualified success.

Theodore Spiering is in the East for the summer, making New Jersey his home until September.

Adolph Weidig leaves for Long Island in July.

Pierre Van Resselier Key goes to Wisconsin for the summer months.

Frank Rushworth, who has been with the Dalys during the last season, is appearing this week with the combination now giving opera at the Schiller.

Signor Marescalchi appeared this week in the opera of "Faust" at Valparaiso, Ind. Miss Kate Condon and W. W. Hinshaw, both pupils of Signor Marescalchi, also appeared in the opera.

Jos. S. Baernstein, with an orchestra of ten, has closed



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a contract for a ten weeks' engagement at Colorado Springs. Mr. Baernstein and his orchestra leave Chicago June 27, the date of the engagement beginning June 30.

T. P. Brooke, with his Chicago Marine Band, is now playing for the summer at Willow Grove Park, Philadelphia, and the most extravagant praise comes to us of his success there. At home we all know him as the great disciple of popular music, but in the East he is more praised for the excellence of the classic concerts he gives in the open air one night every week. Chicagoans are not at all surprised that this young conductor is making his mark, for he has done more in the line of success here than was supposed possible before he started his Chicago concerts nearly four years ago.

Those who possess exceptional musical talent, but have not the means for its development, are offered an opportunity by the Chicago Musical College to secure a musical education. This institution will award 185 scholarships—35 free and 150 partial. The free scholarships entitle the holder to free instruction for one school year. The partial scholarships are a liberal reduction from the regular terms. The scholarships are distributed by competitive examination, and those desiring to enter should make application to the Chicago Musical College as early as possible. The examinations take place during the month of August.

D. A. Clippinger will have charge of the school of music in Winona Assembly, beginning early in July. "The Creation" will be given at the close, with orchestra and organ, when Miss Mary Peck Thomson, Sydney P. Bider and Frederick W. Carberry will be the soloists.

William Middelschulte has been engaged as director of the organ department of the American Conservatory for the ensuing year. The special normal session of the institution began Monday, June 27, and will continue for five weeks. This addition to the already strong faculty of that institution is certainly cause for congratulation to Mr. Hattstaedt.

On Monday evening, June 20, the annual commencement concert of the American Conservatory was given at Central Music Hall. Deserving of special mention on the really excellent program presented was the work of little Edna Crum, a child not more than thirteen years, whose rendition of the Second Polonaise (Wieniawski) was such as to not only reflect credit upon her instructor, but evidenced innate talent of high order. Another student no less worthy of commendation was Albert Janpolski. He certainly possesses a promising voice and sang the prologue from "Pagliacci" with the finish and intelligence worthy an experienced artist. Miss Blish, too, came in for a large measure of applause. To particularize further in justice to the creditable work done by the other pupils appearing on the program would require individual mention of each one taking part. Suffice it to say the evening's entertainment certainly speaks in evidence of the degree of excellence attained in this popular school. There was a crowded house and it was generally conceded that this was one of the finest public concerts ever given by the American Conservatory, speaking volumes for the artistic work done, the piano and violin being of the highest order.

After the concert and address John J. Hattstaedt, the director, awarded the diplomas, certificates and gold medals. The graduates in the various departments numbered twenty-seven, thirty-seven received teachers' certificates and thirty-one academic certificates.

Among the American Conservatory teachers who have acquired considerable well-earned commendation is Mme. Nellie de Norville. She has some excellent students, of whom special mention can be made. Miss Nellie Palmer, Mrs. Lura Clark and Miss Alberta Powell are three who have done remarkably well. The last named has been engaged as vocal teacher at Brookfield (Mo.) School of Music.

The Vilim Trio played for the third successive season at the Lyons Township High School commencement exercises, Thursday evening, June 23, at La Grange.

The Liebling Amateurs, one of the Chicago clubs who can show some of the best work of the season, gave the last concert for the year Saturday, June 25.

Mrs. Claudia Hough recently gave an interesting recital at Kimball Hall, at which Chas. W. Clark was the

assisting artist. Mrs. Hough is one of the brightest and charming little woman in town and withal an excellent artist, pianist and teacher.

Among the newcomers who have obtained a considerable number of engagements is W. W. Leffingwell, the violinist, of whom I shall have considerably more to say.

The following commendations from Mr. Listemann and Mr. Marcossion are sufficient evidence as to his ability to give satisfaction:

Mr. W. W. Leffingwell has studied with me at different times. Of his abilities I can say that he possesses a very fine technique, and that his whole playing is characterized by a very pronounced individuality. He is an excellent musician, deserving success in fullest measure.

BERNHARD LISTEMANN.

My dear Mr. Leffingwell: I take great pleasure in commending your work as a violinist and a student. I feel confident of your success as another efficient promulgator of the true art of mastering the bow, as practiced by the great Joachim and his disciples.

SOL MARCOSSION.
FLORENCE FRENCH.

Virgil Summer School Recitals.

ALBERT BURGEMEISTER and Miss Bessie Benson gave interesting programs in Recital Hall the evenings of June 20 and 22. Mr. Burgemeister, who is one of the most brilliant exponents of the Virgil Clavier system, played the MacDowell etude with dash and accuracy. The Raff Barcarolle afforded him an opportunity for the display of rapid and delicate finger work. Chopin's Sonata, op. 58—Allegro Maestoso and Scherzo—tested his execution as well as his interpretation. The first movement was given with adequate breadth, while the other movements were played with vigor and delicacy and tenderness, when these qualities were demanded. Perhaps Mr. Burgemeister did his best work in Liszt's Twelfth Rhapsodie, which was the closing number. Below is the program:

Sonata, first movement.....	Beethoven
Albert Burgemeister.	
Trois Eccossis.....	Chopin
Barcarolle.....	Rubinstein
Novlette.....	Schumann
Miss Bessie Benson.	
Hungarian Etude.....	MacDowell
Barcarolle.....	Raff
Sonata, op. 58, Allegro Maestoso, Scherzo.....	Chopin
Albert Burgemeister.	
Prestissimo.....	Ravina
Soirée de Vienne.....	Schubert-Liszt
Miss Bessie Benson.	
Twelfth Rhapsodie.....	Liszt
Albert Burgemeister.	
Miss Benson fairly divided honors with Mr. Burgemeister. She played the Chopin, Rubinstein and Schumann pieces with intelligence and feeling.	
The third recital took place Friday evening, July 1.	
Robert Colston Young, C. Virgil Gordon, Fred. Pfeiffer and Miss Lottie Cole are pupils of Frederic Mariner. Miss Lucille Smith and Miss Bessie Benson are pupils of Mrs. A. K. Virgil. The program given by them was as follows:	
Prelude and Toccata.....	Lachner
Idylle.....	Sherwood
Consolation No. 6.....	Liszt
Robert Colston Young.	
Reverie.....	Atherton
Papillon.....	Lavallee
Miss Lottie Cole.	
A Sketch.....	Moszkowski
Canzonetta.....	Schütt
Sonata, op. 7.....	Grieg
Miss Lucille Smith.	
Gavotte.....	Bach
Bolero.....	Ravina
Master Fred. Pfeiffer.	
Papillons, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.....	Schumann
Miss Bessie Benson.	
Une Fleur Printanière.....	Haberbier
Valse Lente.....	Dolmetsch
Mazurka.....	Saint-Saëns
Virgil Gordon.	

These pupils' playing was entirely satisfactory to their teachers and friends, and won much praise.

The fourth recital took place last Wednesday evening, when Miss Marjorie Parker, assisted by Albertus Shelley, the violinist, gave a varied program.

The fifth and last recital will occur the evening of July

12. Miss Florence Traub will be assisted by Frederic Mariner. This concert promises to be one of the most interesting concerts of the series.

Frankfort Singers' Meeting.

On Sunday, June 19, the General Singers' Forest Festival (Waldfest) took place at the Park Louisa, Frankfort-on-the-Main. Thirty-two societies took part in the exercises, which were attended by 6,000 persons. The united choruses were under the leadership of the well-known composer Fritz Baselt. The success was in every respect highly satisfactory and the separate choruses of the various societies earned great applause. The festival ended at 9:30 p. m. with a great Fackelpolnais and march of the participants in the celebration. The Eckert Rapelle (military band), under the guidance of Rob. Eckert, furnished the orchestral music.

Madame Marchesi.

At the concert of Madame Marchesi's pupils at the Salie Erard Paris, June 14, several young Americans appeared. Misses Manschoff (Omaha) and Sylvara (Philadelphia) sang very prettily the duo of "Lakme." The former surpassed herself in her singing of the air from "Philemon and Baucis," while Miss Sylvara displayed a voice of very good quality in her rendering of Liszt's "Loreley." Mlle. Sylvara also sang very sweetly with good expression Fauré's "Les Berceaux" and Fauré's "Le Secret." The Baronne de Reibnitz (Boston) gave with remarkably good expression Saint-Saëns' "La Fiancée du Timbalier." Brahms' "Meine Liebe ist grün" and Schlesinger's "Adieu." Miss Stephenson (Baltimore), who was down for three pieces, was unfortunately prevented by sickness from taking part in the performance.

Madame Maigille.

Miss Carter, a young American lady, a pupil of Mme. Maigille, appeared lately at a concert of the school of Mme. Laborde, in Paris, and won great honor by her singing of the air from the "Sicilian Vespers" in a masterly manner. She has a fresh and crystalline voice and the sound training which she has received from Mme. Maigille kept her from all defects of method, some of which could be detected in the other young ladies who appeared on the occasion. Mme. Maigille has unusual powers in the developing of the voice. Her knowledge of registration and perfect method of breathing enable her to accomplish extraordinary results in a short time. One of the critics present adds very pertinently to the report of the Paris concert: "I am beginning to think that time and money spent in Europe to train the voice are thrown away, and girls had better remain at home and be faithful to the good teaching they get there."

Richard Wagner in Farce.

In the thirties the wine shop of Daakwarth & Richter, at Magdeburg, was frequented by a merry crowd of actors, musicians and other artists, among whom the actors Baison Band Schmale and the music director Richard Wagner held a high rank as story tellers and jokers. To the great disgust of the actors Bethmann, the theatre manager, resolved to revive Gleich's farce "Der Berggeist" and had given the music for the piece to a very simple-minded, innocent young tenor, Schale. The facetious Schmale managed to get into the latter's room and hide the thing away. The director sent to Schale message after message for the return of the music, and as it was not forthcoming threatened to dismiss him. Poor Schale had to support his mother out of his salary and the manager's threat began to make the practical jokers repent of their performance. When Bethmann would not be pacified Richard Wagner said to him, "Is it all the same to you whose music you have for the farce?"

"Not a bit, if I can only produce the piece."

"You shall have it the day after to-morrow," replied Wagner, taking the libretto.

Three days later the bills of the theatre announced: "Der Bergeist; Farce by Gleich; music by Richard Wagner." Schale was one of Wagner's favorites and was a great friend of Fraulein Planer, who became Wagner's wife.

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NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1898.

The London *MUSICAL COURIER* is published every Thursday from 21 Princes street, Cavendish Square, Oxford Circus, W., London, England. This paper, while containing the salient points of *THE MUSICAL COURIER*, of New York, devotes special attention to music throughout Great Britain and the British Colonies.

Specimen copies, subscriptions and advertising rates can be obtained by addressing the London office, or

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FIRST SECTION

National Edition.

SECOND SECTION.

THE First Section of the National Edition of *THE MUSICAL COURIER*, which appeared July 4, proved to be the most stupendous and imposing success in the history of music journalism. As that edition speaks for itself in no uncertain tones it is only necessary to refer to it and then at once pass to the statement that in order that it should appear on time it became necessary to defer many important articles and illustrations for publication in the Second Section, which is to appear in the fall, the date of the edition to be announced later.

The Second Section of the National Edition has in fact been started with a large number of applicants who could not appear in the First Section for want of time. A list of these, embracing some of the foremost musical people of the land, can be seen in this office by all those who contemplate going into the Second Section.

When the various sections of the National Edition shall have been published the complete edition will be bound in one huge volume for permanent use in libraries and institutions of learning, as well as in all musical institutions in Europe and America, as a matter of course.

As a journalistic enterprise brought into being to demonstrate and illustrate the force, power, intellectual activity and greatness of one specialty in one nation, the National Edition of *THE MUSICAL COURIER* ranks as an unprecedented production. While other lines of artistic work may represent greater numerical strength, although this is questioned, no special profession, no single artistic pursuit combines in its membership a higher ideal or a more enthusiastic and lofty devotion to its pursuit and a greater faith in its ultimate triumph as a moral and intellectual agency than that of the musician—yes, we can with assurance say than that of the American musician whose desire for progress and advancement on the most liberal basis conceivable to the modern mind is illustrated in the universal accord with which the movement for the nationalization of music in America is accepted and urged by him and by her.

It may be doubted if ever in the history of music such enthusiastic unanimity has been experienced among the musicians of any one nation as this feeling now prevailing here among our musicians to assert themselves and their mission before an intelligent public. Through the National Edition of *THE MUSICAL COURIER* the people of America will learn for the first time and within the period of a few months what the extent, the greatness and the future possibilities of musical life in America really constitute, and the profession will learn to appreciate itself with a more profound comprehension of its inherent strength and its artistic scope.

This paper has not editorially urged anyone to enroll himself or herself in this National Edition, but at this moment, when its success is already a part of history, it is well to say that those who desire to be enrolled in the Second Section should without delay make application, so as to secure position. The Second Section will not contain any articles or illustrations published in the First Sec-

tion, but will be a volume entirely distinct in contents, although it will subsequently be bound with the First Section as part of the whole National Edition.

Orders for the complete edition can be placed now.

ONCE again we wish to state that the rumors regarding the sale of this paper are true. *THE MUSICAL COURIER* is for sale on thousands of news stands, the price being 10 cents a copy.

IT was by an act of oversight that the name of A. Victor Benham was omitted in the list of pianists in our last issue. Mr. Benham is a composer as well as pianist, and we fear that a second series of pianists' names will have to be compiled. The roll call is almost interminable.

THE reaction from the Wagner craze has come to London. After the silly spasm over the "cuts" in the "Ring" London is beginning to ask herself if she has not had too much of a good thing. New York went through the same phase some years ago and—returned to Wagner.

WE sincerely regret the deaths of Leon Pourtau, Leon Jacquet, Mrs. Leon Jacquet, pianist, born Mina Wetzler, and the sister of the esteemed composer and conductor Herman Hans Wetzler, and Albert Weiss, who were all lost on the unlucky La Bourgogne. The three gentlemen were valued members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, being respectively first flutist, first clarinetist and second oboe. Reference to the sad occurrence may be found elsewhere.

JEAN DE RESZKE is clever enough never to be caught by the pincushion blandishments of Windsor Castle. He was ill—so he said—when "Romeo and Juliet" was sung, and Saleza had to substitute. Perhaps the awful scarf pins that the Queen doles to the artists who amuse her frightened the Polish tenor. In any case he showed his good taste. In music as in literature the taste of the English royal family is mediocre. Gounod and Marie Corelli are reigning favorites in the household.

IN referring, among many artists quoted in our National Edition, to Mme. Madeline Schiller, the eminent pianist, we did not mention all the piano concertos played in America for the first time by her. The following are the concertos heard in America for the first time and played by Mme. Schiller, who thus introduced them to us:

Saint-Saëns—C minor.

Joachim Raff's concerto; Theodore Thomas conducted.

Rubinstein's—E flat major.

Tschaikowsky—G major.

Scharwenka—E minor.

In addition to these great works this artist introduced a large array of pianistic novelties. Mme. Schiller will make her re-entrée on the concert platform the coming season.

THIS was in the *Herald* one day last week:

"M. Pol Plançon received from Queen Victoria, after singing at Windsor Castle recently, a beautiful souvenir—a large pair of enameled vases, 40 centimetres in height, in a handsome Russia leather case lined with crimson satin and inscribed: 'A. M. Plançon, présenté de la part de la Reine Victoria, en souvenir de 27 Juin, 1898.'

"M. Plançon is naturally very proud of these beautiful vases from the Queen."

Naturally, M. Plançon is just the sort of person who would go into ecstasies over a vase. His art

is of the same bric-à-brac variety, and judging from his singing here last season this same art has become woefully threadbare. As a singer he is a thing of the past; as an actor monotonous and stilted. They won't have Plançon in Paris; why should New York be forced to listen to him season after season?

A PROPOS of the Bourgogne disaster, the well-known novelist and London correspondent of the *New York Times*, Harold Frederic, does not hesitate to assert that the Latin races are degenerating. Here is what he says:

"Within the past dozen years I have been often impelled to point out that the Latin races, in the eyes of their non-Latin neighbors, were achieving a new and unpleasant kind of solidarity. Probably it began after France's awful beating in 1870, from which, mentally and spiritually, she has never quite recovered. United Italy, with its specious but spurious promise of revived greatness, diverted attention for a time from the fact that in reality the Latins were all going to pieces. Some few caviled and preached about it, but it seemed too sweeping a generalization for the public mind. Now suddenly Englishmen find it dawning on them. The comments of their press, for example, on the shocking tales from the wreck of La Bourgogne, side by side with leaders on the Hispano-Cuban conceptions of civilized warfare, lump French sailors, Italian emigrants and Andalusian barbarians in a common, contemptuous condemnation. It is felt that alike these peoples are dropping behind. They are unable to keep up with the pace at which northern races are pushing the affairs and the ideas of the world along, and the gap between the two widens at an ever-multiplying ratio. Of course there may always be some miraculous advent of regeneration, but the conditions seem cruelly against it. They will go under at a pathetic cost of picturesque variety and romantic charm to the world at large, but all the same they will be submerged."

NONSENSE ABOUT DE RESZKE.

NO artist, man or woman, who has ever sung in America has inspired greater respect for his or her art, for his or her personal conduct or for an appreciation of the ethics of duty than M. Jean de Reszké. *THE COURIER* never hesitates to say this of the greatest foreign representative of the high salary crime, and it is therefore sheer nonsense for the *Washington Post* to print this item and for other papers to reprint it:

THE DOWNFALL OF DE RESZKE.

A CRITIC WHO SAYS HE WAS NOT UNPREPARED FOR THE FAILURE.

We are not unprepared to hear that Jean de Reszké, the famous tenor, had exhibited unmistakable evidences of vocal decadence during his London engagement. The fact that he refused to give the whole score of "Siegfried" was not of itself to his discredit. On the contrary, a truly sensitive audience might well have thanked him for omitting the larger part of one of the dulllest and most tiresome specimens of bawling that has ever afflicted mankind.

It is difficult to imagine anything more dismal than the forest scene in "Siegfried," and it is almost inconceivable that a sane person would wish to have it or any other similar visitation prolonged. That the Wagner Society should have insisted upon the whole pound of flesh is, of course, possible, but that the London public generally should have sustained the protest passes our comprehension.

All this, however, is neither here nor there. The fact of importance is that de Reszke cut the score, and that well-informed opinion attributes his act to failing powers. De Reszké's voice had begun to fail before he left this country. It had begun to lose something of that ineffable sweetness which made his singing so unutterably charming. The fact that he had curtailed his repertory in the purely lyric opera, abandoning Gounod and Meyerbeer for Wagner, was proof enough.

His infinite art of vocalization, his marvelous control of the splendid organ bestowed upon him by nature, may have deceived all save the most cultured and critical of his admirers; but the spectacle of Jean de Reszké turning aside from the flowery paths of song in which he had been so long without a peer, and taking Wagnerian roles in which all of his most exquisite vocal gifts were lost, showed plainly enough that the freshness and beauty of

his song were on the wane. The comments of the London critics to-day only confirm our apprehensions of three years ago.

After all, though, what else could we have expected? Jean de Reszké has long passed the limit of the tenor's perfect life. He is nearly fifty years old. Had his organ been of the pure tenor quality—metallic, with a clear, silvery timbre—it would have degenerated long ago. It was not, however. It was a voice manufactured in the head and throat—manufactured with almost inconceivable skill and managed with an art quite past belief, but an achievement of confectionery all the same.

He sang Faust, Raoul, Romeo and roles of that description as no one ever sang them before and no one ever will again. He was a polished and impassioned actor, and his presence was the ideal of the romantic school. But apart from his dramatic genius, his physical beauty and his phenomenal art, he had no more place in the Wagnerian opera than Melba had, and his attempt to invade that realm has only hastened the deplorable consummation which grim Father Time had already set in motion. Jean de Reszké has blessed the generation in every gracious and delightful way. The world owes him eternal gratitude and admiration. We could wish, though, that he had fallen among the flowers and the melodies of music rather than among its tempest and its rocks.

There must be no misunderstanding of the position of *THE COURIER* on this vital subject. If we are to have grand opera here under foreign auspices let us by all means have a Jean de Reszké, an artist of temperament, a scientific vocalist, who never offends against pitch, instead of such singers as many of the German howlers like Kraus, or such offenders as Ancona was or as Van Dyk is, whom we have heard singing a whole opera off the key. Such things are actual nuisances in opera, unendurable, and, in fact, they should be punishable by a police justice as public nuisances usually are.

Lilli Lehmann has sung Brünnhilde in the Opera House here—both Brünnhildes—with note upon note a half tone below pitch, and yet next morning our amiable critics would not touch upon this musical outrage.

Jean de Reszké has never been guilty of any disturbance of such a nature. There are, as there naturally must be, divergences of opinion on his interpretation of many of the many roles he sings, and there are difference of opinion on his histrionic work, but his singing and his phrasing and his method and the conscientiousness of his work have always been commended.

And all these things have no relation whatsoever with the fact that *THE COURIER* is opposing all these people as a foreign horde that comes over here to impoverish our musical life, having no feeling and no sympathy for this nation, but, on the contrary, actually despising us. See the German, French, Austrian and Italian papers.

If Jean de Reszké does come to sing here next season he should insist upon the engagement of Madame Felia Litvinne, one of the best all round artists Grau ever had, a versatile singer, a student whose work is endless and a woman upon whom the whole brunt of the last of the Grau seasons fell and who fulfilled her arduous duties to the satisfaction of all fair-minded people who understand what music and opera are. Mr. de Reszké should see to it that no intrigue will prevent the engagement of Mme. Litvinne.

THE DRIFT IN PIANO PLAYING.

THE reproductive arts of any given epoch reflect as a rule its characteristics. A sensitive art, such as piano playing is, could not escape taking on the hue of its intellectual and emotional surroundings. The greatest pianists have always been affected by the poetical and political drift of their time. We find Liszt in his youth passionately addicted to the doctrines of Saint-Simon and emerging from the polemical mysticism of the Abbe Laménais only to be absorbed by the doctrines of Richard Wagner. In the earlier years of the century, when the scarlet vest of Théophile Gautier was a flashing signal for the romanticists, Liszt wrote terrific fantasies for his instrument, fantasies of ferocious difficulties, full of the mouthing, declamatory phrases born of Hugo's sonorous muse. It was magnificent, but was it music?

The immense technical stride since Clementi does

not altogether account for the drift of the keyboard in those days. Modern piano music is born of the romantic movement, the poor, dead movement, dead and decayed while the halo of youth and victory still encircled its brow. The classical tradition—a huge platitude—was replaced by the romantic—a huger and duller platitude. Heinrich Heine, with irony on his chiseled lips and tears in his eloquent eyes, sang its requiem as it lay in its cradle. Yet what a colossal infant; what prodigies of valor it performed! Liszt—the father of latter day pianists—was wholly absorbed by a movement which embraced such names as Hugo, Heine, Gautier, Delacroix, Georges Sand, Balzac—one side of his genius—Berlioz, Schumann, Chopin—only one side of him—and many others. And Liszt fairly reveled in the extravagances of those stirring years. Bending every fibre of his great brain, of his great, beautiful soul, he was the forerunner, the St. John the Baptist of the dramatic Messiah, Richard Wagner. Liszt's was the voice in the wilderness crying aloud that the true redeemer of music was about to appear, for despite his knowledge of his own genius he never for a moment demurred to the superiority of his son-in-law. The Liszt-Wagner letters prove that fact.

All this artistic hurly-burly, all these mad enthusiasms, were mirrored in the Liszt piano school—for a school he founded. Extravagance, noise, poetry, fantasy, brilliancy, morbidity, technical sensationalism there were, but the excellences outweighed the defects and the piano became a rival to the orchestra. The most daring things were attempted. The overture to "Tannhäuser" was transcribed and played upon the keyboard and the friends of Mendelssohn and the Leipzig tradition shed academic tears in solitude.

But Germany was to have her revenge. Liszt, a Magyar; Carl Tausig, a Slav; Rubinstein, another, had swept all before them and the piano ruled the land. The still small voice of Brahms had not been heard, although Schumann foresaw the tendency of his music. It seemed as if piano playing by sheer excess must expire. Brilliancy and empty sonority had been pushed to the verge of the ludicrous, yet a reaction in the Gallic direction were an impossible thing. There was frozen classicism, empty display and above all an absence of tone color.

The romantic movement at least gave the piano all the colors and glow of the palette; Liszt dowered it with the voice of the orchestra, Chopin bestowed upon it a soul. Mere surfaces, however, could not be tolerated forever, and now Brahms has shown that an ample polyphony and a passionate lyricism are not incompatible. On him has fallen the mantle of Beethoven, yet he is a romantic at heart. He is a lineal descendent of Bach, yet in his veins circulates the virtuoso blood of Liszt. Witness his transcendental Paganini studies! He has led back to its proper sphere the piano. His music is eminently "Klaviermässig," and not a note is sacrificed to the demon of display. His technical forms are derived from Bach, from Beethoven, from Schumann and from Chopin. He has absorbed all that is great and good in Liszt and his idiom is distinctly his own.

Germany and German piano playing are avenged by Brahms. It is a legitimate school of playing now, yet never formal, academic, pedantic or stiff. The German has merely utilized the discoveries of Liszt, and the once cold, passionless play of the Teuton is infused by Slavic warmth. To a profound intellectuality is now united a glow and poetry, all of which may be found in the masterly work of Emil Sauer, who is to visit us in January, 1899. Sauer has the good qualities of the Weimar and the Berlin schools. He is a classic player and a romantic interpreter. He plays Bach, he understands Brahms, and he has penetrated to the sad, secret soul of Frederic Chopin. He is an eclectic, and his head, which we reproduce this week, re-

veals a man of magnetism, a man of emotional and intellectual force. His visit will be welcome, for he is one of the few pianists in whom are embodied technic, temperament and great brain power.

Sauer has signed a contract with R. E. Johnston, the concert manager, to make a tour of this country this coming season. He will make his first American appearance at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, Tuesday evening, January 10, assisted by an orchestra of 100 musicians.

Mr. Sauer's contract calls for forty appearances in the United States, twenty of them with orchestra.

A PADEREWSKI STORY.

HE ENJOYS HIMSELF AT MR. HARMSWORTH'S GORGEOUS MUSICAL.

(Brooklyn Life.)

LONDON, June 4.—I dare say you have heard of Paderewski's love for his own particular piano and his absorption therein. He gave proof of his passion in rather a realistic fashion the other evening, when young Alfred Harmsworth, the proprietor of the *Daily Mail* and thirty-odd other papers, gave an at-home in his beautiful house in Berkeley square, to which all London west of Bond street seemed to try and seek admission. It was, by the way, the most gorgeous entertainment that London has seen for years, and absolutely "knocked spots" off the great ball of the Duke of Devonshire of recent memory.

There were flowers in the house for which the youthful millionaire actually paid £10,000 (pounds, not dollars), while chefs and butlers and waiters and assistants and footmen without number came all the way from Paris to make the affair really unique. There was a long list of artists who had been engaged at "enormous expense," as the bills say, and among these were Paderewski, Melba, Plançon, Johannes Wolff, Eames, &c., all of whom came with their checks already in their pockets. Paderewski got £500 in advance and brought his own piano; Melba received £300, for which she was to sing three songs, and the others had sums varying from £100 to £250, according to their importance. Early in the evening there was a tremendous crush, particularly in the neighborhood of the dining room. Nothing seemed to serve to thin the crowd. The music was advertised to begin at 11:30, but owing to the frightful crush the host decided to turn on the musicians an hour earlier.

So they approached M. Paderewski and asked him if he would begin the concert. Certainly he would, and there was an immediate rush for the drawing room. For fifteen minutes the pianist held the audience spellbound with his wonderful music. He played anything and everything and seemed absolutely lost in the chords and rhapsodies of his instrument. Half an hour more and Paderewski was still playing. The audience began to thin out and seek the neighborhood of the supper room. Harmsworth commenced to wring his hands in despair, and Melba, who was standing by with her music in her hand, ready to sing, began to scowl and looked glum. No one dared stop Paderewski. Half-past eleven and he was still playing! Twelve o'clock and the great master was fairly revelling in a whirlwind of music, while Melba, with her notes in her hand, Wolff with his fiddle under his arm, and Plançon, with a frown on his face, stood behind the young Napoleon of journalism and cursed between their teeth. Paderewski was having a grand time of it.

Finally at half past 12, after two hours of fun (for him) he stooped, gave a grand flourish of his right arm, ran his fingers through his hair and walked out of the room with a most gracious smile on his face. He did not know that he had kept anyone waiting. He had forgotten his very existence, while Melba and the others fumed and fretted their tempers away. There were exactly eighteen people in the room when Melba sang her one and only song of the evening and then swept out of the house in a tower of indignation. The others did not get a look-in at all.

THAT piano which was sent to Mr. Harmsworth's house was an Erard. In reference to certain rumors this paper was the first to announce Paderewski's approaching marriage, an announcement since contradicted by him. We quote a short note from the *Boston Herald* of July 6:

It was very thoughtful of Paderewski to cable so promptly that the report of his intended marriage is wholly without foundation. Many anxious hearts have been relieved. His gentle adorers, young or mature, can continue to gaze rapturously at him as he melancholizes at the piano; can devoutly press the tails of his coat as he passes from the stage, and can yearn wistfully for a lock or a strand of "that wondrous flame of hair" without feeling that there is a Mrs. Paderewski to destroy the romance of the thing, to be jealous and to make it lively for Ignaz if he should even as much as look at any of his hypnotic worshippers. It may, perhaps, be doubted, Paderewski, if you are the greatest of all pianists, but you beat the world's record as a "mascher."

The information in our possession is European and was furthermore conveyed through a friend of Mr. Paderewski, one of his associates in this country. The lady's name is mentioned and she is known to have been a friend of Paderewski's of many years' standing. The news had all the spirit

and content of reliability, and coming in addition with the information, since confirmed, that Paderewski will reach America next year on its western coast first, it still bears the quality of truth. However, if Paderewski denies that he is about to be married we necessarily accept the refutation of the statement with grace, hoping at the same time that he will not defer the step too long. It will be more practical after the approaching American tour.

Latest reports are to the effect that Paderewski is to play in Australia first, then via Mexico begin his American tour in California. It is said that on this coming tour he is to play the Chickering piano. What a sensation this would be! We would then learn whether it is the artist or the piano that made of Paderewski a success.

MUNICIPAL SUBSIDY.

IT is a serious question whether the system of municipal subvention to opera houses would be the proper means of encouraging the public in its pursuit of music in this country, where rotation in office still exists and where a director of an art branch in the city government would be decapitated on a change of government with as much celerity as was Street Superintendent Waring on a recent occasion.

It is generally admitted that the prevailing corrupt and bankrupt-breeding grand opera system is a failure in all respects but one, and that is in its high salary crime and its boycott of Americans. As the system has always been a failure, financially and artistically, and as it is prevented from attaining success because of its inherited and inherent defects and the corruption it breeds and disseminates an outcry has arisen for a change, and the attention of the London musical world has been centred upon the seriousness of the problem which affects England similarly, for the same foreign horde of rapacious singers and hangers-on has been devitalizing native musical effort there as it has here.

The municipal system in England, and particularly in London, is calculated to assimilate with the idea of a subvention, and as the civil service prevails among office holders an artistic director of opera in London appointed by the city government or a music department as one of the city boards would exist on the strength of its merit, and politics could not be injected into the scheme. Two important telegrams on the subject have recently been published in the *Sun* and are of such interest as to deserve complete reproduction:

(*Sun*, July 3, *London Special*.)

Time was when people seriously discussed the question as to whether the English were a musical race. But, now that we have had "Bayreuth in London," the question is settled. London has gone to hear Wagner at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, taking a miserable hour and a half interval for dinner; London, when Jean de Reszke deprived it of eighteen minutes of "Siegfried," raised such a cry of anger that the imperious tenor not only restored the missing fragments at the next performance, but sacrificed his beard and mustache, that so his Siegfried might satisfy the exacting musical public of London.

But Bayreuth in Bow street, even with a full text and a beardless Jean de Reszke, is not enough. The cry is now, "Opera for the Masses," and the London County Council is to provide it. To that body a petition, signed by dukes, marquises, earls, lords, not to mention mere musicians, has been presented, showing, "that in this, the richest capital in the world, there exists no means whereby the highest class of operatic music can be systematically brought within the reach of the great mass of the people."

The petition points out that in most of the important towns in Europe opera, with the assistance of the public authorities, has "become part of the life of the people." Therefore, in order that the life of Londoners may be thus aesthetically enlarged, the County Council is prayed "to devote some portion of their funds to assist in the maintenance of an opera house for the promotion of the highest form of musical art."

The cynic, of course, says it is all very well to bring the highest class of operatic music within the reach of "the great mass of the people," but adds that one man can take a horse to the water, but two won't make him drink. And there is no doubt much truth in this idea. Everyone knows that grand opera was never made to pay in London till it was made a fashion, and "the great mass of the people" are not to be subdued by even the powers of fashion.

Still, something is likely to come of the present move-

ment for a subsidized opera house. The idea has long been mooted, as has that for a subsidized national theatre, which Sir Henry Irving and other leading London actors frequently advocate. Perhaps the psychological moment is not here just yet, but the public mind is being gradually familiarized with the idea, and it is very possible that ere long it will materialize.

The prominence of the question of a municipal opera house for London has naturally raised great interest here as to the manner in which the subsidized houses are worked on the Continent. In Paris the Opéra, the Opéra Comique, the Théâtre Français and the Odéon are all helped by the State, their allowances varying according to their respective importance and requirements, while two other theatres, the Châtelet and the Gaité, are subsidized in their turn by the Municipal Council. The Opéra heads the list with 800,000 francs, then comes the Opéra Comique with 300,000 francs. The Théâtre Français follows with 240,000 francs, and the Odéon brings up the rear with 140,000 francs. Such are the sums allowed by the State to these four theatres which it subsidizes.

In the provinces it is exclusively by the municipalities that subventions are accorded, and they are practically regulated by the size and wealth of the particular town. Thus at Lyons, Bordeaux and Toulouse, for instance, 240,000 francs a year is by no means an exaggerated amount for the leading theatres, while in smaller places the grants dwindle down to very small sums. The mere fact that a subvention is given invests the State or the municipality, as the case may be, with the fullest authority. In the country towns, where the municipal councils are supreme in these matters, all the regulations and arrangements are carefully drawn up, and their strict observance is insisted upon.

Except at the Comédie Française, none of the artists is in the receipt of any special gratuity in the shape of a retiring pension. This was allowed also at the Opéra formerly, but the practice had finally to be abandoned owing to considerations of a financial character.

In Paris the cost of admission to good places is lower than in London. At Covent Garden a stall costs 21 shillings, and on special nights 25. At the Opéra a stall costs 17 francs, while at the Comédie Française the highest charge for a seat is 10 francs. At the best theatres in the provinces the most eligible places can be had for about 5 francs, and in the others the charges diminish according to circumstances. In the subventioned theatres in Paris special provision is made for the accommodation of the Chief of the State, while other high authorities are also looked after, and in the provincial playhouses which are subsidized boxes are reserved for the prefect, the mayor, and often for the general in command, particularly when the town is the headquarters of an army corps, the officers of the garrison being frequently permitted to subscribe at a very reduced rate.

Except at the Théâtre Français the performers are not regarded as fixtures and are not entitled to pensions. On the contrary, the State or the municipality enjoys all the rights conferred by the subvention, but is on its side under no legal obligations, either toward the managers or toward the artists. The subsidies are simply intended to keep the game going in the interests of the public and of art.

The present idea in London seems to be to make the prices at the Municipal Opera House, if it come into being, the same as rule at the theatres, 10 shillings and 6 pence for a stall, and so forth through the varying grades, 7 and 6 pence, 5 shillings, down to the shilling gallery. In the opinion of many the charge should be made still lower if it is hoped to popularize high art.

That would be \$2.37 for a seat at the opera. But the manager in London now does not pay his singers what he pays them—the same singers—here in America. Plançon, for instance, gets at least \$300 when he sings here in opera under Grau. When Grau loans him out to sing in some oratorio he charges \$600; gives Plançon his \$300 and keeps \$300 as his commission. In London Grau or a municipal opera would pay Plançon £25, or \$125, and hence the seats could be sold at \$2.37, for all other salaries would be proportionately lower.

Emma Eames, who has finally reached a vocal stage that makes her tones disagreeably strident, metallic and harsh, gets \$500 when she sings here under Grau; in London one-half must satisfy her. Seats in London would be \$2.37, here \$5 or \$6, and if the individual opera becomes a success the speculators, co-operating with the inside, will charge \$10 a seat. The musician and musical student can never afford to attend such performances. "Go up in the gallery, you Godforsaken musician, where you cannot see the scene; Mr. Grau does not know you, neither does the foreign artist!"

This whole question will find its solution in due time; faster now than ever since the exhibition made by the German, Austrian, French and Italian press against the United States during the Spanish war. If the hostility of old, decrepid continental Europe continues much longer each of these old maids must get a good overhauling or all of them together. The best thing we Americans can do is to study and improve ourselves in music and refuse to pay to the foreigners the infamous prices they ask when they come here to sing before people they inwardly hate and detest.

THE BOURGOGNE DISASTER.

THE tragic deaths of Leon Jacquet, his wife Mina Wetzler-Jacquet, Leon Pourtau, his wife, and Albert Weiss brought sorrow to many last week, when the news of the sinking by collision of La Bourgogne was flashed over the country. In Boston there was deep grief, for the three artists were members of the famous Symphony Orchestra, and both in Cincinnati and New York was the death of Mrs. Jacquet mourned. She was a charming young woman, a gifted pianist and the sister of Herman Hans Wetzler, organist, pianist, composer and conductor, well known here. Their mother resides here. The Boston Herald of Thursday last contained the following:

A little knot of weeping women stood conversing mournfully before two closed and shuttered cottages on a little side street in Roxbury at twilight last evening. The cottages were the recent homes from which had gone to a swift, unheralded death two entire families.

On Friday last Mr. and Mrs. Leon Jacquet, accompanied by their nine-months-old baby Carl, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Pourtau, Mrs. Vallard, mother of Mrs. Pourtau, and Albert Weiss, bade good-bye to their neighbors in Atherton place and left for New York, en route to Europe. The next day they left New York as first cabin passengers on the ill-fated Bourgogne.

The harrowing story of the sinking of this vessel, containing the additional sad news of the loss of all the first cabin passengers, came as a heavy blow to these sorrowing residents of the Roxbury district, who had grown to love their genial and talented neighbors.

The men were all members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mrs. Jacquet was an accomplished pianist, and before her marriage, as Minna Wetzler, won many laurels, both in this country and abroad, as a concert soloist. Baby Carl was the pride and delight of the neighborhood. Mr. Jacquet played first flute in the orchestra, Mr. Pourtau first clarinet and Mr. Weiss first oboe. They all were most obliging in giving their neighbors the benefits of their talents, and many an impromptu concert has made life brighter and more enjoyable for the residents of Atherton place.

But for the fact that all the first cabin tickets had been sold another Symphony Orchestra man and resident of Roxbury would have taken passage with his friends on the Bourgogne. Pierre Mueller, first trumpeter in the orchestra, is the fortunate man. He sailed the same day on the Canada. His wife leaves this morning for New York, where she has engaged passage on La Touraine, a sister ship of the lost vessel.

There was consternation at the offices of the Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall Building yesterday morning, when the news of the disaster was received there. Assistant Manager Comee was soon surrounded by other members of the orchestra, personal friends of the three men, and all were shocked at the intelligence.

Mr. Comee said: "It is a great shock to us all. I deeply regret the fact that the men went on this steamer. I knew them very intimately. Aside from my personal sense of the loss, if indeed they have lost their lives, which I still trust has not been the case, it will be a very difficult matter to find artists who can take the places of these men in the orchestra. Mr. Pourtau and Mr. Jacquet were especially fine musicians, ranking with the very best to be found, either in this country or in Europe."

Homer A. Norris.

Homer A. Norris, of Boston, has left on his summer holiday trip, going first to Plymouth, then to the Berkshire Hills, from there to Little Bass Wood and afterward to a camp in Essex. Mr. Norris has been constantly busy the past season, and even up to the time of leaving town was devoting five hours a day to his work.

Dedicated to Anna Miller Wood.

John P. Marshall, of Boston, has dedicated his latest song, "O Mighty One" (Maitre de Tout) to Anna Miller Wood. The poetry is from the French in Bernhard's play "Izyl," by Armand Sylvestre, Englished by Charles Fouteyne Manney. On looking over the score one can easily see how well adapted this effective recitative and song is to the dramatic capabilities of Miss Wood's rich tone, as well as the tender expression with which her voice will invest the closing episode. With these good songs, "On the Way to Kew," by Arthur Foote, and "Mighty One," dedicated to her by two of Boston's musical lights, the contralto's repertory is decidedly enriched. Miss Wood, by the way, will be in San Francisco from July until November.—Town Talk, San Francisco.



THE RHYME OF THE MUSICAL STREET.

It is a youthful, beardless man,
And he stoppeth one of three;
"By thy golf suit and cycle face,
Now wherefore stoppest me?"

The youth, a-tremble, holds the man;
"I live on Walnut street,
Where maidens fair, with nut-brown hair,
On loud pianos beat;

"They play all night, they play all day.
From this I seek release!"
"Nay, tell me not your troubles. Go
Tell them to the police."

"But list, but list," he pleaded soft;
"Oh, list to me, kind sir,"
And so the stranger list-ed then,
Like any listener.

"Across the way there's a trombone,
A piccolo and flute,
A violin, piano, too,
Likewise a soulful lute.

"Next door to this assortment of
Orchestral instruments
Another loud piano adds
Its saddening cadence.

"In every house adown the street
Pianos rear their heads,
Yet three, in truth, are harmless quite,
For they are folding beds.

"To-night! to-night! my harrowed soul
A monstrous sorrow knows,
For all of these melodious maids
Are entertaining beaux.

"It's music here, it's music there,
It's music all about;
It cracks and growls and roars and howls—
In faith, a tuneful rout.

"And one is singing of the 'Banks
Of the Wabash Far Away,'
While yet another racks the soul
Of Wagner with her lay.

"The 'Stars and Stripes' are floating from
The centre of the heap,
And the trombone is 'Rocking in
The Cradle of the Deep.'

"The piccolo is playing, and
The flute is chiming in.
Above them all there shrieks and wails
That awful violin.

"Oh, sleep, it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole,
And I retired at prompt eleven,
Yet still no gentle sleep from heaven.
Has slid into my soul.

"Farewell, farewell; but this I tell
To thee, my listening friend:
They'll play again to-morrow morn—
Their playing has no end.

"Wherefore this frame of mind is wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale,
But cannot set me free."

The youthful man, whose eye was dim,
Who pity did entreat,
Was gone, and now the stranger man
Went boldly down the street.

He went—but like one that is stunned
And is of sense forlorn,
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

—W. D. N. in Indianapolis Journal.

IF Coleridge ever revisited this oblate spheroid how shocked he would be at the above parody! I fear he would hit the pipe more than ever.

* * *

To read Walt Whitman in German has a strange, disquieting effect. In a recent Berlin *Boersen-Courier* sent me by Mr. Floersheim I found an appreciation of the "Good Gray Poet." Johannes Schlaf is the bold translator of Walt, and here is the

German equivalent of "I am he that walks with the tender and growing night":

Ich bin der da wandelt mit der zarten und steigenden Nacht,
Ich rufe der Erde und See, die halb von der Nacht umschlungen.

Drücke mich fest an dich, blossbusige Nacht—drücke mich fest an dich, magnetische, nährenden Nacht!
Nacht der Südwinde—Nacht der grossen wenigen Sterne. Still nickende Nacht—rasende nackte Sommernacht!

That sounds funny, does it not—that last line? "Still nodding night! Mad, naked, summer night."

* * *

I worshipped Walt Whitman in my salad years. I met him in 1878 and treasure still a ragged copy of the 1867 edition of "Leaves of Grass" with his autograph. He gave it to me, and the five dollars I gave in return was handed over to some asylum for queer people or hospital for queer diseases, near Camden. I met Walt nearly every day. He slowly walked up Chestnut street or Market street from the Camden ferry house in Philadelphia, and he was the most imposing man I ever saw. He occasionally went to a second-hand book shop in Ninth street, and it was there I first invited him to go to Carl Gaertner's concerts. Walt knew nothing about music—only loved it in the most comprehensive fashion. He loved the sound of the horn and sensed its piscine significance on Fridays. He had a cosmical thrill when listening to a Beethoven string quartet, and as he leaned heavily on my arm going up Broad street from the Academy of Music he would repeat:

"That's mighty fine music, young fellow, mighty fine music!" My Japanese prose poet, Sadakichi Hartmann, once wrote a curious book about Walt that rings with truth. The old man always started you talking about yourself. He could listen with inspired ears to the slangy egotism of brakemen and deck hands, and if you spoke of Rosetti and Swinburne he gazed at you from Homeric heights. I mentioned Poe, and he remarked that his was cellar poetry. Not half bad that, is it?

Will Whitman's secret ever ooze out? He was to me no bardic gutter-poet, but a poseur of gigantic, of Hugo-esque proportions. His head lines are sublime and his message puerile rubbish. There are the rhythms of the sea in his lines and harmonies that the morning stars might sway to, but the slush, trash, nonsense, obscenity, morbid eroticism, vulgarity and preposterous mouthings well nigh spoil one's taste for what is really great in "Leaves of Grass," "When Lilacs Last in the Door-Yard Bloomed"—a threnody without parallel; "Rise, O Days from Your Fathomless Deeps," "Captain, O, My Captain," "Give Me the Splendid Dazzling Sun," certain passages in the first poem, "Walt Whitman"; these and several others are the finest things America has given to the nation. The noble, nervous strength, the color, the sonority and cleaving thought are wonderful, but Whitman was a man of education. Don't believe the absurd lies told by his silly disciples. He was no man of the people; he was a literary man, had read everything—although he claimed only as intimates Homer and the Bible—and his workingman garb, his sailor shirt, his broad brimmed *sombrero*, his rolling gait and loud voice, were pose, all pose, as much pose as Joaquin Miller, the tawny tornadic bard of the wild and glittering West.

The pose—half Bowery boy, half Rabelais—caught the European critics, but not American readers. The workingman will have none of Whitman. He prefers Longfellow. Besides, Whitman, despite his roaring masculinity, had a streak of the effeminate in him. All who knew his intimate side are aware of this. In Washington, when Secretary Harlan discharged him from the employ of the Government, the same charge was brought against him, a charge indignantly repudiated by Charles O'Connor in his "Good Grey Poet," and recently revived in London.

Read the section called "Calamus" in "Leaves of

Grass" and wonder no longer. It is Greek, with its curious antique profile and rank forbidden flavor.

* * *

But the world would be poorer without Walt Whitman, with his reverberating catalogues, his barbaric elemental yawps and his bardic chants. He is more Greek than American to me, despite his formlessness, and at times more Hebraic than Greek. A pagan, a pantheist, a materialist, a vulgarian and again a voice sonorous, trumpeting virile messages to weaklings. He had indeed, as Emerson said of him, "a long foreground somewhere."

* * *

I publish the following with great pleasure:

"It is proposed to bring out a volume on the late Anton Seidl in a limited edition, each copy to be numbered. The book will be printed in the most elegant style by Charles Scribner's Sons, and the contents, as at present planned, will include, among other things, the chapters named below. The price of each volume has been fixed at \$5, and all the profits will go to Mrs. Seidl.

CONTENTS.

- I. Biographic Sketch, H. T. Finck.
- II. Funeral Services, with addresses of Mr. Wright and Col. Ingersoll.
- III. Anecdotes and Reminiscences by various friends, including Jean de Reszké, Albert Niemann, Lilli Lehmann, Marianne Brandt, Lillian Nordica and many others.
- IV. Letters to Anton Seidl by Richard Wagner and other musicians; some of them in facsimile.
- V. Several Portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Seidl.
- VI. Articles by Mr. Seidl on Bayreuth and other topics.
- VII. Critical Appreciations by H. E. Krehbiel, Albert Steinberg, W. J. Henderson, James Huneker, August Spanuth, H. T. Finck.
- VIII. Stories of Mr. Seidl's dogs, with pictures of Wotan and Mime and of the Catskills Cottage.

* * *

It will be necessary to secure 300 subscribers to this book, and I need not remind you that Mr. Seidl's memory is still warm in the hearts of his friends and admirers. A great conductor is but a memory—he leaves no stable work behind him—so any effort to perpetuate this memory should be encouraged. Miss Elizabeth Hunt Welling, of 46 Park avenue, New York, will give you further particulars of this admirable enterprise.

* * *

Edouard Rod has just republished from the *Revue des Deux Mondes* his study of Goethe, which, as the Paris correspondent of *The Academy* notes, is the result of disenchantment.

He, too, worshipped once at the shrine of Weimar, but returning, years after, to a fresh acquaintance, he found his god singularly diminished in effulgence and supremacy. The value of this new appreciation lies in its honesty and its sincerity. He resolutely pricks a hole in the vast Goethian legend to let in a little modern air and light, and instead of the awe-inspiring Olympian of eighty years ago—"the teacher and exemplar of his age," as Carlyle called him, the semi-divinity, who loves every woman he meets, by right of his inspired personality, his universality and his culture, and the moment he wins her cheerfully rides away, also by the same indisputable right, and consoling her with the printed tale of their relations—we see the mere creature of literature Goethe always was, whose friendship was literature, whose love was literature; literature his hate, his pain, and all his life's experience. He well defines this celebrated Olympism, so belauded by an admiring Europe, as the everyday egoism of the unlettered multitude

lifted to the state of superior power by refinement and intelligence.

"A crowd of persons practice this Olympism without suspecting it, with the serenity of unconsciousness, in the peace of irreflection. You do not admire them for that, but you are not angry with them either; you consider them as average samples of our ordinary humanity, who exercise without nobility, though with all correctness, their calling as man."

And speaking of his meaner faults—his vanity, ambition, literary jealousy—M. Rod exclaims:

"Alas! we see that he is a man, subject to all the weaknesses of men; his 'Olympism' does not ennoble his nature, and can only breed illusion in himself as to the portion of the divine it contains."

The measure of Goethe's gentlemanhood is given in the note he sent a friend with a copy of "Goetz de Berlichingen" for Frederica after his base desertion of her: "Poor Frederica will be to some extent consoled since the faithless one (of the drama) is poisoned." G. H. Lewes, in his delightful and radiant story of Goethe, says, I remember that it was, after all, an honor for Frederica to have been deserted by Goethe. Certainly, her sorrow brought her fame, if that could be any consolation for a broken heart; but it would be better to love a shoe-black of decent feeling than the Olympian monster who could write those words to a third party fresh from the tragedy of breaking a girl's heart.

* * *

This is from the *Clarion*, London:

For the benefit of the New Child, M. T. P., whose initials are well known to the University readers of the *Isis*, has written an excellent parody on Hey-Diddle-iddle, with apologies to Walt Whitman. There is something worth learning from the verses, for those whose learning is toward rolling periods and rhetoric run riot.

Here is the poem of me, the entertainer of children. See! a cat is passing through my poem; See—it plays the fiddle, rapturously:

It plays sonatas, fugues, rigodons, gavottes, gigue, minuets, romances, impromptus—it plays the tune that led to the defunction of the aged cow; But most of all it plays nocturnes, and plays them pyrotechnically as befits the night time.

See the moon shining in the pellucid sky; See! the cow, inspired by the intoxicating strains of the Stradivarius, throws off her habitual languor, and leaps over the moon.

O me! O pulse of my life, O amazement of things!

Why so active, thou cow?

Why so passive, thou moon?

See the dog.

He grins and runs through the city,

Seeing humor in his surroundings.

Have all dogs so keen a sense of humor?

See the dish, maliciously meditative.

See, it takes advantage of the general confusion, and absconds with the silver spoon.

* * *

Sarah Bernhardt said to a persistent reporter lately: "I have told you everything. There is nothing that remains for me to say. You are as bad as Pierre Loti!" "What on earth has Pierre Loti done to you?" "Oh, simply that once upon a time he made up his mind that he was going to make my acquaintance. First he wrote me a letter expressing his admiration for me, and he did me the honor of dedicating a book to me. I thanked him, but I did not invite him to call on me. It was exposition year. My Marie came to me one day and told me a Japanese gentleman wished to see me. You know I am fond of curiosities, so I told the girl to admit the visitor. It was Pierre Loti! I sent him about his business. Another time it was two Arabs who came. One of them, a huge fellow, was carrying in his arms an Arab manikin. Of course, the manikin was again Pierre Loti. There

was nothing left for me to do but to ask him to call, dressed as a Frenchman of the nineteenth century."

* * *

Isn't this lovely? It appeared in *Literature*:

"We are requested by Miss Marie Corelli to deny the statement contained in our columns of the 14th inst., that her next novel, which, owing to her serious illness, is barely commenced, would probably bear the title of 'The Sins of Christ'—a title which, in her opinion, is offensive and blasphemous. We much regret having published this erroneous statement, which has given such offense to Miss Corelli; and wish only to add that the statement came to us through one of our regular channels of literary information, and from a source on which we had every reason to rely."

Corelli is an ardent exploiter of the most transparent advertising schemes. She, through her literary agents, lets leak a hint like the above title and then indignantly denies the story. She is cleverer than the rubbish she writes and cleverer than her commonplace face would indicate.

* * *

So my old, trusty acquaintance George Bernard Shaw is married, married though a vegetarian. Well, well! He was no lover of the link that is called indissoluble by the church. He always poked fun at matrimony in his plays and essays, and now "he's gone and done it." Oh, Barney, Barney, dear old Pshaw, how could you? And married to a rich woman, a Miss Payne Townshend, who is running a Social Reform and School of Economics in Adelphi terrace! Of course, Shaw, being a Fabian-ite, was bound to tie up with this crowd. Will he ever write again? Will he quit prodding the literary remains of the late Bill Shakespeare? Will he ever again fondly comb Daddy Ibsen's whiskers? or will he just loaf and spend his wife's money? These be questions big with interest to the young tribe of Shaw imitators here and broad who copy his egotism and have not his Celtic cleverness.

* * *

Shaw is a rank Wagnerite. He is worse than Finck, but Henry, of the *Evening Post*, can go to school to him for sublime cheek. I met Shaw at Bayreuth in 1896. Mr. Barry, of the English musical press—a man of wide experience and charming manners—presented me. I found myself talking to a bashful, slender-hipped man with the prognathic jaw and sparse sandy beard of a degenerate. Modest was no name for him, and I caught myself wondering if this was really the author of "The Quintessence of Ibsenism." Presently, after he had told me Runciman was wheeling somewhere in the Franconian hills, Nordau's name was mentioned. I informed G. B. S. that I had read his withering essay published by Tucker in his paper *Liberty*. "Oh, you did, did you?" remarked Mr. Shaw. "You heard nothing more of Nordau after that appeared, did you?" And then I knew I was in the presence of the *Saturday Review* man.

* * *

I need hardly add that Nordau probably never saw the article, and if he did he has most certainly not shut up, as he is still talking, talking about his eternal degeneration.

* * *

I wonder what Nordau now thinks of Zola? Naturally his sympathies are with the semitic Dreyfus, and he probably finds it difficult to admit that such a degenerate, as he calls Zola, could prove so brave under fire.

* * *

Clarence Andrews sends the following story from London:

"The Queen asked Tosti—with whom he is persona grata—how he thought Calvé would be as

Marguerite in 'Faust.' 'Un peu drop d'embon-point pour ce role, Madame,' suggested Tosti.

"Her Majesty lowered her eyes coquettishly upon her own generous figure and replied gently:

"Cela n'empêche pas le sentiment!"

* * *

Leon Jacquet, who, with his wife and child, was lost on La Bourgogne, was at one time a member of the faculty of the National Conservatory of America.

* * *

Miss Mabel Aylward was married to John Kellard July 2. Miss Aylward, who is a charming, gifted girl, is the daughter of the late Emily Meredith Aylward, well known to readers of THE MUSICAL COURIER. Mr. Kellard is one of the foremost actors of the American stage. Congratulations are in order.

* * *

Just a word to the manager of Wallack's Theatre. Miss Alice Neilsen's name is not spelt Neilson, although the billboards so have it.

W. L. Blumenschein.

Here's a record! On Friday evening, June 24, the 215th recital took place at the studio of W. L. Blumenschein, at Dayton, Ohio. Miss Florence Blumenschein was one of the soloists.

Mr. Blumenschein's season has been a busy one, his vocal business being constantly on the increase. His success is too well known to need comment.

The work of the Philharmonic Society, of which Mr. Blumenschein is director, has been on a high order of excellence this year, and it can truthfully be said that the chorus work done was never better.

Mrs. Frances C. Anderson.

For her summer outing this year Mrs. Frances Conant Anderson, of Boston, has gone for a Western trip. A short stay was made at Chicago on the way to visit a friend further West, who had arranged a large house party in Mrs. Anderson's honor, the guests including some of the well-known Chicago musicians.

Miss Florence Parkhurst, one of Mrs. Anderson's pupils, has been engaged as soprano with the High Street Congregational Church, Lowell, a fine position for this young singer, whose voice shows what excellent results Mrs. Anderson secures by her vocal method.

W. R. Chapman.

The newspapers of Portland, Augusta, Kennebec and other cities in Maine contain a number of complimentary notices of the concerts given recently by the Maine Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of W. R. Chapman. This orchestra, as is well known, is composed wholly of musicians resident in Maine. Its excellent work on this tour has been most favorably commented on. The programs it gave were of a high order of excellence, containing several notable classic and modern compositions. In some of the concerts a chorus of 150 voices took part, being assisted by Dr. H. M. Nickerson, of Portland; Gwylm Miles and Miss Hattie A. Shaw, the harpist, who is also a native of New England.

The newspapers below give some beautiful eulogiums upon Mr. Chapman, who undertook this tour in defiance of his physician's advice, being very ill with appendicitis at the time. The Bangor Commercial thus refers to his remarkable fortitude:

When the concert opened Mr. Chapman came upon the stage a pitiful wreck of his usual jaunty self, smiling feebly at the people who applauded him and bowing weakly to the chorus as it acknowledged his entrance. With a distinct effort he climbed upon the platform and sank at once into the chair which had been provided there for him. When he had gathered his strength he picked up his baton and tapped for attention, and then the orchestra began to play the "Vorspiel." Though he continued to sit, the director slowly regained his old vigor, and when the close of the number came he was half out of his chair, whipping up the brasses, exhorting the reeds, lashing the strings and leading all.



CINCINNATI, July 1 1898.

THE Conservatory of Music concerts were closed on Wednesday night, June 29, with a crown of glory. The tenth concert was one of those events which distinctly proved the benefits and results of correct musical training.

The vocalists were pupils of Miss Clara Baur and the pianists of Frederic Shailer Evans. There was but one violinist—pupil of Jacob Bloom—David Daniel Abramovitz. Mr. Abramovitz played the first movement from the Mendelssohn concerto in a highly creditable manner. It was clean, firm, well sustained playing, with decided temperament. Mr. Abramovitz is making remarkable improvement, both from a musical and technical standpoint. He was called out five times by the audience. Mrs. Marie Brown Shanks sang "Elsa's Dream" from "Lohengrin" with pure intonation, poetic expression and a great deal of soul. Such work compels recognition. Her artistic make-up is convincing. Mrs. Oscar Rogers Taylor sang with violin obligato Gounod's "Sing, Smile, Slumber." She has a soprano voice of fine material, and sings with a good deal of color and expression.

The piano pupils of Mr. Evans proved by their playing the value of their training. Miss Emily Hennessey, one of this year's graduates, who played an entire program of considerable difficulty from memory a short time ago, was heard in an entirely new and very interesting number—the fantasia "Africa," by Saint-Saëns. Its bizarre, sometimes quaint effects were reproduced with finish, ease and maturity. The contrasts were splendidly held. The sense of rhythm was mathematically accurate, and a vein of poetry with considerable brilliancy was not lacking. Miss Kathryn Underwood is quite talented, and proved this technically as well as musically in a number by Schytte and Paderewski. Miss Eva Wynne had good proportion and accents in her playing of the last movement from the Chopin concerto in F minor.

Miss Ruth Scarlett, daughter of Joseph Scarlett, who is also a promising violinist, showed herself equally at home on the piano, playing with thought and delicacy two solos by MacDowell. Miss Lucy Lowenberg played with taste and rhythmic sense two numbers by Schumann and Bach. Miss Hannah Hyman showed decided merit—in fact, considerable talent—in her playing of the first movement from the Beethoven concerto, B flat major. Miss Emma Kiefer played crisply and creditably a scherzo by Mendelssohn. At the last Krueger concert the names of Miss Mayme K. Snyder, Miss Bertha Capito and Miss Olive Freeman ought to be supplied, for they all gave evidence of splendid progress and correct training.

At the preceding ninth graduation concert of the Conservatory of Music there were presented vocalists, pupils of Miss Clara Baur; pianists, pupils of Frederic Shailer Evans, and violinists, pupils of Jacob Bloom. Miss Ida Wetterer was unable to appear on account of the extreme illness of her brother. Miss Floy Mildred Batey sang in the manner of a professional vocalist the florid "Bird Song," by Taubert. She gave it with a refreshing purity of intonation, exquisite color and expression. Her trills were perfect and the embellishments were finely delineated.

Charles Dotzengall played the Violin Concerto No. 9, by De Beriot, with creditable finish, firm bowing and fine feeling. The pupils of Mr. Evans gave evidence of a rare combination of technical development and poetic feeling. The highest encomium which could have been paid him

in this direction was the playing of Miss Maie Morgan, who presented "Gnomesreigen" and "La Campanella," by Liszt. A virtuoso might have claimed such clear runs, so finished a technic and withal such self-repose and musicianship, and have been proud of it. Miss Morgan is one of the most gifted pianists who ever laid claim to the conservatory as her Alma Mater. There is a decided future for her. Miss Mabel Willenberg played with clearness, concentration and force a barcarolle by B. O. Klein and an impromptu by Chopin. Sigmund A. Klein, who forced himself out of his sick bed, played the Mendelssohn Concerto, op. 25, G minor, with musical proportion and fine character, showing earnestness and artistic sense. Miss Edna Strubbe played with good contrasts of light and shade Schubert's impromptu "Rosamunde." Miss Emma Kiefer played the first movement from Mozart's Concerto in E flat major with technical facility and clean phrasing. Miss Hannah Hyman showed delicacy, elastic touch and good expression in her solos by Liszt and Reinecke. Miss Elsie Wehl showed good accent and phrasing in her solos by Henselt and Chaminade. The concert was opened with the singing of a duet, "The Gypsies," Brahms-Viardot, by Misses Floy Mildred Batey and Rosalie Meininger.

The graduation concerts of the Conservatory of Music were closed with most satisfying proportions Wednesday night in the Scottish Rite Hall. The vocalists were pupils of Miss Clara Baur and Miss Frances Moses; the pianists, of Frederic Shailer Evans. At no time in the history of the conservatory did the vocal pupils assert themselves with more dignity and force than last night.

The progress and finish noted in each vocalist was remarkable. Miss Esther McNeil sang the great aria, "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice," with genuine pathos and power. The dramatic quality in her voice was equal to its capacity of expression. She deserves to be congratulated. Miss Frances Cusson sang the difficult recitative and aria, "Awake, Saturnia," from Handel's "Semele." It was the best work Miss Cusson ever did in public. The rhythmic clearness was absolute and the Handelian cast was preserved throughout. Miss Rosalie Meininger is certainly to be ranked among the most talented and successful vocalists of the conservatory. Her voice is true to the pitch and has the genuine soprano quality. She sang an aria from Mozart's "Figaro," with delightful expression and coloring, and a conception that had the taste and flavor of the classic. Mr. Evans proved that his work this year has been eminently successful.

Miss Maie Morgan played the Andante Spianato and Polonaise by Chopin with delicacy and in a genuinely poetic vein. Particularly talented Miss Kathryn Underwood proved herself to be, playing with fine spirit and dramatic contrasts the first movement of Beethoven's Concerto, C minor. Miss Emily Hennessey did herself proud in her reading of the Hungarian Rhapsody No. 11 by Liszt. Her runs were clear—staccato as well as legato—and her execution showed considerable brilliancy. Miss Eva Wynne played two numbers—the last by Moszkowski—with good conception and terse rhythms. Another gifted performer is Miss Mabel Willenberg, who played the Mendelssohn Capriccio Brillante, B minor, with dramatic spirit and martial character. Miss Elsie Wehl, in playing the opening number—Sonata, B flat major, by Clementi—showed earnestness and progress.

It may be safely said that Frederic Shailer Evans never before achieved so marked a success as a teacher during his long connection with the Conservatory of Music. He is a teacher whose claim to fame is reached not only by his individual talent but by the success of his pupils.

J. A. HOMAN.

F. R. Comee.

F. R. Comee, manager of the Music Hall (Boston) promenade concerts, as well as assistant manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, whose personal popularity and good fellowship is well known by all his associates, has arranged for two "ideal outings" under his personal supervision, to start from Boston July 16 and August 13 respectively, and cover Old Point Comfort, Chesapeake Bay, Chicago, Great Lakes, Niagara Falls, St. Lawrence River, Montreal and other points.

THE National Conservatory of Music of America.

FOUNDED BY
MRS. JEANNETTE M. THURBER.

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DR. ANTONIN DVORAK, DIRECTOR.

Artistic Faculty consisting of RAFAEL JOSEFFY, ADELE MARGULIES, LEOPOLD LICHTENBERG, VICTOR CAPOUL, GUSTAV HINRICHS, HENRY T. FINCK, JAMES G. HUNKEER, MAX SPICKER and others.

SUMMER TERM, MAY 2d to AUGUST 12.

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS.

SINGING—September 1 (Thursday), from 9 A. M. to 12 M., 2 to 5 P. M. and 8 to 10 P. M.
VIOLIN, VIOLA, CELLO, CONTRABASS, HARP—September 2 (Friday), 10 A. M. to 12 M. WOOD INSTRUMENTS—2 to 4 P. M.
PIANO AND ORGAN—September 6 (Tuesday), 10 to 12 M. and 2 to 4 P. M.
CHILDREN'S DAY—September 10 (Saturday), PIANO AND VIOLIN—9 A. M. to 12 M.
ORCHESTRA—September 15 (Thursday), 2 to 4 P. M.

"The Greatest Musical Good for the Greatest Number."

.. ADMISSION DAILY.

Michigan Music Teachers' Association.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., July 6, 1898.

MICHIGAN musicians did themselves proud in the events that featured the general program of the thirteenth annual meeting of the Michigan Music Teachers' Association, held in this city June 28 to 30, and the success of the meeting demonstrated beyond the shadow of doubt that the great lake breezes which fan the brows of the enthusiasts in this State have not even a tendency to retard progress in the realm of music, and that the fresh water environments of the Wolverines have not served to dampen their enthusiasm in the cause of the musical arts. The meeting was a grand success artistically and socially. Like all M. T. conventions, it brought together the musical ones as nothing else could be expected to bring them together, and in addition it demonstrated precisely to what an extent music and its cause have been advanced in the State of pine forests, sawdust and mining camps. And, as to the latter item, the results manifested in the work accomplished are highly satisfactory. Those are a couple of the ends attained by the meeting of the music teachers, and its success is a guarantee that the aims of the association are worthy the patronage of the musicians of this State. The M. M. T. A. will be supported now if it ever was.

The convention was attended by some of the foremost musicians in the State. Many were from Detroit, among them the following: Mrs. Ida F. Norton, president of the M. M. T. A.; Arthur Depew, director Detroit Symphony Orchestra and choirmaster Woodward Avenue Presbyterian Church; M. C. Chapman, representative Steinway Company; Marshall Pease, chairman program committee, well-known Detroit vocal teacher; Miss Lillian Apel, among the foremost Detroit pianists; Mrs. Frederick L. Abel, acting secretary, a proficient violinist; Miss Peck, pianist; Miss Andrus, pianist and teacher Detroit Conservatory; J. C. Wilcox, basso, editor Detroit *Concert Goer*; Mrs. J. C. Wilcox; I. S. Scrimger, tenor Fourth Street Presbyterian Church; Miss Florence Vincent, pianist; James Bell, secretary Detroit Conservatory; J. H. Hahn, one of the original promoters of the association, better known as "Papa Hahn"; Miss Florence Taylor and Miss Lillian Taylor, both well-known Detroit pianists. A few of the well-known musicians from other parts of the State were: Miss Belle Louise Brewster, soprano, Bay City; Miss Elizabeth Bell, soprano, Lansing; Miss Mabel Ferry, violinist, Owosso; Miss May Besley Lombard, mezza-soprano, Kalamazoo; A. Robert Nicoud, violinist, St. Johns; N. Cawthorne, organist, Port Huron.

Upon their arrival here the visitors were met by a reception committee composed of the leading musicians and representative music lovers of the city. The personnel of the committee were as follows: Mrs. L. W. Barnhart, Mrs. Emma Rathbone Carpenter, Mrs. Edwin F. Uhl, Mrs. Charles B. Kelsey, Mrs. F. M. Davis, Mrs. J. C. Wenham, Mrs. Harry Parker Robinson, Miss Kate Waldo Peck, Miss Mabel Warner, Mrs. Henry C. Post, Mrs. Edward W. Tinkham, Mrs. W. H. Loomis, James Francis Campbell, C. N. Colwell, Rudolph A. Wellenstein, C. S. Burch and Rev. C. R. Hodge. These, with the members of the local executive committee, Mrs. Davis, Henry Post and John H. P. Hughart, attended to the welfare of the visitors.

At 2:30 in the afternoon of the opening Tuesday the assemblage of musicians joined in the singing of "America," after which Mayor George R. Perry was introduced. He made a clever little address, welcoming the visitors to the city, speaking of the musical advancement that had been made in this State and particularly in this city, and incidentally remarking that it was his impression it would have been quite impossible for the meeting to have been held anywhere else in this country in a building planned, erected and controlled by musical women exclusively.

Mrs. Ida Norton, the association president, delivered her annual address immediately afterward. She spoke in favor of giving more attention to the social features of the association meetings, and said many things that might be given weighty consideration in music teachers' associations generally.

"I have but one idea," said Mrs. Norton, "regarding association matters, and that is so strong in me that it might be called a 'hobby.' It is that these meetings should be calculated more for sociability and better acquaintance. Of all like meetings I have attended, whether national or local, I remember much more the people I have met than the music I have heard. When other organized trades and professions meet from time to time I do not believe they talk and act 'shop' half as much as we do. They have what, in our language, is called a 'good time,' and are able to shake off the regular cares and routine for a while. May we not copy them?"

She paid tribute to the "charming hospitality" of the Grand Rapids members, referred to the absent secretary, Frederick L. Abel, who was with the Thirty-first Michigan volunteers at Chicamauga, and paid a sincere tribute to the memory of George Ellsworth Holmes, the Chicago baritone, who passed away some weeks ago. Mrs. Norton then declared the meeting open.

The only business of any consequence transacted was the appointment of a committee on nominations, composed of Henry Post, of this city; H. W. Platte, of Saginaw; N. Cawthorne, of Port Huron; J. W. Wilcox, of Detroit, and G. S. Price, of St. Johns.

The first concert program of the meeting was given at 3 o'clock, but it proved a very short one, as a number of the artists who were to have participated had not yet arrived. The numbers were as follows:

Violin and piano, Sonata in G major.....Rubinstein
Mrs. May Leggett-Abel and Miss Agnes Andrus.

Songs—
All Through the Night.....Platt
Chant Hindoo.....Bemberg
Sweet Awakening.....Helmund
Miss Elizabeth Bell, Lansing.

Piano—
Two Preludes.....Schütt
Romanze.....Grunfeld
Piccolo.....Leschetizky
Miss Lillian Apel, Detroit.

Songs—
Lullaby, MS.....Agnes Woodward
Japanese Lullaby, MS.....Nellie Lee
(Accepted by the examining committee of Michigan compositions.)
Miss Marion S. Potter, Detroit.

Piano, Berceuse.....Wilson G. Smith
Spinning Song, Pan's Flute and Le Cavalier Fantastique.....Godard
Miss Abel.

Miss Apel, of Detroit, is a very clever pianist. Her style is brilliant and her technic very acceptable. The quaint "Piccolo," by its equally quaint composer, was handled very satisfactorily. The singers, Miss Bell and Mrs. Potter, added much to the program, and the participants in the opening number were well received.

The concert Tuesday evening was by the Grand Rapids artists. As presented it was as follows:

Trelawney.....Thayer
Serenade.....Schubert
Schubert Club.

Songs—
Voce di Donna.....Ponchielli
The Danza.....Chadwick
Mrs. Mary Utley Aldworth.

Piano, Tarantelle (Venezia e Napoli).....Liszt
Miss Marguerite Colwell.

Songs—
Somebody and Du bist wie eine Blume.....Schumann
La Zingara.....Donizetti
Miss Stella M. White.

Piano, Scherzo, C sharp minor.....Chopin
Karl M. Andersch.

Three Gypsy Songs.....Dvorák
Silent and Lone.
Cloudy Heights.
Hark! How My Triangle.
Miss Mabel C. Warner.
Vocal, My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice (Samson and Delila).....Saint-Saëns
Miss Lena Brown.

It was a good thing that the Grand Rapids people had opportunities later of manifesting their proficiency, for the concert on Tuesday evening was not what it should have been, and fortunately most of the visitors knew that the musicians of this city could give a better concert. In the first place, the Schubert Club did not give anything like the fine rendition of "Trelawney" that it gave some weeks previously at one of its concerts, and it sang the serenade only moderately well, but the club had suspended its regular rehearsals in May, and in addition a large number of its singers were away upon yachting, fishing and other pleasure trips. Miss Marguerite Colwell is one of Grand Rapids' most clever piano artists. She had memorized the Liszt Tarantelle and had played it frequently in a practically faultless way, but she did not do so at this concert. Miss Colwell attributed her trouble to the piano, with the comparatively hard action, of which she claims she was not familiar. Miss Warner has a fine contralto voice, and Miss White sang her numbers very well. Her voice is a pleasing soprano of purity, volume and range. Mr. Andersch's rendition of the Chopin scherzo was fine.

Another interesting session was held Wednesday morning, when Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor, of Chicago, an exponent of musical work in the kindergarten, addressed the association upon the subject of "The Child's Voice in Speaking and Singing; and Song Interpretation." Mrs. Gaynor is quite extensively identified with musical work in Chicago, and has charge of the musical studies in the Armour Institute training school, Chicago. She gave a very interesting talk and sang a number of choice kindergarten songs, accompanied in an artistic way by Arthur Depew, of Detroit. A number of school teachers composed a part of her audience.

At 11:30 Wednesday morning a concert program was carried out. The following numbers constituted the program:

Symphony No. 3 in A minor, op. 56.....Mendelssohn
Detroit Conservatory Piano Quartet (Miss Juna Todd, Mrs. M. D. Bentley, Miss Elizabeth Johnson and Miss Frances Crossette.)

Song, Invocation a Vesta.....Gounod
Miss Belle Louise Brewster, Bay City.
Piano, Lorelei.....Liszt
Miss Florence Taylor, Detroit.

Songs—
Avowal.....Wilson G. Smith
I'm Wearing Awa'.....Footé
The Wooing.....Sieveling
J. C. Wilcox, Detroit.

Songs—
The Wild Flower.....Leoni
Morning Hymn.....Henschel
Miss Brewster.

Piano, Barcarolle.....Moszkowski
Miss Taylor.

A Song of Thanksgiving.....Allitsen
Mr. Wilcox.

Piano quartet, Hungarian Dances, Nos. 1, 3, 5.....Brahms
Detroit Conservatory Quartet.

The piano quartet represented the Michigan Piano Quartet League. The young ladies played very well together, and the league was certainly very well represented. A loose screw in the piano caused a vibration or "rattle," which was decidedly distracting to the audience and embarrassing to the performers, and, unfortunately, the evil was not remedied until after Miss Taylor had played her first number. Miss Belle Louise Brewster's rich contralto voice was heard to excellent advantage in the Gounod number, which she handled in a thoroughly artistic way. Miss Taylor is a pianist of rare merits, and her

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"Lorelei" was a fine rendition. However, Miss Taylor must have thought mean things about the loose screw in that piano. Mr. Wilcox has a pleasing voice of good volume, and he is a careful and painstaking singer.

The principal business session was held Wednesday afternoon at 2:30. It was decided that the next meeting of the association would be held at Saginaw. Invitations from Port Huron and Saginaw were considered, and the one from the latter town was accepted. It came through the Schumann Club of eighty mixed voices. The election of officers resulted as follows:

President, J. H. Hahn, of Detroit; secretary-treasurer, F. L. Abel, of Detroit; Mrs. Abel to act secretary *pro tem.* on account of the absence of Mr. Abel.

Members of Program Committee—Chairman, A. W. Platte, Saginaw; N. Cawthorne, Port Huron; J. H. Fairclough, Kalamazoo.

Auditing Committee—Chairman, J. Arthur Depew, Detroit; Miss Andrus, Detroit; Miss Belle Louise Brewster, Bay City.

What proved eminently the social feature of the convention was the excursion and banquet at Ottawa Beach, a pretty resort twenty-five miles from Grand Rapids. The tables were arranged for a hundred and fifteen members, and were decorated florally in a charming manner. The menu was quite elaborate and the toasts and musical program were informal. The banqueters sang "America" to open their festivities, and concluded them with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

The last day of the convention gave the Grand Rapids contingent a chance to redeem itself after the indifferent work at the concert of Tuesday evening. At 10:30 Thursday morning one of the finest concerts of the meeting was given in the auditorium of the Park Congregational Church, the numbers being in the following order:

Organ, Premier Sonate, op. 25.....Salome N. Cawthorne, Port Huron.
Quartets, Et Incarnatus and Et Resurrexit (Fourth Mass).....Haydn
Park Congregational Choir.
Piano, Concerto in E flat (with organ transcription of orchestration) C. N. Colwell.....Liszt
Mrs. J. G. Steketee, Grand Rapids.

Songs—
There Was an Ancient King.....Henschel
Bid Me to Live.....Hatton
Miss Mary Staley, Grand Rapids.

Songs—
Gavotte, Mignon.....Thomas
Violet.....Helen Hood
Mrs. Mae Bosley Lombard, Kalamazoo.
Organ, Prelude and Fugue in G.....Bach
Frank M. Jeffords, Grand Rapids.

When Mrs. Steketee had completed the rendition of the Liszt concerto, Emil Liebling, who was one of the auditors, said: "That lady is certainly a very fine pianist." That is a good bit from Liebling. When the Park Church choir had sung the two parts of the Haydn mass, Marshall Pease, of Detroit, approached Mr. Colwell, the organist and choir director, and said, "Mr. Colwell, you have really the best church choir in the State of Michigan." The church held a large audience of visiting and local members and others when the concert opened, and much enthusiasm was manifested in the clever work of the artists. Mrs. Steketee's work was smooth, even, brilliant and thoroughly satisfactory. Mr. Cawthorne played the "Premier Sonate" in a very acceptable way. He is under the disadvantage of having the use of only one of his lower limbs, and his pedal work, considering that, is quite remarkable. Miss Staley has a very large, round and powerful contralto voice, and her work was superb. Mrs. Lombard, who was formerly a resident of this city, received many recalls. Frank Jeffords is a very clever organist.

At noon a reception was held in the parlors of the St. Cecilia Building, and the visiting members of the association were entertained at luncheon by the St. Cecilia ladies.

The only events that then remained in the general program of the convention were the piano recitals—one

Thursday afternoon by W. C. E. Seeböck, of Chicago, assisted by Miss Florence Hayes, soprano, and Miss Katherine Durfee, contralto, both of Detroit, and the other Thursday evening by Emil Liebling, of Chicago. The two recitals on the same day gave a splendid opportunity for a careful comparison of the two great Chicago pianists. The Seeböck program was as follows:

Gavotte, D major.....Bach
Prelude and Sarabande.....Tartini-d'Albert
Nocturne.....Chopin
Impromptu, A flat.....Chopin
Pan's Flute.....Godard
Kamenoi Ostrow.....Rubinstein
Aria, Amour, viens aider (Samson et Delila).....Saint-Saëns
Miss Durfee.

Two Intermezzi.....Pachulski
Elfenzanz.....Popper-Kündiger
Songs—

A Song of the Four Seasons.....Allitsen
Each morn a Thousand Roses Brings (from
In a Persian Garden).....Léhmman
Miss Hayes.

Portrait, No. 29.....
Serenade Neapolitaine.....Seeböck
Minuet a l'Antico.....
In Arcadia.....
Paraphrase on Tristan and Isolde.....Wagner-Kündiger

Mr. Liebling played the following program:
Prelude Melodique and Autumn.....Chaminade
Prelude Theme and Variations. Op. 25.....

Allegro Appassionata, op. 70.....Bruno Oscar Klein
Serenade and Spring Song.....Emil Liebling
Barcarolle.....B. Godard
Children's Ball.....Van Westerhout
Gavotte and Barcarolle.....A. Rubinstein
Etude de Concert.....Schytte
Magic Fire Scene, from Walküre.....Wagner-Veit
Ricordanna.....Liszt
Sonnet de Petrarca.....Liszt
Ruins of Athens.....Liszt

A comparison of the two programs gives a clear idea of what is to be expected in a comparison of the players. The piano numbers on the first are of the light, brilliant, scintillating order, giving room for pianissimo effects and pretty cadenza work. The Liebling program is replete with heavier numbers, demanding technique. It was that way with the players. Seeböck, no matter who denies it, is an artist, but he is an artist in his own peculiar way, and if he would abandon a few of his mannerisms he would not be criticised so severely. The playing of one of his own numbers, "In Arcadia," was a fine piece of execution. Liebling is quite different. He is all technique, and his program as played might have been considered more as an exhibition of technical rendition than as an entertaining musical program, even by a severely critical audience. Some of Liebling's numbers might have kept Seeböck guessing for several minutes, but Liebling will undoubtedly admit that none can play Seeböck's music as Seeböck plays it. Liebling's Liszt numbers were especially good.

Much of the success of the convention is due to Mrs. Frederick L. Abel, the wife of Secretary Abel, who, when her husband was called away with his Detroit regiment, took up the work where he had dropped it, and carried on the arrangements for the big meeting. She proved herself an efficient business woman and a conscientious worker for the cause of music. The ladies of the St. Cecilia Society worked with untiring energy for the success of the meeting, as did also the committee members, and, on the whole, more interest seems to have been taken in this year's meeting than in any for some years past.

EDWARD JAMES HART.

Emanuel Schmauk's Compositions.

Several of Emanuel Schmauk's compositions were sung recently by the choir in the Church of the Holy Trinity, New York. Mr. Schmauk is the organist and musical director of this church.

Miss Clary's Suit.

MARY LOUISE CLARY, the well-known contralto singer, has been compelled to bring suit for libel against a New York city daily newspaper for publishing an article with her picture charging her with "figuring" in the divorce action against Eugene Cowles, the basso, wherein Cowles' wife secured an absolute divorce from him and large alimony, and also charging her with having married Cowles privately at the Hotel Imperial, this city, with other matter published in said article.

She was married in 1892 to Remington Squire, a son of ex-United States Senator Squire, of the State of Washington, and has ever since lived with her husband. She was in no way whatever connected either with the Cowles divorce suit or Cowles, the correspondent named in that action having been an altogether different person, but possessing a slightly similar name.

Mary Louise Clary made her debut professionally in New York city in 1893, singing Delilah in "Samson and Delilah," with Walter Damrosch and the New York Oratorio Society, with very marked success, and ever since has each year appeared in New York and the principal cities of the country in oratorio and concert, being especially known by her singing the principal contralto roles in "Samson and Delilah," "The Messiah" and other oratorios, singing a long engagement at the World's Fair, in 1893; singing the song "Ben Bolt" in the dramatized production of "Trilby," with Mr. Palmer's original company, in a long engagement in New York and other cities, and also as the solo contralto at St. Patrick's Cathedral, this city.

This publication, containing the principal picture used by her throughout her professional career and easily recognized, in conjunction with the Cowles divorce matter, which has received considerable unpleasant publicity, has caused her great distress and annoyance and injured her in her professional and social connections, and her desire is through legitimate channels to refute the charges.

Wagnalls—Hull.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wagnalls announce the marriage of their daughter Mabel to Elmer Ellsworth Hull, Wednesday, June 29.

Miss Wagnalls is well known in musical circles. She is the daughter of Mr. Wagnalls, of the firm of Funk & Wagnalls.

Hanson—Gray.

There was a quiet wedding at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Hanson, Worcester, Mass., June 28, when their daughter, Miss Lillian Anna Hanson, and Charles Albert Gray, teacher of history in the English high school, were united in marriage by Rev. Dr. A. Z. Conrad. Only the immediate relatives were present and no cards were issued. Everett J. Harrington, organist at the Old South, played before and during the service. Although the wedding was made so quiet an affair, the house had been charmingly trimmed for the event with asparagus vine, daisies, laurel, palms, ferns, roses of all colors and a quantity of potted plants and cut flowers, until it was a veritable bridal bower.

The bride was beautiful in a gown of white corded silk, with a veil of tulle. There were no maid of honor or best man and no ushers. After a supper Mr. and Mrs. Gray started on their honeymoon.

The bride has sung in public with marked success, her fine soprano voice, her beauty and the graciousness of her manners making her a favorite with audiences in Worcester and elsewhere. The groom is the son of Charles W. Gray. He was graduated from the Worcester high school in 1892, entered Harvard University, where he passed the next three years, and then spent two years in study in Paris. Mr. and Mrs. Gray will live in Worcester.



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Verdi's New Works.

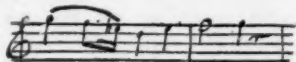
THE Berlin *Tagblatt* has an interesting article by Dr. Leopold Schmidt on the last works of Verdi, who has been so long unappreciated in Germany. Much of this neglect arose from judgments based solely on his early works where he did seek for crass effects and rhythmical commonplaces; but the older he became the greater became the distinction of his style. Although the cloud of a bygone epoch he could assimilate the ideas of the modern time without losing or disguising his own nature. In the blending of these two elements, a blending very different from common eclecticism, consists the peculiar charm of his later works, "Aida," the Requiem, "Othello" and "Falstaff." "Since the 'Nibelungen Ring,' not considering the 'Parsifal,' dramatic music has produced nothing that can be placed alongside this score."

Verdi, who was born in the same year as Wagner and is eighty-five years old, is, we know, still at work, and the last fruits of his untiring labor are pieces of sacred music.

The sacred pieces, *Pezzi Sacri*, are four in number, a "Te Deum" for double choir and orchestra, a "Stabat Mater" for four part chorus and orchestra, an "Ave Maria" for mixed solo quartet and "Laudi alla Vergine Maria" for four female voices. It is not church music strictly speaking, even when judged from the standpoint of Italian church music. For that it lacks two essential properties, purity of style and objectivity of expression. It would be an error to accuse the composer of superficiality or theatricality; his expression is always true and his music is not devoid of the seriousness and consecration which the subjects demand. But Verdi writes, not from the feeling of a community, but from his own personality. Hence the essential difference between ecclesiastical and secular music vanishes, and the individuality of romantic art, which penetrated into church music with Verdi's Requiem and Brahms' Deutsches Requiem, is raised to a principle. The abandonment of the traditional style then is only a result of artistic subjectivity. This secularized church music, so to call it, becomes more and more the only possible one because it responds to the individualistic feeling of our time even in the ecclesiastical field.

Of these four works Dr. Smith writes: "The 'Te Deum' seems to me the most important. The indication *Per doppio Coro* is strictly not appropriate. The piece is rather eight voiced than double chorus, and the opening shows antiphrastic treatment."

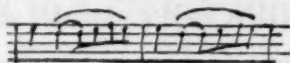
The introduction is very remarkable. First, the bass, then the tenor, intones each a rhythmically free phrase, a *Cantus firmus* of the old church tones; then first pianissimo and a capella, two male choruses reply in short passages till, with the words "Sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth," the whole chorus and orchestra come in fortissimo. This introduction bears an archaic character through the sequence of diatonic triads, which in one place majestically transgresses the law of the prohibited fifth.



The "Sanctus," which with a theme ("pleni sunt coeli") is associated, leads from an E flat major to a false cadence in G flat. The voices then sink in a pianissimo and die away in a mystic triad. Then the wood wind brings in a

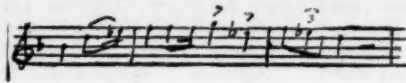


new motif that is sung in counterpoint alternately by soprano, alto and tenor and then taken up by the bass. The four-voiced movement which now the other voices execute is peculiarly effective from the doubling of the soprano by the alto in the lower octave. From this theme there is developed a wonderful song, which, after the

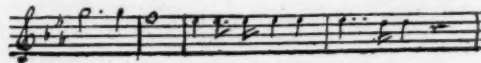


"Patrem immensae majestatis," brings the confession to a close. The following middle movement brings the fugue-

like, but free working out of a thought taken from the liturgy that appears first in the trumpets and horns to the



words, "Tu Rex Gloriae." After a half conclusion (*Halbschluss*) on the dominant the theme No. 2 returns, this time in D flat, and with the triole motive passes over to the noble a capella movement. The motives 1 and 2 are

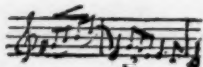


artistically interwoven in the instruments and voices till that glorious melody No. 3, which has already been heard in the "Confiteor," comes up again and leads to the mysterious "Dignare Domine" (F sharp minor). This movement is rendered by the whole choir, softly and in unison. Responsively, alternately in major and minor, the "Miserere" of the male and female voices is heard, and then in the "Fiat Misericordia" the theme 5 of the "Salvum fac" is taken up, this time transposed to E major and accompanied pianissimo by the orchestra. The coda is full of genius. The Motif 1 is heard thrice, first in the strings, then in the clarinets and flutes; thrice does a solo voice dwell on the note E in "in te speravi"; then the chorus rises with a powerful crescendo in the triad, as if in perfect unconsciousness, ending on the fifth, and a few orchestral bars end the work grandly.

The "Stabat Mater" is quite differently treated than this "Te Deum," which is intended for grand effects. As befits the lyric contents of the text, the master here abandons artistic form. But all the more penetrating is the harmonic and especially the melodic expression of the four-voiced choral work. After four introductory bars the first strophe begins in G minor, unison and a capella. Painful accents in syncopated rhythms and a chromatically descending progress enhance the expression, which later rises gradually to dramatic power.

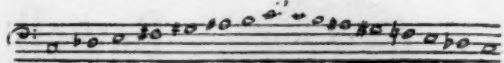


The following section in B major presents a mild contrast; its softer and clearer sounds seem to paint the relieving effect of tears. The "Tui nati" in C is first sung by the alto alone, then the whole chorus repeated a fourth higher, the wonderfully elaborated melodic movement which ends with the expressive *Melesma*.



It would be tedious to discuss all the details. We must mention, however, the sublime effect which Verdi in this piece gives to the conclusion with the words, "Fac ut animae donetur Paradisi gloria." The voices rise in bold, ample harmonies to lofty jubilation, while the harp in the orchestra join the accompaniment. Once again in an interval the choir utters its Amen, then the orchestra concludes with a hint of the opening theme in a Phrygian cadence. The instrumentation in both works is effective, at times brilliant. That the score does not lack traits of genius is involved in the name Verdi. The employment of the four horns, fagotti and trombones, somewhat overloads the tone color, which in the "Te Deum" is strengthened by the English horn and bass clarinet.

Compared to the two choral works, those written for solo voices, seem rather weak. The "Ave Maria" is composed on a scale, which is in turn assigned to the four voices (transposed a fifth in tenor and soprano), and the composer himself on account of its inorganic form calls



it *scala enigmatica*. The four harmonizations of this scale are interesting studies, of which numbers 2 and 3 sound

remarkably well. The "Laudes Mariae" are not important as regards invention, but composed very delicately and well sounding, and in church will have a beautiful effect. The text of the last song is from Dante's "Paradiso." The conclusion here presents a charming effect; the four female voices softly give one after the other the chords of B and G major.

Charles P. Scott.

Charles P. Scott, organist of one of Boston's most prominent Unitarian churches, as well as of the Jewish Temple, also a piano teacher at the Dean Academy and a composer of many songs, will spend the summer at Newport, R. I.

Corinne Moore-Lawson at the Cincinnati May Festival.

Few of the singers who appeared in the Cincinnati May Festival received such tributes from the press as did Mrs. Corinne Moore-Lawson. A few extracts from the newspapers are given below:

Mrs. Lawson, the soloist of the afternoon, was compelled to reappear several times and bow her acknowledgment of the high compliment shown her. She sang the aria "Der Hirt auf dem Felsen," by Schubert, with clarinet obligato by J. Schreurs. Her conception of this classic bucolic was thoroughly artistic. There was the smoothness of velvet in her tones, and those that were veiled appeared to be under the influence of a special charm. She held her voice under excellent control, and put into her singing the delicacy of poetry and the inspiration of soul. Mrs. Lawson was greeted with tremendous applause and recalled several times.

Mrs. Lawson's part was a trying one, and it is all the more to her credit that she did it amply justice. Her conception of the part was ideal—noble and elevating. Her veiled notes made much of her descriptive and recitative work the more interesting and charming, while the full beauty and power of her voice asserted itself in the cantabile. The very first solo she sang, "How Blest Seemed to Me," was sung with a sweetness and simplicity that were assuring. And Mrs. Lawson grew upon the audience as she proceeded. One of her best solos, sung with genuine expression and pathos, was "Poor Race of Men," in the second part. Another was the song of the Peri, "Sleep On," in which her voice blended beautifully with the ensemble. How tenderly she expressed the sentiment in the number "Rejected, and Sent from Eden's Door" in the third part! Her high notes were of absolute purity and of that rare, velvety quality which can be more easily appreciated and enjoyed than described in words.—The Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mrs. Corinne Moore-Lawson, in her beautiful solo number, "The Shepherd on the Rock," by Schubert, acquitted herself with great ability. Her voice has lost little if any of that girlish timbre which gave it such a flower-like charm in former times, while it has gained much in breadth and fullness. Her artistic control, also, of both voice and music, shows a decided gain in repose and that willing fullness which is necessary to the realization of a satisfactory effect.

The array of nine soloists was of a truth imposing, and of them each and all good things might be truthfully written. Mrs. Lawson, as the Peri, and especially in her beautiful solo "Rejected," quite carried off the honors of the evening, and, indeed, her art has become so broad and finished that she has but few peers in the United States.—The Cincinnati Evening Post.

The good grace in which Mrs. Corinne Moore-Lawson stands with the public of Cincinnati was clearly demonstrated by her reception on the part of the audience and their applause at the conclusion of her aria, "Der Hirt auf dem Felsen." Her clear, ringing, high soprano voice and her excellent method of singing were too apparent to require comment. And he gives us honey—Mrs. Lawson, refreshing, exhilarating, in her rendition of Schubert's simple harmonies "Der Hirt auf dem Felsen." Purity, thy name is Schubert, and thy worthy disciple is Corinne Moore-Lawson.

Mrs. Lawson did excellent work as the Peri, and received the due measure of appreciation from the audience as well as the chorus. Hers was the principal share of the evening's work, and a trying one, too. Her conception was excellent. Whatever Mrs. Lawson does is imbued with earnestness and the knowledge of the responsibility of her undertaking. The song of the Peri, "Sleep On," harmonized excellently with the ensemble, and "Rejected, and Sent from Eden's Door" was rendered with considerable pathos. In some respects there was a similarity in the quality of voice of Mrs. Lawson and Miss Caldwell. In marked contrast to the singing of some of the other soloists whom we have heard in this festival Mrs. Lawson's phrasing was excellent, and we wonder whether Mrs. Lawson is not also a pupil of Mr. Foley.—The Musical Age.

PROF. ERNEST JEDLICZKA

will visit his relatives at Milwaukee, Wis., during the present summer. He can be seen Mondays and Wednesdays, from 10 to 12 A. M., at the Music Store of

WM. ROHLFING,

On Broadway, - - MILWAUKEE.

CHARLES W. BARITONE

CLARK

243 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO.

Miss Bauer, of Brooklyn.

DURING the latter part of last year, when the scheme of producing a National Edition of THE COURIER was first outlined, it appeared to this paper that the best adapted representative to be sent to the Pacific Coast for the purpose of handling the interests of this paper and the National Edition in that part of the Union was Miss Emilie Frances Bauer, our then Brooklyn representative, for Miss Bauer, as a native of Portland, Ore., with her family residing there and as an experienced Coast musician and newspaper correspondent, naturally would not have any apprenticeship to undergo so far as studying the locale of the territory she was to do her work in.

As soon as it became known among the Brooklyn musical people that Miss Bauer was to be sent on that distant mission the editor of this paper received the following document:

PETITION.

BROOKLYN, December 3, 1897.

Marc A. Blumenberg, Esq., New York:

Dear Sir—We have heard with deep regret that Miss Emilie Frances Bauer, the able and esteemed Brooklyn correspondent of The Musical Courier, is to leave the city for another field. While we do not wish to question in any way the wisdom of this decision, however much we desire her stay with us, we wish to tender you the testimony of our sincere appreciation of her valuable services to the cause of music in our city.

Miss Bauer has succeeded in awakening genuine enthusiasm in musical matters here, where her ability and her charming personality have won her many friends and admirers, and where her labors are highly appreciated, especially among the members of the musical profession.

Hoping that you may see your way clear to reconsider the intended change, and that Miss Bauer may yet stay with us here, where many future musical plans demand her invaluable aid,

We are, dear sir, very cordially yours,

RAFAEL NAVARRO,
HENRY SCHRADIECK.
AUGUST WALTHER,
LAURA C. LANGFORD.
(President Seidl Society),
JOSEPHINE MILDENBERG,
ALBERT CASWELL,
LENA SITTING,
JOHN C. DEMPSEY,
H. E. H. BENEDICT,
EMMA C. GRAHAM,
LOUIS MOLLENHAUER,
ALBERT MILDENBERG,
HENRY HOLDEN HUSS,
DUDLEY BUCK,
HENRY T. CHAPMAN.

Circumstances beyond our control made it impossible to reconsider the original plan of distribution of special representatives, and Miss Bauer left for the Coast, where in a short time she has established herself firmly in the esteem and appreciation of the best musical elements. The above people represent some of the leading musical people of the Brooklyn attachment, and we deeply regretted our inability to conform with their request, but a system had to be pursued which was inexorable, and hence the Brooklyn situation could not be considered.

It may as well be said here that Brooklyn is slowly dying in the musical sense, as a small coterie or clique of

small musicians is "running" the city in the interests of itself. A musician will, for instance, secure an official position that enables him to engage artists for a large number of concerts and he utilizes this official position to have his own ridiculous and stupid compositions sung and played, so that he can point to his church committee at the church where he is organist and choirmaster that his "works" are played and sung by the artists who visit Brooklyn. Of course, as soon as the concert is over and the singers or players get on the bridge they throw these compositions into the river, and they are never heard outside of Brooklyn, which is bad for Brooklyn and good for the outside world; but the musical people of that city should put an end to such a vicious system.

If Mr. Mildeberg and Mr. Navarro and Mrs. Langford and Mr. Koemmenich and August Walther and Harry Rowe Shelley would get together and pass a proper set of resolutions condemning the whole scheme, better music would be heard in Brooklyn and the world of music itself would pay more attention to Brooklyn. Under the sway of the small band of musical mediocrities now conducting the musical affairs of that huge city entirely in their own interests the world will soon forget that there is any music in Brooklyn, and the world will be able to exist nevertheless.

Carl S. Brandebury.

Carl S. Brandebury, the Washington, D. C., correspondent of THE MUSICAL COURIER, paid a flying visit to New York one day this week on his way to Hartford, Conn.

In addition to his musical letters to this paper, Mr. Brandebury is the Washington correspondent for one of the largest Omaha dailies.

Kate Ockleston-Lippa.

Mme. Kate Ockleston-Lippa, who is spending the summer in England, gave a piano recital with analysis and original interpretative sketches at the Town Hall, Knutsford, on June 22. The compositions played were by Beethoven, Chopin, Chaminade and Bendel, each number receiving an encore.

The concert was under the patronage of the nobility and gentry of Knutsford and vicinity.

Everett E. Truette.

Everett E. Truette has been unanimously elected director of the Allen Club, of Worcester, for the coming season. He accomplished a great deal by his hard work with the club last season, and should be able to do still more another year, as he has the material well in hand. Mr. Truette is spending his summer in the Maine woods beyond Rangeley. He will take up his work with the club some time in September or early in October.

Amateur Entertainment.

An entertainment for the benefit of the widows of sailors was given at Lawrence, L. I., recently. There were twenty numbers on the program, the greater part, however, being tableaux, but the eight musical selections were extremely well rendered by the "haute volée" of New York, who participated. The artistic results obtained by these artist-amateurs showed what earnest and thorough work they must have done to attain such results.

Especially should be mentioned Mrs. Frederick Edey, pupil of Mme. Anna Lankow—who accompanied her at the piano—and Miss Anna Edey, violinist, who have both reached an already enviable artistic standard.

Equally excellent was the thoroughly artistic accompaniment of Mrs. A. Edey for the violin number, and the beautiful playing of Mr. Brooks, violin, and Russell Hewlett, piano.

The performance was a brilliant one in every respect and thoroughly enjoyed by the large audience present.

William H. Sherwood.

That most industrious of all American pianists, William H. Sherwood, is not influenced by temperament. All seasons are alike to him. No sooner had he finished his

engagement at the convention of the M. T. N. A. in New York week before last than he resumed his concert tour in the Northwest. In Cincinnati, where he had not played for some years, his success was great, as is shown by the following extracts from Cincinnati newspapers:

A musical evening of entertaining interest was that given last night in Assembly Hall by W. H. Sherwood, pianist, under the auspices of the Auditorium School of Music. Mr. Sherwood is to be classed among the foremost American pianists of the present day. He is favorably known here, although it has been Cincinnati's regret not to have heard him for some twelve years or more. Previous to that time he had appeared frequently, and on the last occasion played under the auspices of the Ladies' Musical Club. Mr. Sherwood presented an interesting program, with some flavor of novelty besides the standards which go to test a pianist's ability. Mr. Sherwood combines the virtuoso and musician adequately. He has enormous wrist power, and his technic is wonderfully developed. But the musician ever comes to the surface, and he never becomes dry or uninteresting. He gave the Etudes Symphoniques by Schumann an intensely Schumann character in his reading.

The last movement was a fine test of his virtuosity. A brilliant rendering he gave of "La Campanella," Paganini-Liszt. Three Chopin numbers were presented—Mazurka, B major; Prelude, B flat minor, and Nocturne, C sharp minor. His tempo rubato was in the right proportion, and he imparted to his playing delicacy as well as strength. The piano arrangement of Guilman's Fugue in D major was given with rhythmic terseness. Mr. Sherwood played two compositions of his own—"Exhilaration" and "Ethelinda." There were also two numbers of special interest, —Toccata, by Arthur Foote, and a gavotte in canon form, by S. N. Penfield. Mr. Sherwood is a pianist who deserves to be oftener heard in this city. There is some reason to hope that he will be one of the soloists of the Symphony concerts next season.

Mr. Sherwood came here on a dual mission—to give a recital and conduct, with Chas. A. Graninger, the annual examination at the Auditorium School of Music. With the latter duties he was occupied yesterday afternoon.—The Cincinnati Enquirer.

For an excessively warm evening the recital given by Wm. H. Sherwood at Assembly Hall of the Auditorium of Music Hall last night attracted a good-sized and thoughtfully attentive audience. The different piano schools of the city were all well represented, and nearly all the leading teachers were present.

An American performer, loyal to the backbone to American institutions and American individualities, Mr. Sherwood is an interesting character. Better still, he is a musician with no flowing mane, no extraordinary personality, no jaw-breaking name. He is simply a mild-mannered, pleasant-faced man of little external promise, but of stupendous executive possibilities. To the layman and technician alike he affords a study of a fascinating kind. Whether the character of a piece demands dynamic force or the impress of a whisper, the effect is alike charming and impressive. And against tremendous odds, too.

Although the program was exceedingly long—one number alone containing a dozen or more of the Schumann Etudes Symphoniques—the performer used no notes, depending entirely upon his memory throughout.

Of the greatly diversified program the Rive-King arrangement of the Guilman fugue in D major, the Chopin numbers, the "La Campanella," by Paganini-Liszt (an arrangement to test the technical possibilities of the virtuoso to the fullest), and the American compositions of Arthur Foote, S. N. Penfield, Wm. H. Dayas and his own gave unqualified pleasure. The two last things on the program—the Rubinstein Fifth Barcarolle in A minor and the stirring military march accredited to Schubert-Tausig—were also very much enjoyed. Mr. Sherwood is an annual visitor at Chautauqua and has classes there during every season.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

One of the charming events of Saturday evening in musical circles was the recital given in Assembly Hall of the Auditorium Music School by Wm. H. Sherwood, the principal of the Sherwood School in Chicago. The pianist is an old friend of Principal Graninger, of the Auditorium School. The fraternal fellowships of fifteen or sixteen years ago here in Cincinnati, when both were in the younger ranks of public performers, have never been severed.

Mr. Graninger was in Chicago last week and visited his old friend. When he left for home he carried a promise. The event of last night was the fulfillment.

Mr. Sherwood is a pleasant, cultured gentleman and a brilliant performer.—Cincinnati Commercial Review.

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BOTH IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.)

Tenth Annual Meeting
NEW YORK STATE MUSIC TEACHERS'
ASSOCIATION.

Binghamton, N. Y., June 28, 29, 30, 1898.

THE NEW OFFICERS.

President—J. de Zielinski, Buffalo.
Secretary-Treasurer—F. W. Riesberg, re-elected, New York.
Program Committee—Ferdinand Dunkley, Albany; Thomas Impett, Troy; William C. Carl, New York.
Delegates to National M. T. A. Association—J. de Zielinski, Sumner Salter, John Tagg, George A. Parker, Miss Zanetta Plumb.
Place of Meeting, 1899.—Albany, N. Y.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., the parlor city of the Empire State, again did herself proud at this second consecutive meeting within her hospitable gates. Last year's meeting was considered representative, but the numbers in attendance this year far exceeded 1897. Probably every county in the State was represented, from Clinton, adjoining Vermont, to Chautauqua, not far from Cleveland, Ohio. The railroad agent who visé the certificates stated that he signed thirty more for the State than the National Association, which means that the State Association had more out-of-town people in attendance than the National. All in all, in point of numbers, enthusiasm and apprecia-



ESTELLE NORTON.

tion, this tenth annual meeting doubtless exceeds previous meetings, excepting the Saratoga eight years ago.

Despite this fact, not as large a sum of money was received as last year, the reason being that the 400 new Binghamton \$2 members of last year were all \$1 renewals this—\$800 last year became \$400 this. Expenses, notably for orchestra, artists' entertainment and the more thorough and systematic running of association affairs, were heavier than ever before. This comes direct from the man who knows and may be relied on.

FIRST DAY—TUESDAY MORNING, JUNE 28.

Stone Opera House was a busy place Tuesday morning. Numerous tables piled with programs, musical exhibits, &c., were scattered about, and on one side Secretary-Treasurer Riesberg and his assistants were kept busy by the hundreds desirous of registering, buying membership tickets, getting badges, &c.

H. E. Cogswell's orchestra of twenty pieces opened the convention by a spirited performance of Lassen's Festival Overture (closing with the Thuringian Volkslied "How Can I Leave Thee?"). Then the convention chorus sang a brace of songs, Geibel's martial "March of Our Nation" appealing to all. Mrs. F. H. Matthews was at the piano. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. G. Parsons Nichols. Mayor Jerome De Witt delivering the address of welcome, which he did with good taste and cordiality.

President Sumner Salter made the response and said that the convention was happy to come to this city again. In his address he reviewed the work of the association since its inception ten years ago by Charles W. Landon, then one of the vice-presidents of the National Association. He called upon Mr. Landon to come on the stage, and when that gentleman appeared he was received with a burst of applause. Last year the membership of the State association was 750. President Salter pointed out the superfluity of salaries to association officers and recom-

mended that but one salaried officer was necessary, that of secretary-treasurer, and that his salary should be made \$200 instead of the amount named in the constitution, inasmuch as his duties are no longer as onerous as in the early years. This is fully indorsed by the former and the present secretary-treasurer.

Mr. Riesberg followed and gave a report of the financial standing of the association and other statistics. He also read three letters from absent vice-presidents, containing



INEZ GRENELLI.

valuable hints and some bright observations from them on matters musical in the inland districts.

Ex-Mayor Geo. E. Green being then called upon was received with applause, and his characteristically brief, breezy and happy manner of expressing welcome from a layman made the delegates feel doubly at home.

Previous to Mr. Green's remarks John Tagg, of Newark, N. J., delegate to the National convention at New York, gave an entertaining and humorous account of the proceedings.

The first morning concert was given by Miss Estelle Norton, pianist (Southport, Conn.), and Miss Inez Grenelli, soprano (New York), the latter fresh from her Texas-Kansas tour.

Miss Norton displayed musical nature, strong and supple wrist, a winning personality, and was quite a success. She was several times recalled. Miss Grenelli had



LEWIS WILLIAMS.

many friends in the audience and made more by her clear and true soprano voice.

The undivided attention given the artists was evidence of appreciation.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

The piano and song recital by Paolo Gallico and Lewis Williams, baritone (New York), found the Opera House well filled, the noon trains from all directions bringing many members. Mr. Gallico played Schumann's "Papillons" and various solo pieces with a bravura and variety of nuance which held his listeners' interest. Perhaps the Straus-Tausig concert valse, "Man lebt," displayed his



MRS. CHARLES C. TAYLOR.

dazzling technic best. At any rate, the audience fain would have had more. Mr. Williams' easy style, expressive voice and full-toned high G caught his hearers at once. Throughout the convention this artist sang better at each appearance. Louis Arthur Russell accompanied.

The recital was followed by three papers, as follows: "A Rational System of Harmony," John Tagg (Newark, N. J.); "The Realities of Music and How to Teach Them," Henry Harding (Red Bank, N. J.); "Modern

Tonality and the Tendency Chords," George C. Gow (Poughkeepsie).

TUESDAY EVENING.

The first grand concert saw a splendid audience gathered to hear a group of eight soloists and the Festival Orchestra; there was also a procession of accompanists whose names shall be duly chronicled. As long as soloists are gathered from all over the States, so long each will naturally desire his or her accompanist. On this occasion we had Mrs. Helen V. Bruce, Mrs. Nellie M. Gould, Miss Helen Wolverton and Messrs. de Zielinski and Riesberg. This is exactly one and one-fifth apiece, enough to suit the most exacting soloist! Well, a rather scratchy performance of Haydn's Military Symphony opened the evening, followed by "Honor and Arms," sung by Mr. Dahm-Petersen (Ithaca) with excellent style.

The picturesque looking baritone has a sonorous organ which he handles well. Miss Littlehales was vigorously applauded and recalled after her 'cello solos, and Miss Elizabeth Argue (Buffalo) pleased, her high C in "O cielli" (Verdi) coming out clearly; she has a beautiful voice, and was most ably supported at the piano by Mrs. Gould. A serious, earnest performance, thoroughly absorbed and capably interpreted, was Mrs. Charles C. Taylor's (Binghamton) number, Beethoven's Thirty-two Variations. They were given with such complete technical control and such devotion to a high ideal that even the most unmusical felt it; she was given an attentive hearing.

Young Heinrich Meyn, tenor (Rochester), made his greatest hit in Meyer-Helmund's "Ich wandle unter Blumen." He has a lyric tenor voice of considerable smoothness and compass, and with study should reach Rieger-like heights. Miss Lilian Carllsmith's rich voice and fervid delivery roused the audience to enthusiasm, the songs by Foote, especially the "Irish Folksong," making a distinct impression.

Two Bach-like numbers for string orchestra, conducted by M. de Zielinski, were the Menuett and Gavotte by La



HEINRICH MEYN, Tenor.

Frone Merriman (Hornellsville). Though played with little finish, one could yet recognize the worth of the compositions. Mr. Merriman's solo, Svendsen's Romanze, was most artistically played, and the same can with truth be said of little Fannie De Villa Ball (Albany), whose pianistic strength is out of all proportion to her slight physique. She has a poetic nature and a graceful way of using her hands which at once interested the audience.

The concert throughout was received with evidence of appreciation. At its close most of the audience went across the street where the regular annual reception was held in the parlors of the First Presbyterian Church. It was representative of what the people of Binghamton can do. The ladies of the Y. W. C. A. Music Society were the hostesses, and there probably never has been given a more genuinely enjoyable function in this city. Fully seven hundred people were greeted by the receiving party. The waiting room was the auditorium of the church, and here long lines of people were entertained by Miss Kate Fowler at the organ until room was made for them in the parlors. Those of the receiving party were Mayor Jerome De Witt and Mrs. De Witt, Mrs. W. D. Edmister, president of the society; President of the Association Sumner Salter, Secretary-Treasurer F. W. Riesberg and Miss Riesberg, Louis Arthur Russell, J. de Zielinski, Miss Angie L. Benson, ex-Mayor Green and Mrs. Green, Rev. Dr. Nichols, Miss Nichols, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Cogswell, Mrs. F. H. Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Delevan and Mr. and Mrs. J. P. E. Clark.

The dining rooms were made especially attractive with palms and cut flowers. On the centre table, draped with white satin streamers, stood a large vase full of white lilies. The gates to the room of white satin ribbons were held by Miss Jennie Westcott, Miss Myrtie Bodle, Mrs. John Brown and Miss Alice Cutler. Ices and cakes were served by Mrs. Judson Newing, Mrs. W. E. Lentz, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. LaDue, Miss Ada Waldron, Miss Emma Meagley, Miss Kaepfel, Miss Jessie Simpson, Miss Edick, Miss Schneider, Dr. Roe, Mason Lowell, C. E. Titchener,

Mr. Bartoo and I. T. Deyo. Mrs. I. T. Deyo presided in the dining room. Baker's orchestra furnished music throughout the evening. * * *

SECOND DAY—WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 29.

The meeting was called to order at 9:30 o'clock by President Salter, and the first business taken up was the selection of a meeting place for 1899. President Salter announced that four formal invitations had been received by the association, and introduced Ferdinand Dunkley, of Albany, who read a letter of invitation from Thomas L. Van Alstyne, mayor of Albany, and one from the president of the Art and Historical Society, and made an able address setting forth the advantages of that city. Mrs. S. N. Love, formerly of this city, now a resident of Elmira, and a vice-president of the association, read a letter from the mayor of Elmira, and described the many attractions to be found there. Adolf Dahm-Petersen, of Ithaca, ably seconded Miss Love in representing that city. Jamestown sent a hearty invitation, backed by a guarantee. A letter from W. A. Duncan, secretary of the Chautauqua Assembly, inviting the association to Chautauqua, was read; one was also received later from Alexandria Bay.

It was decided that the association would gain more members and better its financial condition by going to Albany, and that city was unanimously selected. Letters of thanks were directed to be sent to Elmira, Chautauqua Jamestown and Alexandria Bay.

This important business meeting over with, a morning concert was given by Mrs. George Tracy Rogers (née Adele Hastings), pianist, Binghamton; Miss Adella B. Case, soprano, Black Creek; John P. Scott, baritone, Norwich, and the Auburn Trio (W. S. Herrling, violin; E. H. Pierce, viola, and E. E. Scoville, piano). A large audience was again in attendance. Pierce's unique combination of piano, violin and viola proved as enjoyable as



MRS. GEO. TRACY ROGERS.

novel. The work is musically and was heard to advantage, thanks to the sympathetic ensemble. Mr. Scott has a very pleasing high baritone voice and easy stage presence; Miss Case sang with much expression, and is especially to be commended for the new songs she introduced. Mr. de Zielinski was the accompanist.

The hit of the concert, however, was made by Mrs. George Tracy Rogers, who was on the program for two piano solos—"Inquietude," by George Pfeifer, and "Polonaise," by M. Moszkowski. Many who were unacquainted with Mrs. Rogers skill on the piano were surprised at the ease and artistic finish which characterized her interpretation of these difficult compositions. Notwithstanding the rules prohibiting encores Mrs. Rogers was recalled, and played as her encore number "Chant Sans Paroles" in F sharp. It was written by Frederick Ayres Johnson, of Binghamton, a pupil of Edgar Stillman Kelley. The composition is dedicated to Mrs. Rogers.

Mrs. Rogers has technic and temperament in abundance, and her Stuttgart-Liszt schooling place her many rods above the ordinary pianist. Following two papers were read: "Interpretation," by Harvey Wickham, Middletown, and "Report on Didactics," by Ferdinand Dunkley, Albany.

Mr. Wickham began with a reference to Sampson's squadron, which at once chained attention, then passed on, dividing his essay into four parts, viz., the score, tradition, instinct and example, illustrated at the piano. He closed with this sentence: "It has been gradually forced on my mind that the curse of the profession is the teacher who cannot play, either in studio or hall. Let him who professes to lead tread first the selfsame path himself and not neglect those mental and mechanical processes so necessary to interpretation." Sound and sensible!

Mr. Dunkley on "Didactics" alluded to needed reform in harmony lessons and especially recommended abolishing the figured bass, substituting therefor the harmonized melody, Professor Gow, of Vassar, and Dr. Hugh Clark, of Philadelphia, as well as the essayist, using this method.

A most artistic event was the song and cello recital

which followed, given by Madame Eleanore Meredith, soprano (New York); Miss Lillian Littlehales, cello (Syracuse), and F. W. Riesberg, accompanist. Madame Meredith sang these numbers:

Es blinkt der Thau.....Rubinstein
Im Herbst.....Franz
'Twas April.....Nevin
Since First I Met Thee.....Rubinstein
May Morning.....Denza
Die Loreley.....Liszt

The voice was especially clear and powerful on this occasion, and the fair singer certainly ran the entire gamut



ELEANORE MEREDITH.

of emotion in her singing. Miss Littlehales's refined style and soulful playing was as usual very effective.

* * *

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

This was the afternoon devoted to the organ recital, with three hours of music, three organists and three solo singers, and occurred at St. Mary's handsome Roman Catholic Church. These were the organists: Messrs. Seth Clark (Buffalo), Charles Heinroth (New York) and C. Wenham Smith (Newark, N. J.), and these the singers: Misses Elizabeth Argue, soprano (Buffalo); Anna L. Johnson, contralto (Elmira), and Crandell Guthrie Smith (Elmira).

Mr. Clark began with the Bach Fugue in G minor, later playing the A minor sonata by Rheinberger. Good musicianship and tasteful registration characterized his performance. Mr. Heinroth followed with a stunning example of organ playing, the Bach Toccata in F, also playing the scherzo and finale from Guilman's Fifth Sonata, the Lemaigre Capriccio in F, and the Thiele Chromatic Fantaisie. In all these this remarkable young organist displayed those characteristics which have made him prominent, viz., a most fluent pedal technic, fine discrimination in the selection of stops, and a dash and abandon of style which mark him as the born organist. His playing has been so often praised in these columns, and especially by the writer, that his name is familiar to all our readers. Mr. Smith's praises were thus sung by the Binghamton *Chronicle*:

"He seems to make pedaling his specialty, and in this he is an artist. The dexterity, rapidity and exactness with which the lower octaves were pedaled in the theme and variations by Thiele was a revelation to those not fully conversant with the capabilities of the organ. The Adagio in Lemmens' famous Sonata Pontificale was a master's interpretation, and all felt the inspiration of the variations on 'The Star Spangled Banner,' by Buck."

A pleasing incident occurred at this last number: everyone, to everybody else's surprise, arose, as if by military command. Miss Argue received big applause after her solos. Her voice and manner seem to mark her especially as a church singer and she will do wisely to cultivate this genre. Excellent, too, was Miss Johnson's singing of "My Redeemer and My Lord." Her clear enunciation and



REBECCA HOLMES.

rich voice shone to special advantage in "O Divine Redeemer." Mr. Smith, the tenor, sang "If With All Your Hearts" and "Now the Day is Over," by Marks. The church is richly decorated, very large and of splendid acoustic qualities, so that all singing sounds well, and with the big three-manual electric organ as a basis and some three hours of solid music this session was a notable one. The church was filled.

After the recital Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Delavan received at their home, on Hawley street. There were several

hundred people present, too many to be accommodated in the parlors, and an overflow reception was held on the piazza and lawn. A delightful informality made the reception a welcome diversion to those who sat out the recital. In the cool, dark parlors Mrs. and Mrs. Delavan, Mrs. Elizabeth Fuller, Mrs. L. D. Heady, Mrs. J. P. E. Clark, Miss Fuller and Miss Winsor received. Messrs. E. R. Weeks, F. S. Titchener and John A. Heady were the ushers. Miss Delavan, Miss Heady and Mrs. Pitts were in the dining room. The artists present were charming people to meet and proved as entertaining in conversation as in the concert, and all sorts of topics, including music, of course, were discussed. Mr. and Mrs. Delavan's reception, with that of the Y. W. C. A. Music Society, were among the pleasantest features of the entire meeting.

* * *

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

The second grand concert saw an audience gathered which filled the body of the house and the two balconies. The participants were Misses Inez Grenelli, soprano (New York); Eleanor J. De Golier, contralto (Bradford, Pa.); Rebecca Holmes, violinist (Coscob, Conn.), and Messrs. W. Theo. Van Yox, tenor (New York); Lewis Williams, baritone (New York); Joseph S. Baernstein, basso (New York); Edwin H. Pierce, viola (Auburn), and Albert T. Lockwood, pianist (New York). Again was there an array of accompanists, as follows: Seth Clark, F. W. Riesberg, Louis Arthur Russell and E. E. Scovill.

Mr. Lockwood began the program with an earnest and devotional performance of the Chopin sonata, op. 35; he made his most pronounced effect later in the Brasi-Liszt "Valkyries' Ride," where his power and bravura were overwhelming. Mr. Baernstein sang "Se pel rigor"



ELEANOR J. DE GOLIER.

("La Juive"), in which his powerful low notes were much admired.

Miss Grenelli's facile execution was admirable in "Casta diva"; her voice is of the pure silvery kind, with range and compass in plenty. Her technic is perfect, no sign of effort being perceptible even in the highest and longest sustained notes. Miss Holmes made a distinct hit, receiving a double encore, with her "Faust" violin solo. She was a great favorite with the audience from the beginning, her modesty and worth appealing to all. Keep an eye on this girl's artistic future! She has technic a-plenty, soul, a good nerve and the virtuoso style; a young artist is Rebecca Holmes.

Miss De Golier sang an aria by Rossi and a group of three short songs, and was well received. She has the basis of a good contralto, and as she seems a conscientious and ambitious young singer, she will in time no doubt win high rank.

Mr. Williams sang the "Pagliacci" prologue with a fervor and feeling which went straight to the audience; another modest artist, manly, frank, sincere. Van Yox's sweet tenor voice gained instant attention in the "Jocelyn" lullaby, in which he produced some delicious tones. Bartlett's "Dreams" and Hawley's "Song That My Heart Is Singing" heightened his success.

A decided novelty was Sitt's concertstück for viola, op. 46, played by Edwin H. Pierce. It is an interesting, scholarly work, laid out on broad lines, and was well played by Mr. Pierce. The depth and earnestness of the work, as well as the unusual tonal effect of a viola, were, however, lost on the audience, which is in the evening of a miscellaneous character, of course. Much credit attaches the player, nevertheless.

If there was some little criticism of the first evening concert, more or less justified, this was not at all the case on the second evening. The program committee (J. de Zielinski, chairman) planned the concerts on a rising scale of excellence, and the result entirely justified their judgment and careful discrimination. Binghamton is so near New York, and hears the best soloists so often, that

superexcellence only arouses their appreciation. Quite natural, and productive of a higher standard.

* * *

THIRD DAY, THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 30.

The president called the convention to order at 9 o'clock for a business session of an hour. The president elected was J. de Zielinski, of Buffalo; secretary-treasurer, F. W. Riesberg, of New York, re-elected; chairman of the program committee, Ferdinand Dunkley, of Albany; other members of the program committee, Thomas Impett, of



MISS KATE FOWLER.

Troy, and W. C. Carl, of New York; auditors, W. J. Bausmann, Emanuel Schmauk and Kate Stella Burr, of New York; delegates to the M. T. N. convention, John Tagg, of Newark, N. J.; Sumner Salter, of New York; Jaroslaw de Zielinski, G. A. Parker and Miss Zanetta Plumb, of Rochester.

The committee on amendments to the constitution appointed the day before brought in a report embodying the points already mentioned, which was adopted. The student membership was eliminated, so that the association now consists of active and associate members only.

The committee on resolutions presented their report, in which all who contributed to the success of the convention were heartily thanked, and in the course of which this was said:

"When the pressing invitation from the citizens of Binghamton that we should return to this city, and which was so earnestly and forcefully pressed by Mayor Green, came before this association and was accepted it was not without serious misgivings that this unprecedented course was taken. It is very easy, however, to be assured to-day of the practical wisdom of this step, for certainly no other city could possibly have excelled Binghamton either in the heartiness of its welcome or the generosity of its support. Last year the warmth of our initial reception was emphasized from weather headquarters; this year, after a mild threat to 'throw cold water' on the convention, the order seems to have been cancelled, and we have had ideal convention weather."

The business session over, the morning concert occurred, the participants being Misses Anna L. Johnson, contralto (Elmira); Fannie De Villa Ball, pianist (Albany), and George Oscar Bowen, tenor (Cortland), with Miss Kate Fowler as accompanist. Miss Johnson sang Bemberg's "Hindoo Chant" with a wealth of tonal coloring quite affecting, and the "Mignon" gavotte with much grace. Mr. Bowen has a vibrant and very expressive tenor voice. His two groups of songs were sung most tastefully. Both the singers were accompanied in fine style and most sympathetically by Miss Fowler, an artist in her specialty, alert and responsive at all times. Little Miss Ball played two groups by modern composers in a way that suggested the triumph of mind and muscle over physique, and with her usual effectiveness.

Gérard-Thiers failed to turn up, a physician's certificate of illness arriving, so his paper on "Musical Expression" was omitted.

Dahm-Petersen then gave a song recital all by himself, à la Henschel. This was a novelty to many, approved by some, disapproved by others. In either case it was pronounced interesting.

* * *

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

In the afternoon Dr. Henry G. Hanchett, of New York, gave an analytical recital, using as illustrations Beethoven's sonatas, op. 10, No. 3; op. 31, No. 3; op. 53 and op. 90. A surprising number of genuine music lovers, the greater part no doubt pianists, gathered to hear this recital. Dr. Hanchett has been well advertised in this specialty, and there is surely a growing interest in "the why and how," so the house was interested from the start. The analyst made his talk bright and interesting throughout, avoiding technicalities and dry discussion, hence his hour was enjoyable.

This was followed by the presentation of a paper on "State Aid to Musical Instruction in Public Schools," by A. S. Downing, of Albany, and one on "Music as a

Factor in the Education of Citizens," by Miss Julia Ettie Crane, of Potsdam. Both papers were followed with much interest. There is no more keen and intellectually active person in music than Miss Crane, of Potsdam. She combines a ready wit with nimble speech and good sense, and her participation in any discussion is invariably attractive. Her "Report on Public School Music," to be published later, is an excellent paper.

The manner in which the papers were received was shown by the very animated discussion which followed them, and which was participated in by John Tagg, Hamlin E. Cogswell, Charles W. Landon and others.

An interesting paper was that of Miss Evelyn Fletcher, of Boston, on her "Simplex and Musical Kindergarten System," reviewed at length in the National Edition of THE MUSICAL COURIER, the bright little lady having delivered the same before the National Association.

Considerable business was transacted before adjourning. It was decided to pay Secretary-Treasurer F. W. Riesberg an honorarium of \$200 for the past year. The matter of continuing the *Pianist and Organist* as the official organ for another year was left with the executive committee.

* * *

About 200 people enjoyed to the full the trolley ride to the Casino immediately following the afternoon session. All delegates from out of town were carried free. Two long cars and a smaller one left the Opera House at about 4:30 o'clock. The 18 mile ride and the scenery along the way were pronounced delightful by the music teachers, who were greatly refreshed by the outing. The cars went to Union, and on returning a brief stop was made at the Casino.

* * *

THURSDAY EVENING—"THE REDEMPTION."

The closing night of the convention was attended by an audience which taxed the capacity of the house, people



JULIA ETTIE CRANE.

standing. The audience was somewhat cold, critical and discriminating, until convinced of the worth of an effort, when it was cordially demonstrative. So it was on this evening, and when the splendid work of chorus, orchestra and soloists was discovered it was unstinted in its applause. Baker's festival orchestra played artistically and intelligently, until the atmospheric conditions put the stringed instruments to a disadvantage, and even then discords were not minded to a great extent, as the audience was made up of musicians who appreciated the fact that strings will be affected by the weather.

The chorus sang in perfect time and tune and with a precision of attack and a shading that pleased the most captious. "The March to Calvary," with all its subdued impressiveness, was a magnificent result of Conductor Louis Arthur Russell's power over the chorus. Again in the bars sung without accompaniment the club achieved a success that was appreciated by the musicians present. The occasional chord from the piano found them true to the key. "The Pilgrims' Chorus," with its extreme fortissimo, was given (without the aid of the assisting artists) with a remarkable breadth and volume of tone. Only three rehearsals were held with Mr. Russell and only one with the orchestra and chorus together.

Wm. H. Hoerrner, the conductor of the Binghamton Choral Club (which formed the nucleus of the chorus), now in Europe, and H. E. Cogswell, in charge since his departure, are to be felicitated on the careful preparation evident, and which made the work so much lighter for Conductor Russell.

Of the soloists Madame Meredith was a favorite. She looked fairly radiant and sang beautifully. Small opportunity was Miss Carllsmith's, but she made the most of it. Mrs. Charles Hitchcock also aiding in the angels' trio. Mr. Van York's lyric tenor voice and Mr. Baernstein's powerful and well controlled bass added materially to the effectiveness of the work. A few words are due baritone C. Fred Hess, of Binghamton, who sang his solos with a sympathy and good taste that surprised even those who are familiar with his singing. His "Benediction" was one of the best things of the evening.

During an intermission President Sumner Salter delivered the following words of farewell:

"To the people of Binghamton, friends of the N. Y. S. M. T. A.—It would ill become us to take our leave from your doors without saying again a word of our sincere appreciation of your generous hospitality and courtesy. The earnestness of your efforts to make our second meeting in your city the most delightful and pleasant in our history have been brilliantly successful.

"The meetings at Binghamton will go on record as making a new era of prosperity for our organization. Those who have contributed especially to this gratifying result have been remembered in the series of resolutions adopted at our business session this morning.

"This evening's oratorio performance emphasizes our sense of obligation to your admirable choral society, to the individual members of which we would extend our hearty thanks for their generous assistance. To the distinguished artists of this evening, whose friendly co-operation is so great an encouragement to our artistic aims, we return also most cordial and sincere thanks. In taking our farewell permit us to express the hope that you have shared equally with us in the profit and pleasure of our meetings and that the good results of them will continue to be felt in the years to come until it shall be our good fortune to be with you again. Au revoir!"

* * *

CONVENTION NOTES.

Miss Inez Grenelli, who captivated all by her charming manner and pretty face as well as by her talent, was the guest of Mrs. E. M. Terwilliger, of North street.

Mme. Eleanore Meredith spent convention week at the home of Miss Elizabeth Weeks, on Court street. Mme. Meredith, Miss Weeks, Mrs. G. W. Ostrander, Mrs. C. E. Titchener, F. S. Titchener and Edwin Weeks made up very congenial box parties during the convention sessions.

Mrs. Nettie Love, former teacher of music in the public schools of Binghamton, now of Elmira, was entertained at the home of her sister on Hawley street. Mrs. Love was warmly greeted by many of her former pupils.

Messages of greeting were sent to the Illinois and Indiana State conventions, which were in session at the same time as was New York. Illinois sent return greetings.

The six hundred handsome badges provided by Chairman George E. Green were all given out by noon of the first day's session. A four-inch white ribbon formed the background, across the top the office in blue print on enamel; from this there hung an enamel piece as large as a half dollar, on it pictured a lyre and music scroll, and the fringed ribbon had on it

TENTH ANNUAL MEETING

N. Y. S. M. T. A.,

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.,

June 28-30, 1898.

A prominent and conspicuous figure was that of the "Father of the Association," Mr. Charles W. Landon, who, with his 250 pounds and 6-foot frame, is a man of men. He usually had something to say, no matter what was under discussion, and he invariably hit the nail on the head.

Miss Angie Benson made a very tangible showing in her work for the association during '96-7, and the \$15 prize



LOUIS ARTHUR RUSSELL.

was but a small reward for the 200 members she obtained. S. N. Thatcher, of Binghamton, and Will E. Rogers, of Troy, divided the second prize of \$10 equally. These prizes were given to the vice-presidents securing the largest number of members for 1897.

This is from the Binghamton Chronicle.

Secretary-Treasurer F. W. Riesberg is an honor to his office, and the association is lucky in having him as one

of the executives for '98-9. Without him the convention could not have been a success. His admirable business ability is putting the association in excellent shape, and his unanimous re-election shows how popular he is. He is a musician of the highest order, and at the piano his brisk business manner is changed to that of the artist who feels nothing but his music.

A. Victor Benham.

A. Victor Benham, who has been visiting the Hollywood at Long Branch, the Grand Union at Saratoga and the Kaaterskill in the Catskill Mountains, will sail for Europe early in August to arrange for his forthcoming appearances abroad.

Mme. Emma Galloway.

Mme. Emma Galloway, who left New York about a year ago for Columbus, Ohio, where she established the Great Southern Conservatory, has received the liberal support of the residents of Columbus and neighboring towns. For many years Madame Galloway was a pupil of Lamperti, and is a thoroughly equipped singer and teacher. Her success in Columbus has been marked.

The Receipts Nearly 1,000 Marks.

On board the steamship Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse a concert was given Wednesday evening, June 29, under Henry Wolfsohn's direction. The receipts amounted to nearly 1,000 marks.

The following program was given:

Overture, Felsenmühle.....	Reissiger Orchestra.
Songs—	
Mignon.....	Guy d'Hardelot
My Heart Is Like the Silent Night.....	Lassen
Spring.....	Miss Ethel Fuhs.
Violin solos—	
Romanze.....	Svendsen
Mazurka.....	Wieniawski
	Miss E. Pilat.
Address by Hon. Chauncey M. Depew.	
Piano solos—	
Impromptu.....	Chopin
Rhapsodie Hongroise.....	Liszt
	Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeissler.
March, Washington Post.....	Sousa Orchestra.

Stella Hadden-Alexander.

Stella Hadden-Alexander, who played with the Chicago Orchestra in one of the festival concerts at the Omaha Exposition, achieved an unequivocal success. Below are given some of the notices that were published in the Omaha newspapers:

The soloist of the evening was Mrs. Stella-Hadden Alexander, a pupil of the famous teacher and great pianist Klindworth, of Berlin, and of the American composer and piano virtuoso MacDowell. She possesses an uncommonly fine technique; her phrasing shows that she is a born musician, and in the F minor Concerto by Chopin she had a chance to show all her powers in the best light. A fine, graceful stage presence adds much to her success, and judging from the applause with which she was greeted after each movement of the concerto she could feel herself that she took the audience by storm. Her playing is characterized by great delicacy and musicianly interpretation, and her dynamic accentuation reminds one of a masculine player. The compositions of MacDowell for piano alone she played in perfect style, especially the improvisation, in which she brought out the tender and soulful beauty of the great American composer in all its splendor. Mrs. Hadden-Alexander is a great pianist and can well be proud of her reception.—The Omaha World-Herald, June 7.

The feature of the concert was the playing of Mrs. Stella Hadden-Alexander, a pianist who made her first appearance before an Omaha audience. That it will not be her last appearance was the fervently expressed wish of more than one Omaha musician. The first number in which Mrs. Alexander appeared was Chopin's Concerto No. 2 in F minor, with orchestral accompaniment. Her second number was a suite by MacDowell, consisting of three movements. Her playing was a revelation—her magnificent technique, her clear-cut execution, the delicacy of her touch, the force of her playing giving the audience cause to marvel and admire. The house was carried by storm, and the playing of the last number was followed by prolonged applause, to which Mrs. Alexander responded by playing Chopin's "Like an Aeolian Harp," a very delicate and charming composition, played entirely with the soft pedal. The audience was more persistent than ever after this and cried for more.

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Summer Term: Asbury Park, N. J.



BUFFALO, N. Y., July 8, 1898.

DURING the last few weeks pupils' recitals and school commencements have been the chief attractions in the entertainment line. A series of open air band concerts are being given at the various parks throughout the city and the Wilbur Opera Company is playing an engagement at the Star.

For the band concerts we have now to depend on the Seventy-fourth Regiment Band, as the Sixty-fifth left last week for Camp Alger.

The programs of school closing exercises have all been devoted largely to music this year. Prominent among the schools may be mentioned St. Margaret's School, where John Lund is director of music; St. Mary's Academy, Holy Angels' Academy, the institutions directed by the Christian Brothers, and Canisius College, where Rev. Ludwig Bonvin is director. In addition nearly all the public schools of the city prepared closing exercises in which the music taught and learned during the year was sung, and I am sure in many cases very creditably and I believe satisfactorily in all.

The teachers who have given pupils' recitals in honor of the closing of the musical year have been, so far as I know, the following: Miss Mathilde Raab, the Buffalo School of Music, conducted by Miss Mary W. Howard, Miss Alice Whelpton, Mrs. Nellie M. Gould, Miss Martha M. Love, Mrs. J. S. Marvin, Miss Hayward, Mrs. Shew, Miss Huie, Miss Husted, Messrs. Johannes Gelbke, Angelo M. Read, Louis J. Bangert, Arthur E. Case and Frank Davidson.

I heard only one pupils' recital and this one I must especially compliment. It was given by the violin pupils of Frank Davidson, one of our most prominent violinists and a member of the Buffalo Symphony Orchestra. His pupils are all quite young, but the talent displayed at this recital was noteworthy. The program read:

Air from Suite, arranged in G string by Wilhelmj.....	Bach
Ensemble Class:	
Misses Burns, Colville, Howard, Lacy, Lindsay, Sherwin, Sizer, Thebaud, Thuresson, Warner.	
Messrs. Fricker, Hahn, Holyoke, Lewin, Madden, Reisenfeld, Sakolski, Ward, Watson.	
Melody.....	Miss Julia T. Lindsay.
Concerto No. 7, in G (first and second movements).....	DeBeriot
	S. S. Sakolski.
Cradle Song.....	Von Weber
Volklied.....	Master Robbie Costello.
March.....	Hollaender
	Master Karl H. Martin.
Berceuse, from Jocelyn.....	Godard
	Miss Grace S. Sizer.
Romance.....	Svendsen
	Miss Florence T. Warner.
Fantaisie, Carmen.....	Bizet-Hubay
	Miss Marjory Sherwin.
Prelude, from Sixth Sonata, in E.....	Bach
(Piano accompaniment by Robert Schumann.)	
	Leslie E. Holyoke.
The Bee.....	Schubert
	Miss Io Colville.
Prize Song, from Meistersinger.....	Wagner-Wilhelmj
	Miss Eveleen M. Burns.
Legend.....	Bohm
	Edwin Reisenfeld.
Fugue, from First Sonata, in G minor (for violin alone).....	Bach
	Augustus Fricker.
Yankee Doodle.....	Vieuxtemps
	Miss Marjory Sherwin.

Miss Julia T. Lindsay, who played the melody by Nevin, was a little miss of perhaps eight years. Master Karl Martin, who played the Hollaender march, was possibly a year older, while Master Robbie Costello was a charming little fellow of five or six. These three tots played remarkably well, their bowing being excellent and tone really good. The advanced pupils' work was admirable throughout the program.

Henry Jacobsen, whose removal to Rochester next fall was contemplated and announced, writes me that such pressure has been brought to bear to secure his reconsideration of his plans that he has decided to remain in Buffalo, simply continuing his connection with the Rochester classes and societies by weekly visits. Mr. Jacobsen's friends here are greatly pleased to learn that he will stay permanently in Buffalo.

He is now in Paris studying with Trabadelo. He writes that Paris is swarming with vocal students, and wonders why. Mr. Jacobsen's wonderment is re-echoed on this side, when we take the time to consider how many thousands of young people go abroad to study and to perfect themselves and come home flat failures. Paris may be a Mecca to American vocal students, but certainly American students are gold mines for the Paris teachers, fakes, &c. Mr. Jacobsen heard the production of "La Vie de Bohème," by Puccini, at the Opéra Comique. He adds that it was a fine production and that the opera is very effective and interesting.

Robert Mahr is in the city, the guest of his brother, Ernst Mahr, first 'cellist of the Buffalo Symphony Orchestra. Robert Mahr is a violinist, who has been studying in Berlin with Joachim and teaching the violin. I hear some very flattering compliments of his work in preparing students for the Hochschule in Berlin. It is possible that he may remain in this country, but of this I have not yet been assured.

Three weddings of interest to our musical community occurred recently. Miss Justice was married to Simon Fleischmann June 29. Mr. Fleischmann has been until this spring actively connected with music. He was organist of the Church of Our Father for several years. He is a lawyer, and last spring he decided to sever all active musical connections.

June 29 Miss Frances Hannah Doane was married to Wilbur F. S. Lake. Miss Doane was soprano of Bethany Church and Mr. Lake is organist of the same church.

June 30 Miss Caroline Mischka was married to Clark Roberts. Miss Mischka is the daughter of Joseph Mischka, one of the best known and highly esteemed musicians of our city. At this marriage service, held in the Delavan Avenue M. E. Church (where Mr. Mischka is organist), the organ was played by William Kaffenberger. Mr. Kaffenberger played the organ at the marriage ceremony of Miss Mischka's father and mother twenty-seven years ago. The benediction hymn sung by the quartet was the composition of Mr. Mischka, written especially for this occasion. It was very dainty in style and admirably suited to the ceremony. I need hardly add that hosts of friends wished all sorts of good luck to the bridal couples.

A pleasing entertainment was given June 15 in the Chapter House under the direction of Miss Mooney. The program included soprano solos by Miss Maud E. Lane and Miss Lottie Smith, a contralto solo by Miss Grace Carbone, a tenor solo by F. W. Elliott, violin solos by Miss Eveleen Burns, piano solos by Miss Mabelle H. MacConnell and selections by Miss Cavanaugh and Mr. Collins, readers, and the Masten Park Orchestra.

Musical people who have been visiting in Buffalo during the past month or two were: Miss Margaret Gaylord, soprano, of New York; Emil Sauer, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; Miss Zora Gladys Horlocker, contralto, of New York; Miss Eva Hawkes, contralto, of New York; Miss Agnes Reardon, violinist, of Elmira; Miss Donovan, soprano, of Elmira; F. W. Riesberg, of New York.

Miss Laura Carroll Dennis, of New York, is here for the summer. She will teach two days of the week here and two days in Erie. Miss Dennis has many friends in Buffalo, and I expect that her season will be very successful.

Joseph Mischka, supervisor of music in the public schools, will go to Highland Park, Ill., for a few weeks.

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this summer to conduct classes in the Institute of Normal Methods.

Mrs. Frank Davidson has been engaged as organist of the Church of the Messiah to succeed Herve Wilkins, who has returned to Rochester. Mrs. Davidson is an accomplished musician, and the church people are to be congratulated on having secured her services.

I hear many complimentary reports of the progress of Miss Katherine Halliday, a Buffalo girl, who is studying the 'cello at the Hochschule in Berlin, and of Louis Laurier, who is studying the violin in the same school. Both students gave evidences of talent and ambition before they left Buffalo.

Magnus M. Leidt has been engaged to send a monthly account of Buffalo's musical doings to the *Musical Record*. Mr. Leidt has charge of the sheet music in the music business of Denton, Cottier & Daniels. He is very affable and has many friends.

Messrs. Denton, Cottier & Daniels have enlarged their music store until they now boast of the largest and most complete establishment between New York and Chicago.

During the parade held the Fourth of July 1,200 school children, directed by Joseph Mischka and Charles Hager, sang patriotic songs. The children were arranged on a stand to form a star, those in white forming the star and those in blue the background, all waving flags. All the patriotic songs were sung. The G. A. R. men marching were delighted, and in passing the stand many joined in the singing.

John Lund and his orchestra went to Saratoga July 1 to discourse sweet music every day at the Grand Union. Mr. Lund proposes to devote different evenings to certain classes of music—Wagner nights, symphony nights, &c.

OBSERVER.

Wolfsohn at Liberty.

Henry Wolfsohn, the manager, is spending a few weeks at Liberty, Sullivan County. Strange it may seem, but there are many artists at liberty.

Opera at Manhattan Beach.

Sousa's comic opera "El Capitan" has been having quite a run at the Manhattan Beach Theatre, the last performance being on the evening of July 9. Two performances a day have been given, a matinee at 4 and the evening performance at 9. This week "Wang" will be the attraction.

New Liederkranz Conductor.

At a meeting of the trustees and officers of the German Liederkranz it was decided to recommend to the society the election of Dr. Paul Klengel, of Leipsic, to succeed Heinrich Zoellner as director of the organization. Dr. Klengel was born at Leipsic on May 13, 1854. He was educated at the Leipsic Conservatory, where he received special instruction under Carl Reinecke and Ferdinand David. From 1881 to 1886 he was the leader of the Euterpe concerts in Leipsic, and soon after was chosen director of the royal orchestra at Stuttgart. In 1893 he became the director of the Arion Singing Society, of Leipsic, and of the Liedertafel, of the same city.

Dr. Klengel is a composer of considerable reputation in the line of Lied compositions. His brother, Julius Klengel, is a well-known 'cellist.

Sara Anderson.

Miss Sara Anderson is making a leisurely summer trip through the Western part of the country, going as far as Yellowstone Park probably before returning to the city. En route to the West she stopped for a few days in Washington, D. C., and also in Chicago. At present she is visiting friends who own a typical Western farm in Illinois, an ideal place for rest.

At Galesburg Miss Anderson sang at a large concert, receiving the following notice from the leading Galesburg paper:

"Miss Anderson then followed with the beautiful solo from 'The Messiah.' It was an artistic and sympathetic interpretation. She has a rich, true voice, full of expression and beauty. It was a fitting close to one of the best programs of music ever heard in Galesburg."

Miss Anderson has been engaged to sing the soprano part of the "Rose of Avontown," the second soprano part in "Elijah" and a solo in the miscellaneous concert at the Worcester Musical Festival in September.

This young artist has already achieved a great success wherever heard, and a brilliant future awaits her.

SARA

ANDERSON,

(JACQUES BOUHY, PARIS.
Pupil of GEORG HENSCHER, LONDON,
OSCAR SAENGER, NEW YORK.

SOPRANO.

358 East 50th Street, New York

Mr. Kimball Steps Out.

MUSICAL DIRECTOR WILLARD KIMBALL, of Lincoln, will, on the 10th inst., give way to Musical Director Thomas J. Kelly, of Omaha, at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition. The change is due to certain conflicting ideas with reference as to how the musical features of the Exposition should be handled. There has been more or less complaint regarding the manner in which the program arrangements have been made, and it is stated that Mr. Kimball has not consulted his assistants, Mr. Kelly and Miss Officer, but has delegated a part of his work to Mrs. Brisbine, of Chicago.

It so happened that Mrs. Brisbine unfortunately featured a free attraction at the Illinois Building on Illinois Day against a paid attraction of the Exposition at the Auditorium, and it occasioned some feeling. Added to this was the trouble over the bands, there being two engaged a part of the time, while the Exposition was left without any for another period. These things have made it unpleasant, and hence the inauguration of a new musical régime.—Omaha World-Herald, July 6.

INFORMATION BUREAU.

MAIL FORWARDED.

Letters have been forwarded to the following since previous issue:

Madame Melba.
Leonard Liebling.
Miss Von Treville.
Mrs. Emma Juch-Wellmann.
F. O. Hoffer.
Mrs. Whitworth.
Edward Mueller.
Sigfried Steinhamer.
Arthur Hartman.
Arthur Foote.
T. K. Thorvildsen.
Mme. Sofia Scalchi.
Henri Ern.
Eugene Cowles.
Silas G. Pratt.

MAIL FOR ARTISTS.

Mail addressed to the following has been received at THE MUSICAL COURIER Bureau of Information:

Prof. John Roth.
Mrs. Richard Blackmore.
Gordon Darlington Richards.
Miss Nedda Morrison.
Maud Reese-Davies.
Miss Ella C. Carr.
Mrs. Anton Seidl.
Frank Slade Oliver.
Wm. Mason.
Miss Claude Albright.
Harry Lucius Chase.
George Henry Payne.
Feilding Roselle.
Mme. Rosa Linde.
Miss Jessie Shay.
Ethelbert Nevin.
M. Haurwitz.

Miss Chappelle.

Miss Maud Chappelle, contralto, is meeting with great success on her recital tour. Miss Chappelle is assisted by the following artists: G. Morgan Stricklett, tenor; Edw. B. Martindell, basso, and Frank Slade Oliver, pianist. The tour is among the fashionable summer resorts.

Max Liebling.

Max Liebling, the well-known New York pedagogue, is busily occupying his summer vacation with the composition of a two-act comic opera, the libretto, based on an Arabian theme, being furnished by a bright young lawyer of this city. The work will be ready in the early fall, but can hardly be produced until the second half of the season of 1898-99.

George Hamlin at Omaha.

George Hamlin added to the good impression made in "The Elijah," and gave a performance of the recitative and aria "Comfort Ye" and "Every Valley Shall Be Exalted" that left little to be desired excepting more of the same kind. With this number the performance began. It is seldom, indeed, that one hears more beautiful music. In part recitative in style, in others melodic, it presents the singer with a canvas upon which to paint a variety of emotions and to display fidelity of conception, skill in the use of tonal color and vigor of declamation of the highest order. No one but an accomplished artist need attempt this number with any hope of success, and it is but the truth to say that Mr. Hamlin gave it an interpretation that was a triumph of art. His perception of the varying rhythms, his skill in the accumulation of reserve force and his intelligent use of it when the proper time came, all reflect upon him lasting credit. During the last thirty-four bars the solo is accompanied by the chorus, and even in the loudest climaxes Mr. Hamlin's voice never lost its mastery of the situation.—Omaha Bee, June 24, 1898.

Audition in Paris.

PARIS, June 28, 1898.

AN event of unusual interest to the local musical student was the first public audition given yesterday afternoon by the Ambroselli Opera School with the pupils of the opera class. The program was as follows:

Faust, Acte du Jardin.....	Mlle. Gounod
Marguerite.....	Mlle. Nehry
Dame Marthe.....	Mlle. Bori
Faust.....	M. Paz
Méphisphélès.....	M. Vallobra
Manon, 2e acte.....	Massenet
Manon.....	Miss Cylva
Des Grieux.....	M. Mallerick
Hamlet, Scène de la Folie.....	A. Thomas
Ophélie.....	Mlle. Voda
Manon, Scènes de St. Sulpice.....	Massenet
Manon.....	Mlle. Duprey
Des Grieux.....	M. Mallerick
Hamlet, Scène de l'Esplanade.....	A. Thomas
Hamlet.....	M. Bergnies
Le Spectre.....	M. Darmand
La Favorite, 4e acte.....	Donizetti
Leonore.....	Mlle. Claus
Fernand.....	M. Rouziery
Chef d'Orchestre.....	

M. A. Levy, Officier d'Académie
Régisseur Général..... M. A. Chavanon

These scenes were presented with appropriate scenery and costumes at the fashionable Theatre Lyrique, which is the property of the Ambroselli Agency and the home of the opera school. A thing which struck me immediately when the curtain rose was the utmost attention paid to details in the stage setting and the light effects. I was still more surprised when the four pupils, who appeared in the garden scene of "Faust," sang and acted their respective parts with artistic feeling and an assurance which could only be expected from finished artists and not from pupils who have hardly had a three months' training, for it must be remembered that the Ambroselli Opera School only opened last April. Number after number was given with equal smoothness, and was only interrupted by enthusiastic applause from the audience that filled the house to overflowing. There was not a single hitch, and no details were omitted to impart the illusion of a real opera performance. The pupils who distinguished themselves particularly were Miss Cylva, a pretty American girl, with a soprano voice of very sympathetic quality. She sang and acted the part of Manon charmingly. Her diction is perfect. Mlle. Voda, an Armenian girl of very attractive appearance, with a high soprano voice of beautiful quality and rare purity in its entire register, attacked and held her high notes with surprising ease. Cylva and Voda are names to be remembered. Both have the necessary material to become great artists. Mlle. Duprey and Nehry and MM. Bergnies, Vallobra and Rouziery also deserve special praise, all of them having been repeatedly applauded and recalled.

There were many Americans among the audience; also several operatic managers and some well-known musical celebrities. In one of the boxes I noticed Massenet, who seemed delighted at the clever interpretation of his masterwork. On leaving the theatre I asked myself what could be accomplished by the Ambroselli School in two years if three months' study can show such surprising results. If only all these foolish American girls who allow themselves to be hypnotized by a lot of musical humbugs in this city knew how much time and money they would save by receiving their artistic education at the hands of the Ambroselli Agency! In one of my next letters I shall return to this subject, which I consider of vital importance to American singers.

X.

OVIDE MUSIN,

Professor-in-Chief of the Superior Class of Violin,
Liege, Belgium, Royal Musical Conservatory.

By contract with the Belgian Government Mr. Musin has, annually, six months' leave of absence, which he proposes to utilize by establishing in New York a

Virtuoso School of Violin,

based upon the Liège System.

Celebrated exponents of that system are:

WIENIAWSKI, VIEUXTEMPS, LEONARD, MAR-SICK, CÉSAR THOMSON, YSAÏE, MUSIN.

The Ovide Musin Virtuoso School of Violin,

of New York, will be open throughout the year.

Mr. Musin will occupy his official position at Liège from February to August 1, and in New York from August 1 to February 1.

New York address: Steinway Hall.



SAN FRANCISCO, July 8, 1898.

OUR talented correspondent Florence French, of Chicago, has sounded a note in her letter which appeared June 22 which has been clamoring to be struck for a long time. If properly digested it will to a certain extent reveal why things which are successful in the East will not be tolerated here, and why from year to year the confidence and interest grow less instead of greater in companies, whether musical or dramatic, that come out here, even though they bear the stamp of approval from the press and public of New York.

To be perfectly explicit I will refer now only to dramatic companies. It is a well-known fact that many of the best actors and actresses of to-day have left San Francisco and have expressed, either privately or publicly, the opinion that San Francisco is a "jay town," to use the language attributed to them. For what reason? Simply because they were not well patronized, notwithstanding the fact that their art and also their reputations should have been enough to demand recognition. Now there must be a cause for such a thing, because no one knowing the actual patronage accorded meritorious dramatic productions in San Francisco can say otherwise than that this is a very lavish though discriminating population of pleasure seekers.

But, as I have said before in these columns, San Francisco people will not tolerate continued schemes to "take them in," and so after losing confidence in what has been sent out from New York it is not easy to build it up again.

The secret is told in a few words. The one star system is killing the goose that lays the golden egg. If New York thinks that it can send San Francisco a great actor, a fairly good leading lady and any kind of a picked-up company to fill in the rest it is a mistake. They bill the town with New York posters, claim to send original companies, and when the companies arrive the stars are there and the rest of the company has been picked up along the road and pressed into service. Then is it small wonder if San Francisco disdainfully elevates its aristocratic nose and says: "That sort of thing may be all right in New York, but it won't go in San Francisco?"

Small wonder if the next time a big company is announced people refuse to take anybody's word that it is the "original New York company," and so the people are becoming chary of supporting anything.

At present W. J. Leahy, of the Tivoli, is in the East making up a company to present grand opera at this house. It is about time that the dry bones of the Tivoli were shaken into some activity, because to one who remembers what the Tivoli was in its palmier days it is a source of sincere regret that it could have degenerated so. What good material they had or have is being poorly cast, and the orchestra is the only redeeming feature that it has left. Were another such house to spring into existence with fresh material, fresh enthusiasm and a certain amount of savoir faire the Tivoli would soon learn the benefit of progressive methods. However, success to the season of grand opera!

There is little or nothing stirring in musical circles, as most of the musicians and teachers are away, as are also many who represent the audiences. There are a few straggling entertainments given for the benefit of the Red Cross Society, most of which are given in a very quiet way, which would have a tendency to preclude criticism, even if the mediocrity of the entertainments did not.

There is always a distinct touch of pathos in the manner in which the incompetent rush to the front when there is any possibility of getting a hearing through tendering their services. It reveals what a vast army of workers there are who long for recognition which they have no right or power to claim in any other way. One could not withhold a deep sympathy were it not for the fact that the competent ones must suffer thereby, for the

confidence once destroyed is not easily rebuilt, but when will one realize one's own limitations, and who will take anyone else's word that limitations exist?

All honor and respect to the American girl for her independence, her charming determination and her cool judgment to think and act for herself, especially la belle Californienne, but these characteristics, alas! are the sources of much unhappiness to her teacher, who, believing in his or her own judgment, would like to teach according to his or her own ideas of right and wrong. It has been my privilege to ask several of the prominent teachers what was the most serious obstacle to the success of the pupils, and in almost every case I was told that it was the absolute determination (especially of the vocal students) to do exactly as they pleased. When a teacher permits a pupil to sing in public the teacher is usually considered responsible for the pupil's success, and when a pupil makes a selection one might imagine that the teacher should have the privilege of saying whether or not it is too difficult; but no, this sense of absolute independence, of complete self-satisfaction, of total indifference to criticism, of supposed superiority of talent and judgment is robbing the stage of enjoyable singers and is giving us instead glimpses of possibilities.

Now I for one am tired of possibilities and would like to hear results, and how will we get results while the student knows so much more than the teacher with whom she condescends to study? There is no use in talking, girls, you may have glorious voices (there are thousands of such voices that no one ever hears about), you may have very much talent (most people have nowadays), you may have much style, stage presence and all that sort of thing (most girls have), but you never can hope to interest anybody in anything but your good looks and your dress until you study with a knowledge that your teacher knows more than you do and that your friends who tell you such marvels about yourselves either don't know anything about the subject or are flattering you to the fullest possible extent. It is not an easy matter to tell students who believe themselves earnest such disagreeable truths; I could not do it personally, but collectively I can and will because my interest lies with the teachers and actual results, not with possibilities and charming stage presences, and I tell you now that if you have arrived at that point where no one can tell you anything don't spend your money on a teacher; spend it with your dressmaker; that will be where you will score your success.

One of the most delightful concerts that I have attended was given by the Madrigal Club, under the direction of Dr. H. J. Stewart, assisted by Nathan Landsberger, violinist, and Miss Jessie B. Lyon, a piano student of Dr. Stewart's. The program was intensely interesting by reason of the selections as well as the manner in which it was presented. Miss Lyon showed careful instruction and a sure technic, but if she played the program number Dupont was not a success at writing a Chanson Hongroise. Nathan Landsberger is evidently a violinist of worth and of talent. He is swayed by his emotions, and his temperament is very marked but changeable. He was at his best in the encore, which was a delightful little bit of poetry, and he played it bewitchingly, showing great delicacy and tenderness. The diction of the closing glee was not distinct enough to show the humor. I append the program:

Hushed in Death the Minstrel Lies.....Dr. H. Hiles
(Composed for the Manchester Glee Club, 1878.)
It Was a Lover and His Lass.....T. Morley
(Words from Shakespeare's As You Like It.)
Pino solo, Chanson Hongroise.....Dupont
Miss Jessie B. Lyon.
Flow, O My Tears.....John Benet
The Lover to His Mistress.....John Benet
T'other Morning Very Early.....
(Melody by Thibaut, King of Navarre, 1250.)

Duet, Here May We Dwell.....Henry Smart
Miss Millie Flynn and Frank Coffin.
The Bells of St. Michael's Tower.....
(English Glee by W. Knyvett, newly arranged by
Sir R. P. Stewart, of Dublin.)
Irish Airs—
The Wine Cup Is Circling in Almhin's Hall.
The Cruiskeen Lawn.
(Arranged by Sir R. P. Stewart.)
Violin solos—
Legende.....Wieniawski
Mazurka.....Wieniawski
Nathan Landsberger.
Humorous Glee, To the Audience.....Hamilton Clarke

The members of the Madrigal Club are: Sopranos—Miss Millie Flynn, Mrs. Eva Tenney, Mrs. Susie Hert-Mark, Mrs. Alvina Wilson-Huer, Mrs. Julius Klein. Contraltos—Mrs. Etta B. Blanchard, Miss Ella V. McCloskey, Mrs. Chas. Parent. Tenors—Frank Coffin, H. M. Fortescue, Clarence Wendell. Basses—F. G. B. Mills, Chas. B. Stone, Chas. Parent.

Among the teachers who may rightfully claim to do good work Madame von Meyerinck will hold her own, for, in addition to being a musician, she demonstrated the fact that her pupils can sing and hold the interest of their hearers by the intellectual and really artistic interpretations which they give. I had the pleasure of listening to them in the following excellent program:

Four songs from Frauenliebe und Leben.....Schumann
Miss Elise Priber.
Adelaide.....Beethoven
Miss Helen Heath.
Duet, Hungarian Dance.....Brahms
Miss Roper and Miss Fay.
Romance.....Rubinstein
Miss Lulu Feldheim.
Aria from Tannhäuser, Dich, theure Halle.....Wagner
Miss Maude Fay.
Aria, My Heart Ever Faithful.....Bach
Miss Carolyn D. Roper.

Miss Grace Conroy had the satisfaction of seeing a large audience at her recent concert. Miss Conroy has a sweet, flexible voice and a charming stage presence. Her runs were not always clear, and time will give her more poise. Miss Grace Carroll was most enjoyable in the lighter numbers, which she gave as encores to the program numbers.

Miss Marian Bentley played the accompaniments in a superb manner, and the solos she gave showed the great talent of this young pianist, who, with a sufficient amount of hard work, could be much greater than the average. Mr. Michelena was, of course, the gem of the evening, as the delightful way in which he sings operatic arias shows the enormous amount of experience that he has had. To say that he is appreciated in San Francisco expresses it but little. The program follows:

Prelude, Fugue.....Raff
Marian Bentley.
Were My Song with Wings Provided.....Hahn
Ecstasy.....Beach
Grace Carroll.
Duetto, Angel All Blameless (Romeo and Juliet). Gounod
Grace Conroy and Sig. F. Michelena.
Waltz, Nella Calma d'un bel sogno.....Gounod
Grace Conroy.
Romanza, Salve dimora.....Gounod
Sig. F. Michelena.
Magic Fire.....Wagner-Brassin
Arabian Cavalier.....Palumbo
Marian Bentley.
Romanza, Dost Thou Know That Fair Land.....Thomas
Grace Carroll.
Spirito Gentil, from Favorita.....Donizetti
Sig. F. Michelena.
Duetto, Home to Our Mountains (Trovatore).....Verdi
Grace Conroy and Sig. F. Michelena.
Bird Song, from Paul et Virginie.....Massé
Grace Conroy.
EMILIE FRANCES BAUER.

Ero e Leander.

Mancinelli's "Ero e Leander" was produced at Covent Garden, London, on Monday night, the composer conducting.

To Study French in Paris.

Whether as a musical student, as a student of the language, or as a visitor wishing to converse and visit the city, call at once on Madame Frank, 16 Rue Tilsitt. Highest references. Pupil of Duvernoy Père and the famous Galli, father of Galli-Mari. Has also a charming room looking out on the Arc Avenue Marceau and Rue Presbourg. Terms moderate. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Carl Rosa Opera Company.

At the meeting of the directors and shareholders of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, held in London recently, Mrs. Rosa, who owns a large share in the company, was asked what her wishes were; whether she was in favor of going into liquidation of going on with the tour?

Her answer was: "I think liquidation. I cannot see how we are to go on at all."

Consequently it was decided to go into liquidation, the word "hopeless" correctly describing the situation.

Tone Formation.

It would be a good rule for musicians to follow that they should listen to the form of tones. It may sound paradoxical, but it is true, nevertheless, Mr. Henschel's tone in accompaniments is nearly round—the perfect form. The Leschetizky method produces rather a pointed one. Paderewski's ascending to a height in accordance with his genius, like this V while G. W. Proctor's, of Boston, an exponent of the same school, produces one of lesser height like this v; as indicated by the lesser talent. Madame Wienzowski's tone, another in the same method, has a different shape. It is imperfectly formed, because it lacks the necessary magnetism to chisel it into shape. If she could acquire the personal magnetism she lacks, her tone would be all right. This is merely a lack of nervous force on her part, and caused partly by the fact that the Leschetizky system has used up too much of her physical force. I might go on indefinitely, but I will only mention a few more.

Josef Hofmann is the greatest genius I have heard. His tone has the fullness and consistency, as well as the shape, and in two years I predict he will be able to do almost as he pleases, for he has Rubinstein's fire with plenty of strength back of it. Franz Rummel's tone is lady-like, a delicacy produced by his innate refinement, but the shape is sometimes elusive, for it varies with his mood and physical strength.

And so on, I might enumerate more and more. About Siliti's power of holding himself in check and producing on his hearers the effect he wishes; MacDowell's pure red tone with its delicacy of tracery, limited by his innate horror of publicity. Madame Bloomfield-Zeiser in refinement, detail, fire and energy spoiled by mannerism, is one of the greatest.

But I have not heard all of the musicians, so I will stop.

CAROLINE MATHER LATHROP.

Boston, Mass.

George Liebling.

LONDON, June 18, 1898.

HERR GEORGE LIEBLING will next week at St. James' Hall close his gigantic task of giving his series of ten recitals since November last. Gigantic is the only word to be applied to this task self-imposed by Herr Liebling, for, when we take a retrospective glance at the grand work he has accomplished in London, we must acknowledge the fact that no pianist ever came here with such a repertory. From the first his playing stamped him as a wonderful artist, whose exceptional qualities were frequently shown; one striking illustration being his playing for the Westminster Orchestral Society at the shortest possible notice and without rehearsal Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto. His other orchestral performances, too, have been such as to show him to great advantage. His domination over the orchestra while presiding at the solo instrument was felt when he played his own Concerto in A major, op. 22; also on the same occasion the hackneyed Liszt Concerto in E flat, given in a manner that revealed new beauties in this work. This same gift was shown in his performance of Stewart Macpherson's "Concertstück" at the Westminster Orchestral Society's concert; in fact, his talents, as they unfolded, demonstrated his capabilities of entering fully into the spirit of any composition. Mr. Liebling will play the Schumann Concerto at Mr. Newman's concert at Queen's Hall on Sunday afternoon, when an opportunity will be afforded his numerous admirers for hearing his interpretation of this chef d'œuvre.

Although a composer, already of European reputation, Mr. Liebling kept back his own compositions (with the exception of his piano concerto, performed at his first recital) until his eighth recital, when he devoted his entire program to his own works with one exception, the Liszt Concerto. The former were at once most favorably criticised by the press, and established his reputation as a composer of great merit. They possess fascinating melodies as well as originality of treatment, and last, but not least, show first-rate musicianship.

Having introduced up to now only compositions for the piano, Mr. Liebling will bring forward at his tenth and last recital ten songs, op. 18, 19, 20, 26, 27, 32 and 33. Two of his songs, op. 18, have for some years past been sung all over Germany, and are published by Chaliier, of Berlin. Op. 26 and 27 have just been published by Messrs. Forsyth Brothers, of London. These songs are to be sung at his recital to-morrow by Miss Esther Paliser, Mme. Ruth Lambe, Mme. Alice Gomez and Gregory Hast. Besides these, an aria from his opera, "Am Fjord," will be given by Mme. Ruth Lambe; also his three preludes to verses by Heine, which met with so favorable a reception at his last recital, will be repeated. This time, however, they will be played on the violin by Henry Suchi. Another interesting feature of this concert will be the "Nouvelle Suite à la Watteau," op. 31 (Forsyth Brothers), to be played by him.

Mr. Liebling has arranged to return to England this

autumn season, in order to fulfil some important engagements, after which, late in the autumn, he will sail for Canada and America, where tours are being arranged for him. Perhaps these, in addition to one for Australia, will keep him absent from England for something like a twelvemonth.

For his appearance in the principal music centres of America Mr. Liebling has sketched out twelve programs, all of which he will play from memory, proving him to possess the greatest repertory of any pianist. They embrace practically the best music written for the piano, and we quote them herewith. Is it too much to say what a marvelous memory, what a genius?

THE TWELVE DIFFERENT PROGRAMS.

- 1.—Beethoven I.
Sonate, op. 53 (Waldstein).
Sonate, op. 28 (Pastorale).
Sonate, op. 57 (Appassionata).
Sonate, op. 27, ii. (Moonlight).
Sonate, op. 10.
- 2.—Beethoven II.
Fifteen (Eroica) Variations, op. 35.
Sonate, op. 31, i.
Three Contre-Dances.
Andante favori.
Sonate, op. 31, ii.
Sonate, op. 101.
- 3.—Schumann I.
Sonate, F sharp minor, op. 11.
Eight Fantasiestücke, op. 12.
Des Abends.
Aufschwung.
Warum.
Grillen.
In der Nacht.
Fabel.
Traumeswirren.
Ende vom Lied.
Humoreske, op. 20.
Vogel als Prophet.
Romance F sharp major.
Carnaval, op. 9.
- 4.—Schumann II.
Sonate, G minor, op. 22.
Kreislerianas, op. 16, i.-viii.
Fantaisie, C major, op. 17.
Widmung (Liszt).
Arabeske, op. 18.
Novelette, F major, op. 21.
Toccata, op. 7.
- 5.—Chopin I.
Ballade, G minor.
Three Preludes.
Scherzo, B flat.
Two Nocturnes.
Two Valses.
Fantaisie, F minor.
Impromptu, A flat major.
Chant Polonaise (Liszt).
Etude.
Barcarolle.
Sonate, op. 35, B flat minor.
Berceuse.
Polonaise, A flat major.
- 6.—Chopin II.
Ballade, F minor.
Five Etudes.
- Two Nocturnes.
Sonate, op. 58, B minor.
Impromptu, F sharp major.
Two Valses.
Andante Spianato and Polonaise.
Ballade, A flat major.
Three Preludes.
Scherzo, B minor.
- 7.—Schubert.
Fantaisie-Sonate, G major, op. 78.
Eight (all) Impromptus, op. 90 and op. 142.
Fantaisie, "Wanderer," op. 15, C major.
Post (Liszt).
Ständchen, "Hark, hark the lark" (Liszt).
Erlkönig (Liszt).
Military March (Tausig).
- 8.—Mendelssohn.
Praeludium and Fugue.
Fantaisie, op. 28, F sharp minor.
Lied ohne Worte (Spinnerlied).
Rondo capriccioso.
Lied ohne Worte (duet).
Scherzo, E minor.
Lied ohne Worte (Gondellied).
Capriccio brillante, op. 22.
Variations sérieuses.
Hochzeitsmarsch and Elfenreigen (Liszt).

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 9
Bach, Händel, Scarlatti, Gluck-Saint-Saëns, Weber, Dupont, Thomas-Pease, Liszt, Georg Liebling.
- 10
Brahms, Tchaikowsky, Anton Rubinstein, MacDowell, Brassin, Wagner-Liszt, Clarence Lucas, Liszt, Georg Liebling.
- 11
Bach-Liszt, Händel, Grieg, Raff, Silas Godard, Nicolaus Rubinstein, Strauss-Tausig, Georg Liebling.
- 12
Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Jensen, Moszkowski, S. Noszkowski, Xaver Scharwenka, Dvorák, Delibes, Liszt, Georg Liebling.

TWELVE CONCERTOS FOR PIANO AND ORCHESTRA.

1. Beethoven, E flat major.
2. Schumann, A minor.
3. Chopin, E minor.
4. Liszt, E flat major.
5. Tchaikowsky, B flat minor.
6. Georg Liebling, A major.
7. Schubert, Wanderer Fantaisie.
8. Liszt, Hungarian Fantaisie.
9. Chopin, Polonaise, E flat major.
10. Liszt, D minor.
11. Mendelssohn, Capriccio brillante.
12. Stewart Macpherson, Concertstück.

First Philharmonic Soloist.

Miss Adele Aus der Ohe is the soloist at the first Philharmonic concert of the coming season. The soloist of the second concert has been selected, but not yet announced.

Herman Ebeling.

Herman Ebeling, of Columbus, Ohio, who has been studying with Leschetizky, at Vienna, for two years, returned last week on the Lahn and is again at Columbus to resume his piano duties. He is a great admirer of Leschetizky.

A Valuable Musical Library for Sale.

A prominent Paris artist, intending to travel, wishes to dispose of an extremely valuable library, unique of its kind probably in France. It is a collection of the works of the masters Beethoven, Mozart, &c., the first printed edition after the manuscript. Proofs of authenticity. For particulars apply at once to L. Breitner, 5 Rue Daubigny, Paris.



SAVANNAH.

SAVANNAH, Ga., June 11, 1898.

I HAVE let other duties interfere from day to day with my sending you an account of the annual concert of the Savannah Music Club, which took place on the 26th ult., until now more than a week has transpired since that event.

About two hundred invited guests assembled in the banquet hall of the De Soto Hotel (the place where the club holds all of its meetings) by 9 o'clock on Thursday evening, May 26. The right to be present was only by invitations extended by members of the club, and I was so fortunate as to receive one, and not on this occasion to be under the necessity of obtaining my information clandestinely.

The following excellent program was presented and was given without a single hitch or flaw, reflecting great credit on W. T. Williams, not only as the chairman of the music committee, under whose able direction and management all the programs of the club's regular monthly concerts have been arranged and carried out (being assisted by the other two members of this committee appointed to serve for a year, Miss Emma E. Coburn and Miss H. Marion Smart), but also as president of the club, proving and displaying to great advantage to what a high artistic pitch he has brought the club in point of music as well as membership. The list of performers on this program very ably displayed the artists of which Savannah can boast, and many of those present were greatly surprised that there was here such a number of real good performers—both vocalists as well as instrumentalists.

The overture to "Titus," arranged for eight hands, was well given and favorably received, and served as a very fit opening to the program to follow. Suffice it to say as far as the solo work went that it was all well done and detracted nothing from the well-made reputations of these performers, but rather added new laurels to their crown of conquests and praise already won. I cannot refrain, however, from making special comment on three numbers of the program. The quartet for piano and strings was remarkably well performed, and throughout the two movements played the undivided interest of the entire audience was given the performers. Of individual work in this the piano part is by far predominant, and Miss Emma E. Coburn's performance was remarkable, at times almost causing one to feel that a piano solo with string accompaniment was being given. The other performers did remarkably good work and well displayed the study and labor that they had given to it.

Miss H. Marion Smart is assuredly a magnificent and magnetic performer, and one of the best pianists here. She played the entire two movements of this concerto from memory, as she did the Mendelssohn G minor last year, and there was not a flaw or a hesitation anywhere. Her conception of it was simply perfect, and her digital gymnastics, for the displaying of which this affords ample opportunity, were a marvel to watch and study. Every note she played was firm and crisp, and there was an animation about the whole performance that set the blood in your every vein to tingling.

An excellent close to a most enjoyable evening was the "Rigoletto" Quartet. I rather think that this was the most enjoyable of all of the vocal numbers, and it was sung through with an amount of feeling and animation but seldom heard in this number, which is frequently allowed to drag, and thereby become tiresome even when sung by professionals. Every one of the four performers seemed to throw into their work all of the soul and feeling for which this quartet affords ample opportunity, and they worked together from beginning to end.

I believe that with this concert the Music Club will discontinue its meetings for the summer, and I will therefore have no news to write you until next fall again.

I hear that Professor Von der Hoya has completely regained his health and will again return here in the fall. He was the vice-president of the Music Club when it first organized, but resigned when he returned to Europe on account of ill-health. His many friends will be glad to greet him in their midst once more.

L. T. LUDIV.

Ysaye and Gerardy.

Eugene Ysaye and Jean Gerardy were concertizing in Manitoba last week.

De Lussan with Melba.

Mlle. de Lussan will be added to the forces of Melba's opera company the next season.

Lewis, Not Evan, Williams.

By some curious mischance we printed last week in our special telegram anent the opening of New York State M. T. A. in Binghamton, the name Evan Williams instead of Lewis Williams, baritone.

It was Lewis who was one of the features of the opening day, and not Evan, who was miles away. See Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday evening mention elsewhere, New York State Association meeting review, for detailed mention of Lewis Williams' success.

Art and Drama

A CAPTAIN of one of our ships that destroyed the Spanish fleet of Cervera announced after the battle: "I want to declare that I believe in Almighty God."

Not even the most reverent Christian could object to this public declaration, though he might possibly question its good taste just at that moment. But this sort of display—this familiar commendation of the Almighty—has usually been a part of the military character. Very few commanders have imitated the blunt egoism of Cæsar, who remarked calmly, "I conquered." Cromwell was unduly fond of associating his rather discreditable enterprises with Deity, and even Napoleon shifted the burden of his conquests.

The outburst of the captain at Santiago may perhaps have been lacking in respect to his superior officers and in reverence to the Deity for whom he vouched, but unquestionably it represents the feeling of many Americans who urged on the war and glory—as we do—in its successful achievement. A large portion of the community looks upon the war as a holy war. President McKinley has asserted that in freeing Cuba from Spanish rule we are doing the work laid upon us by Almighty God. Thus we have fought in a holy cause.

While this is true, it may still be possible to envisage the other reasons we had for war-making and the secondary advantages that accrue to us.

The symbol of our national life is growth. We are an acquisitive nation. Our national life is conditioned in expansion—just as music is conditioned in silence. We have grown until we fill the continent from sea to sea. An outreaching to the islands of the sea had become inevitable. In addition there had grown up a generation that knew not war. It was irked by years of dull, fat peace. The young, angry blood of the nation was hot for war. It was jealous of the stirring days of the sixties. It was emulous of the fathers. There were thousands and yet thousands of "Teddy" Roosevelts chafing in slow days and uneventful nights. Long before there was occasion for war there was a war party. Had it not been Spain it had been some other power. Fortunately Spain furnished the occasion—an infamous, treacherous occasion—for the war.

Extreme good fortune has attended the war. We have conquered splendidly. We have proved our valor and the virility of our race. We have demonstrated that we are not only a great mechanical nation, builder of ships, but that we can fight the ships we have built. The colonies of Spain are ours. We have taken rank among the first nations of the earth. We are no longer a home-keeping power. The democracy has been born again into a magnificent imperialism—a republican imperialism like that of Rome. And the end is not yet.

It is impossible yet to foresee all the consequences of this evolution. In some degree the politicians serve us as weathercocks to show the direction of the wind. It is noteworthy that the politicians are preparing for a recrudescence of militarism. They are grooming the warhorses for a run. Colonel Roosevelt is urged forward as the Republican candidate for Governor of this State, and the Democrats have secured a harmless, necessary, home title for Perry Belmont in case he may be a candidate. The next Presidential candidates will unquestionably come from the army. Our colonies—it is well to remember that they are not and probably never will be States—will be under military rule for a long time to come. The army is to be increased and the navy. The result of all this will be to change the social structure, slightly at first, but in an increasing degree. For many years the policy of protection for the rich has found no disfavor with the electorate. The policy of protection for the rich has a necessary corollary of correction for the poor. This correction is usually lightest under an aggressive, imperialistic government, such as that of England and the new

United States. In the Roman republic of the later period the lower classes were better off than at almost any other point in history. The conquering, growing nation can afford to treat its populace with more consideration than can the nation that consumes its own fat, like the bear. It has work to be done, and the plunder wherewith to pay for the work.

Until our war was set on foot there was immense social discontent. Today the voice of it is hushed—in the face of war the socialists and anarchists are as silent as are the Irish in the face of the Anglo-American rapprochement. The war cannot always be with us, as—we have it on excellent authority—the poor will be. The discontent has been damped down. It will flare up again.

What is the new democratic imperialism going to do about it?

There is always a lesson to be got from the wisdom of the past.

The protection of the rich is necessary to the state; the correction of the poor is necessary, but this correction may be wisely tempered with indulgence. Perhaps the Roman mode of public games is as good as any. In our less bloody days there is no call for public martyrdoms and wild beasts, but there are many forms of entertainment that might well be made public. State theatres, state opera houses, public baths and public dance halls—all these are within the possibilities of the new national life upon which we are entering.

As yet they are merely possibilities. A little agitation of the question might accomplish something. The state wastes millions in futile educational projects, in fattening the philanthropists and all sorts of criminal altruists. A little of this money might well be expended in amusing the public.

The war has given us glory and colonies; why not "circenses"?

AN estimable English servant once asked an expatriated American: "Do you have the same moon in the United States that we have here?"

Her knowledge of America was almost on all fours with that of the Spanish cabinet before the outbreak of the war. One Spanish statesman advised the "shelling" of Washington. This ignorance is the property of pretty nearly all Europeans, save the few who have been our guests. They know little of the physical characteristics of our country and almost nothing of the national temper and habits of thought. Something they have learned within the last few months. Other information we shall be able to bring home to their doors in the course of time.

The German press began by belittling the American navy; in the face of Manila and Santiago it has been unable to continue this fire of carping criticism, and has substituted the American army as a butt for its heavy witticisms. The Russian newspapers are bitter against the United States. The St. Petersburg *Novosti* characterizes the destruction of Admiral Cervera's fleet as "brutal slaughter" and accuses the Americans of employing "some kind of new explosive machine or bomb contrary to international law."

Ignorance of the racial characteristics of the American people could hardly go further. The charge that we are foul fighters is not the mere outcome of prejudice; it is due to the radical inability of the Russian to understand the American character—it is due to ignorance. And to this same ignorance must be laid the noisy Russian and French chatter of "intervention" on behalf of Spain. No statesman who knew this country, its resources and ideals, would dream for a moment of intervening between this country and any other with which there is an account to be settled.



I T was the theory of a dead Greek that the best woman is she of whom least is said, either of good or evil. I do not know. Thucydides wrote before newspapers. I fancy the women who are chattered about in the press by the blue-chinned "society reporters" are no worse and no better than the industrious, inconspicuous workingwomen of the East Side. Personally, of course, we prefer the well-gowned woman, but it is on account of her wit and manners, rather than by reason of her morals.

* * *

For purposes of art and literature, even, very little is to be got out of the women of the lower orders—as Degas and Zola have proved abundantly. In particular cases they may be interesting, but, taken all in all, there is a grim monotone of unpleasantness about them that is anything but satisfactory. Some morning—three hours before your breakfast hour—you should go to Tompkins Square on the far East Side and watch the dreary processions of workingwomen passing to and fro. If you are a tender-hearted man your feelings may be touched; if you are of a philosophical turn of mind you may discern reasons for a certain shame-faced distrust of our present organization of society. Matters are no worse here than in other cities. The state of things is as bad in London and in Paris. Here, however, it comes home closer to one's bosom and one's business.

* * *

I have no desire to echo the sinister lamentations of the strenuous women of the day.

The plaint of suffering women is eternal. Not in our day will it die out, nor in many a day to come.

He would be a fool who did not recognize that in our day it is louder than ever. It is part of the general outcry of troubled and embittered humanity. Our modern financial feudalism is built upon the misery of millions of unregarded laborers, just as the earlier feudalism was built upon the slavery of thousands and many thousands of embruted wretches whipped out to die in battle. Though the change is not radical, still there has been an evolution.

The passive element of this evolution has been the troubled existence of the women—

These women, mes amis, who are scourged by hunger into industry—

These women who are, after all, akin to the scented, silken, pleasurable women whom we fondle and marry and who are the mothers of our children. It is one of the little ironies of Dame Nature—this waggish, old dowager, rich in irony.

* * *

I figured it out with a sociological man that in Paris a working girl, living alone and supporting herself, cannot live honestly on less than 650 francs a year, or in round numbers \$130 of American money. For 300 days in the year she must earn nearly 45 cents a day.

A room within reasonable distance of her work will cost her \$20 a year, for it would hardly pay her to go far into the suburbs, as any little saving would be eaten up in tramway fares or shoe leather. Her food will cost \$80—allowing her bread, meat and milk sufficient to keep her in good health and providing for a Sunday dinner a trifle more elaborate. The amount of money she would have to spend on her clothing would depend somewhat upon the nature of her work. Including shoes, outdoor wraps and all the rest, say \$16. There remains a balance of \$14 for light, washing, carfares, heat and the care of her immortal soul.

* * *

On this she could live alone and live honestly—unharried by duns and unwinked at by blackguards.

Of course any general estimate must be flexible to a degree, but I am quite within the bounds when I put the minimum living wage of a Parisian



workingwoman—who supports herself—at 40 cents a day for 300 days in the year. How do they earn it? These vestmakers, shirtmakers, flower-makers, embroiderers, milliners, cloakmakers, matchmakers, lead workers—this unarithmeticable army of toiling women? They do not earn it—not three-fourths of them. I talked to one woman. She was fairly intelligent. Five years before she had come up from Auvergne. She worked in a match factory in the Twentieth Arrondissement out near Villette. It is work in which a certain amount of technical instruction is necessary and in consequence the work is proportionately well paid.

"How much do you make a day?"

"Thirty cents a day," she said, "all a woman can make in Paris, and it is not enough to live on. I have a room over there," and she pointed to one of the cardboard tenements that have been jerry-built in all that region between Père-le-Chaise and the basin of La Villette, and it costs me 50 cents a week. I have \$1.30 a week for food, clothes and medicine. I have to take medicine—that's on account of the sulphur. Live on it? No. Bread is 10 and 11 cents a kilo (a loaf of about 2 pounds), milk is 10 cents a quart, the cheapest kind of meat—that is, beef—is 23 cents a pound. I tried it for a year and I was starving all the time. I should have been dead by this time, had I kept it up. Now?"

She made a little gesture that made much.

It recalled the old poet's line, "Ah! she is not now unstained by any dishonest touch."

* * *

On the other hand, I was told on good authority that many Paris women keep themselves alive and keep themselves honest on thirty cents a day. Of course they had neither comfort nor any degree of happiness—but they had existence. That was assured them as long as they could work sixteen hours a day, which is, I am informed, the limit of a woman's endurance.

Of course it is always easy to sentimentalize over the picturesque side of poverty. There are as many tender phrases and touching similes to be got from it as Sully derived from the death of his beloved daughter.

When Tom Hood sang the "Song of the Shirt" the English-speaking world went into maudlin spasms of pity. It was printed and sold as catch-pennies, stamped on cotton pocket handkerchiefs, it was illustrated and parodied in a thousand ways, it tripled the circulation of *Punch*, it made Tom Hood immortal. In spite of its defects the poem thrills you as you read it to-day. And the "terrible fact" on which it was founded—the wretched state of the woman Bidell, "charged at Lambeth police court with pawning her master's goods"—is still terrible enough. The poor wretch made only \$1.75 a week—got only 2½ cents apiece for shirtmaking:

A mere machine of iron and wood,
That toils for Mammon's sake,
Without a brain to ponder and craze
Or a heart to feel—and break.

It was indeed pitiable; yet in those days London needlewomen were paid 2½ and 3 cents apiece for making shirts; to-day they are paid 2½ cents. And the price paid in Paris is 1½ cents. The needlewomen in the big shops like the Louvre, the Bon Marché, the Belle Jardinière fare better than this; I am speaking of the class of whom Tom Hood sang.

* * *

A woman employed by one of the big shops made camisoles and all the other pretty affairs in linen that women wear under their frocks.

"The stores pay 12 cents for a completed camisole," she said, "but as the work is farmed out by a forewoman, we get only 10 cents. Then there are needles and thread to buy. In twelve hours' work I can make two and a half garments. That is 25 cents a day. But it isn't regular work. In July and August is the dead season. Then I get very little work. Taking it all the year round I average 16 cents a day."

"Can one live on that?"

"Some do, but then they live at home or have someone to help them. A good many get married. I don't know that they are any better off. It's as hard for a man now as it is for a woman."

* * *

The women who keep at this work do not last very long. Ill-paid, ill-fed, ill-lodged, they soon wear out and become unfitted for the higher grades of needlework. The eyes weaken and the sight fails. Then they go to bag-making. These coarse bags are paid for at the rate of 2 cents a dozen, and it requires diligence to make a franc a day. After a bit even this labor is above them. They sink to obscurer trades. The city pays them a few sous to prowl about the streets with dustpan and brush, sweeping up the mud and manure. This is almost the last resort for an honest woman; when she becomes too feeble for this she is usually ready to die. If she can't die she turns irregular scavenger—a guerilla of the night, she picks an unclean living out of the garbage cans and gutters.

* * *

There are other trades in which the wage is higher, but there is no occasion for discussing them. As I have said, only a fourth of the women workers make as much as 40 cents a day.

To one who is given to speculation there is a terrible—though confused—eloquence in these facts.

The life of the women who make no attempt to keep themselves "unstained of any dishonest touch" needs no comment. It is the same world over. There is a monotonous progression from the kiss, the fondling word to the blow, and so on to the gutter and the hospital and the morgue. It has been written; has it not? Many, many times.

* * *

The parts played by these two humble classes of women are necessary if the present organization of society is to be kept up; the one class builds up the bourgeois fortunes—the other class is a safeguard to the family of the bourgeoisie.

Perhaps there is no reason why women should not work—even at wages insufficient to support life for any length of time. The women themselves do not complain. Hubertine Auclerc has tried in vain to make them "female agitators." Louise Michel tried, quite as vainly, to exasperate them into anarchy. They do not care for these things—care seemingly only for permission to work at starvation wages.

* * *

I attended a feminist congress a little while ago. From the balcony I looked down upon the strenuous women—upon the brilliant hats and the sombre masses of ribbons; the pretty, perfumed, powdered mob! The little ones fluttered and applauded and chirped with enthusiasm. The large, virile, neuter women talked and declaimed. It was magnificent and—the dear Lord knows!—perhaps it was war.

On travaille pour l'idée.

But the idea for which these stern but perfumed women work has little kinship with the idea that rules the Cities of the Damned. They are too far apart. The one does not understand the other. The lyric chants of the feminists convey no meaning to the female laborers who work in the dark corners and pits of life.

* * *

In New York there are hundreds of noisy female philanthropists—they pose in the police courts and swagger through the public prints in cheap notoriety. Not one honest workingwoman is the better for it all. There are "charities" beyond count, and they pay out swollen salaries to a swarm of male and female leeches. There are scores of female reformers, female politicians—

What does it all amount to?

The conditions of female labor are worse to-day than yesterday. The chances are they may be worse still to-morrow.

And the remedy?

Last week I sketched the conditions of male labor in Paris; to-day I have hinted at the state of women; and all this is preliminary to a study I wish to make of the remedies that have been suggested—for which men are striving to-day in Paris, for which men have been shot and jailed and which may be—who knows?—quite inutile and quite fictive—as useless as fighting a pestilence with attar of roses.

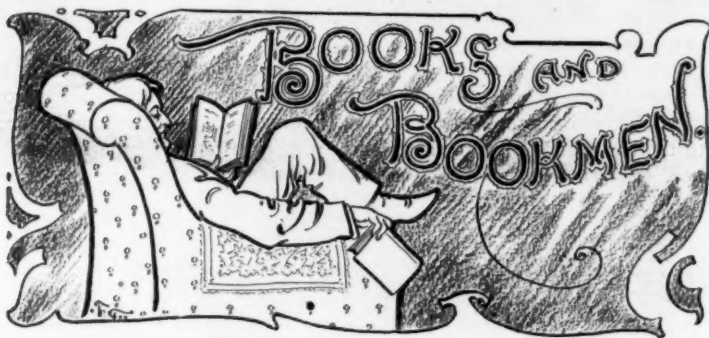
But they are worth knowing.

V. T.

HENRIK IBSEN recently attended a dinner given in his honor by the Ladies' Club of Christiania, and made a speech about himself in answer to a toast. Miss Osina Krog, in proposing Ibsen's health, spoke of him as a poet who had done much for woman through his works. Dr. Ibsen's reply, according to the *London Daily News*, was this:

"All that I have composed has not proceeded from a conscious tendency. I have been more the poet and less the social philosopher than has been believed. I have never regarded the women's cause as a question in itself, but as a question of mankind, not of women. It is most certainly desirable to solve the woman question among others, but that was not the whole intention. My task was the description of man. Is it to some extent true that the reader weaves his own feelings and sentiments in with what he reads and that they are attributed to the poet? Not alone those who write, but also those who read, compose, and very often they are more full of poetry than the poet himself. I take the liberty to thank you for the toast, with a modification, for I see that women have a great task before them in the field for which this ladies' association works. I drink the health of the club and wish it happiness and success.

"I have always regarded it as my task to raise the country and to give the people a higher position. In this work two factors assert themselves. It is for the mothers to awake, by slow and intense work, a conscious feeling of culture and discipline. This feeling must be awakened in individuals before one can elevate a people. The women will solve the question of mankind, but they must do so as mothers. Herein lies the great task of women."



When a new book comes out I go to my shelves and take down an old one.
EMERSON.

It is an excellent plan. I used to read the books the publishers sent me; now I prowls about the second-hand book stalls and my thrift and the good Lord are keeping me from useless reading.

The other day I dug a fat, blue volume out of a box of ten-cent books. Its title page read:

A
THIRD
GALLERY OF PORTRAITS
by
GEORGE GILFILLAN.

NEW YORK:
Sheldon, Lamport & Blakeman,
115 Nassau street.
MDCCCLV.

The book consisted of essays on Marat and Napoleon, Carlyle and Thackeray and a dozen others. Four essays were devoted to a "cluster of new poets"—Sydney Yendys, Alexander Smith, J. Stanyan Bigg and Gerald Massey.

The author thundered prodigiously in the index. Thus, for instance:

"He is aware that some of his friends have of late begrudged the time he has been devoting to periodical writing—a time which they think might be better employed in independent works. To them he would reply, that he is employed, slowly, but regularly, in constructing a work on our present religious aspects, besides preparing the materials of others of an entirely different kind from any of his preceding, and which aim, at least, at *paullo majora* than many of his writings in the magazines and reviews; and, that so many are the demands made upon his pen by the editors and proprietors of journals, that without a greater faculty of saying "No" than he possesses, he could not altogether avoid compliance with their importunities. The day of a dignified withdrawal from that arena, and of an entire devotion to weightier and more congenial matters, may arrive."

Who was he, this writer for whom the editors and proprietors of journals did so outrageously clamor? Gilfillan, Gilfillan! Of course he was a Scot. Somehow or other I seem to have heard of him—perhaps read of him. From this very volume one may glean a few facts. A remark on page 149 suggests the inference that he was born about 1814; thus: "Some sentences written by us in 1835, when we were newly come of age." (You observe that Gilfillan refers to himself as "we," as though he were a crowned personage or a man with a tape-worm.) An indignant disclaimer of intimacy with the "modern skeptics" leads one to believe that he may have been a roaring boy in his youth. On page 181 I find a declaration that he was the son of a dissenting minister, and from certain references to Dr. Robert Hall I am inclined to believe that he was a Baptist. It is even possible that George Gilfillan was himself a Baptist minister. A lecture on Shakespeare which he delivered begins: "If a clergyman thirty years ago had announced a lecture on Shakespeare, &c." Of course this is not conclusive, but, still, it is a broad hint.

It would be very simple, you suggest, to "look up" Gilfillan in a dictionary of biography, if I am so monstrously interested in his pedigree; it would be easy, but speculation is far more interesting.

And now I come to the critic's cluster of new poets. Alexander Smith and Gerald Massey are not tempting at the moment, but Sydney Yendys and J. Stanyan Bigg are decidedly attractive. Of the former Mr. Gilfillan says: "Bailey must look after his laurels; Tennyson, Smith and Bigg are all eclipsed by Yendys." And then, by way of illustration of Yendys' "wealth of thought and imagery" is this quotation:

Thought, Labor, Patience,
And a strong Will, that, being set to boil
The broth of Hecate, would shred his flesh
Into the caldron, and stir deep, with arms
Flay'd to the seething bone, ere there default
One tittle from the spell—these should not strive
In vain!

The italics are Gilfillan's own; his, too, I fancy, is the mark of admiration at the end. Another passage that the critic admires is:

The bare hill-top
Shines near above us; I feel like a child
Nursed on his grandsire's knee, that longs to stroke
The bald, bright forehead.

And who was Sydney Yendys? Only the dear Lord knows. He is dead, now, as Balder of whom he rhymed—songs and singer are dead.

J. Stanyan Bigg? There really was a J. Stanyan Bigg. He was born in the Lake Country and sang and mused and prosed in the style that Wordsworth made fashionable, though now and again (as you know) he eclipsed Yendys and Bailey in their stormiest moods. In one passage you may get a taste of his quality:

The clouds, like grim, black faces, come and go,
One tall tree stretches up against the sky;
It lets the rain through, like a trembling hand
Pressing thin fingers on a watery eye.
The moon came, but shrank back, like a young girl
Who has burst in upon funeral sadness;
One star came—Cleopatra-like, the Night
Swallow'd this one pearl in a fit of madness,
And here I stand, the weltering heaven above,
Beside thy lonely grave, my lost, my buried love!

The picture of the Cleopatra-night swallowing that unsoused star pleases me greatly. I am forced, however, to agree with Gilfillan that "Mr. Bigg writes too fast and too diffusely."

"Many of his passages would be greatly improved by leaving out every third line."

That is a strange but admirable method—I recommend it to Mr. Gilder, whose poems would be exactly one-third better were every third line omitted. Unfortunately I have not a copy of Mr. Gilder's poems (I used the last pages for pipe-spills Sunday a week ago) or I would show you how the plan works out. Still you may do it for yourself.

As a critic Gilfillan is a little out of touch with the opinions of the present day. Of Thackeray he remarks: "We have wondered with a great admiration at the longitude of the ears of those critics who name him in the same day with the author of 'Rienzi.'"

When he comes to Edgar Allan Poe he is as venomous as Richard Henry Stoddard, Griswold or any of the contemporaneous New Yorkers, who threw mud at the only man of genius America had produced up to that time. The Scotch critic declares: "We think that, as moral monsters, Swift and that Yankee-Yahoo Edgar Poe must be classed together."

This is not a bad beginning. I commend it to Richard Henry Stoddard.

Again: "Poe was a habitual drunkard, licentious, false, treacherous and capable of everything base and mean and malignant." And then, "the dark, sinister malice that rankled in his bosom" and "a combination of fiend and brute—one of the Gadarene swine filled with the devil."

Bravo! This is well done, Gilfillan—of the Baptist Church of Scotland. These are pleasant words to have on one's conscience, when the hot and cold fits of this life are over and one is but a ghostly Gilfillan wandering naked in space. I would as soon have written the curse of Erzulphus.

Gilfillan, however, like a good Christian, goes on to argue the matter. The passage is interesting and curious. It will please the pantalette critics of to-day, even as it pleased the Stoddards of the past. In sum it is merely a rehash of the silly lies foisted by Griswold and Stoddard and other jealous and vindictive poetasters of the day. Here it is:

"We are driven to one or two suppositions: either that his moral nature was more than usually depraved *ab origine*—that, as some have maintained, 'conscience was omitted' in his constitution; or that, by the unrestrained indulgence of his passions, he, as John Bunyan has it, 'tempted the devil,' and became the bound victim of infernal influence. In this age of skepticism such a theory is sure to be laughed at, but is not the less likely to be true. If ever man in modern times resembled at least a demoniac, 'exceeding fierce, and dwelling among tombs'—possessed now by a spirit of fury, and now by a spirit of falsehood, and now by an 'unclean spirit'—it was Poe. as he rushed with his eyes open into every excess or riot; or entered the house of his intended bride on the night before the anticipated marriage, and committed such outrages as to necessitate a summons of the police to remove the drunk and raving demon; or ran howling through the midnight like an evil spirit on his way to the Red Sea, battered by the rains, beaten by the winds, waving aloft his arms in frenzy, cursing loud and deep man, himself, God, and proclaiming that he was already damned and damned for ever. In demoniac possession, too, of a different kind, it was that he fancied the entire secret of the making of the universe to be revealed to him, and went about everywhere shouting 'Eureka'—a title, too, which he gave to the strange and splendid lecture in which he recorded the memorable illusion. And when the spirit of talk came at times mightily upon him—when the 'witch element' seemed to surround him—when his brow flushed like an evening cloud—when his eyes glared wild lightning—when his hair stood up like the locks of a Bacchante—when his chest heaved, and his voice rolled and swelled like subterranean thunder—men, admiring, fearing, and wondering, said, 'He

hath a demon, yea, seven devils are entered into him.' His tongue was then 'set on fire,' but set on fire of hell; and its terrific inspiration rayed out of every gesture and look, and spake in every tone. * * * But Poe had Satan substituted for soul. * * * Peace even to the well-nigh putrid dust of Edgar A. Poe."

Come, little children, let us put away the fat, blue volume and bid an eternal farewell to George Gilfillan, once of the *Dumfries Herald*. It is strange to remember that forty years ago he had crawled into general consideration, that "many demands were made upon his pen by the editors and proprietors of journals." I fancy he was a sad blockhead.

VANCE THOMPSON.

A NEW POET.

In "The Children of the Night" (Richard G. Badger & Co., Boston) Edwin Arlington Robinson reveals himself as a poet of rare sincerity, force and delicacy. Years have brought us nothing quite so good. Many of the verses, to be sure, are merely exercises in technical achievement, and it is hard to keep up one's interest in verses that Swinburne has written, or might have written, in villanelle, rondeau and pantoum. Fortunately Mr. Robinson has not devoted much of his time to this word-juggling.

At his best he is earnest, unaffected, with a certain Wordsworthian love for the fugue-like thought and a certain directness of expression that is the mark most of our poets since Henley. These lines are typical:

Still through the dusk of dead, blank-legended
And unremunerative years we search
To get where life begins, and still we groan
Because we do not find the living spark
Where no spark ever was; and thus we die,
Still searching, like poor, old astronomers
Who totter off to bed and go to sleep
To dream of untriangulated stars.

To see things and say them—it is the poet's art. There is a serene, far-seeing philosophy in this sonnet, "The Clerks"—i. e., shopmen—that sets one thinking again of Wordsworth:

I did not think that I should find them there
When I came back again; but there they stood,
As in the days they dreamed of when young blood
Was in their cheeks and women called them fair.
Be sure, they met me with an ancient air—
And yes, there was a shopworn brotherhood
About them; but the men were just as good
And just as human as they ever were.

And you that ache so much to be sublime,
And you that feed yourself with your descent,
What comes of all your visions and your fears?
Poets and kings are but the clerks of Time,
Tearing the same dull webs of discontent,
Clipping the same, sad selva of the years.

"Luke Havergal" has already been printed in *THE COURIER*; quite as striking is the ballad of "John Evereltdown," who "followed the women wherever they call." Mr. Robinson has objectivity in a degree. He spends little time hymning himself. And his verse is always best where it is mirroring the souls of the villagers he knows—those dwellers among the "northern pines." "The Children of the Night" is Mr. Robinson's first volume; it is more than a promise—it is a very fine achievement. This new poet has strength and tenderness and, above all, he knows the "web of our life which is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together." He has no undue love for the sorceries of the seas and stars and all the stock-in-trade of young poets. He has discarded these shopworn superfluities. His strenuousness of thought is matched by frugality of word. In no book of verses of recent years are there so many lines that will haunt you all night and come to you fresh the next day. Rare epithets are the sign of a good style, and Mr. Robinson has rare epithets, but in addition he has a style that fits his thought—sober, quiet, evening-colored—with marvelous exactitude. By way of example let me quote this sonnet, "Supremacy":

There is a drear and lonely tract of hell
From all the common gloom removed far;
A flat, sad land it is where shadows are,
Whose 'lorn estate my verse may never tell.
I walked among them and I knew them well:
Men I had slandered on earth's little star
For churls and sluggards; and I knew the scar
Upon their brows of woes ineffable.

But as I went majestic on my way,
Into the dark they vanished, one by one,
Till, with a shaft of God's eternal day,
The dream of all my glory was undone—
And, with a fool's importunate dismay,
I heard the dead men singing in the sun.

V. T.

Dr. Nansen's profits from his book "Farthest North" are said to amount to \$190,000, and the profits of his lectures have added largely to this sum.

Rudyard Kipling's "Echoes," Lahore, 1884, the earliest and the scarcest of his books in the original wrapper, brought \$137 at a recent London book sale. The first edition of "Departmental Ditties," Lahore, 1886, brought \$50.

Czar Nicholas II. is said to be in consultation with the leading professors of history in Europe looking toward selecting a biographer for his famous predecessor,

Peter the Great. The assignment has not been made, but in the meantime the Czar is conducting historical investigations on his own account. He has lately discovered at Nykjobing, in the island of Falster, Denmark, a house in which Peter the Great resided for a time.

The British Museum has lately acquired a remarkable collection of the writings of Marat. It was a gift from M. Chevrement, the biographer of l'ami du peuple. The collection comprises Marat's philosophical, medical, scientific and political works, including the celebrated pamphlets which exercised so potent an influence on the minds of his compatriots, and to it M. Chevrement has added his collection of portraits and caricatures of the remarkable man of science and popular agitator. Further, there are seven placards and a copy of the rarest poster of all, "Marat, l'ami du peuple, aux braves Parisiens," of which the only example known was in the possession of the British Museum.

In one of Robert Louis Stevenson's letters reprinted in the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly* is this pike-pointed criticism: "The best of the present French novelists seems to me, incomparably, Daudet. 'Les Rois en Exile' comes very near being a masterpiece. For Zola I have no toleration, though the curious, eminently bourgeois and eminently French creature has power of a kind. But I would he were deleted! I would not give a chapter of old Dumas (meaning himself, not his collaborators) for the whole boiling of the Zolas. Romance with the smallpox, * * * diseased, and black-hearted, and fundamentally at enmity with joy."

Sir Edwin Arnold recently celebrated his sixty-sixth birthday. He distinguished himself at Oxford and won the Newdigate in 1853. He was almost thrust into the career of a schoolmaster, and for two years acted as tutor in connection with King Edward's School, Birmingham, England. Sir Edwin has been married three times—first to an English woman, then to an American, and the present Lady Arnold is probably the only Japanese lady bearing an English title. She was born at Sendai, in Japan, her family name being Kurokawa Tama, which being translated means "Jewel of the Dark River."

There are a number of changes in the Boston publishing houses. The most important of these is the acquisition by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. of the entire list of Roberts Brothers' publications, with the exceptions of the Wormeley translations of Molière and Balzac, which will be retained as subscription books. Another important change takes place in the firm of Lee & Shepard, the estate of E. Fleming, the book-binder, having acquired all title and interest in that house. The present head of this old firm is Mr. Gregory, who recently became connected with it as manager of the educational department. William Lee has been connected with the book trade for over sixty years and his retirement will come as a shock to many. The Milk street quarters will be given up and the business, in all probability, removed to Norwood, although a Boston office will be maintained. The third change is the separation of the retail and wholesale business of Estes & Lauriat into two distinct companies. The firm of Dana Estes & Co. will continue the book publishing business at 196 Summer street, where that department has been for several years located, while the retail book shop will continue at its old stand on Washington street, under the name of the Charles E. Lauriat Company.

"We know," says Mrs. Ritchie, in the biographical Thackeray published by the Haydens, "that Haroun al Raschid used to like to wander about the streets of Bagdad in various disguises, and in the same way did the author of 'Vanity Fair'—although he was not a calif—enjoy putting on his various dominos and characters. None of these are more familiar than that figure we all know so well, called Michael Angelo Titmarsh. No doubt my father first made this artist's acquaintance at one of the studios in Paris. Very soon Mr. Titmarsh's criticisms began to appear in various papers and magazines. He visited the salons as well as the exhibitions over here, he drew most of the Christmas books, and wrote them, too. He had a varied career. One could almost write his life. For a time, as we know, he was assistant master at Dr. Birch's Academy. * * * He was first cousin to Samuel Titmarsh, of the 'Great Hoggarty Diamond'; also he painted in water colors. * * * To the Kingdom of Heaven he assuredly belongs! Kindly, humorous, delightful little fraud; droll shadow behind which my father loved to shelter himself. In Mr. Barrie's life of his mother he tells how she wonders that he should always write as if he was someone not himself. Sensitive people are glad of a disguise and of a familiar who will speak their thoughts for them."

The current number of the *Bibelot* is Richard Jeffries' "Saint Guido." In the introduction the publisher says:

"Deeply as the love of Nature existed in Richard Jeffries there was an added touch of imagination when he came to connect the two, Nature and human life. This touch of insight is seen at its sunniest in the story of Saint Guido."

"ANCIENT AND MODERN DRAMA."

Monsieur Emile Faguet, one of the learned professors of the Sorbonne, Paris, and dramatic critic of the *Journal des Debats*, has just published a book called "Ancient and Modern Drama." In the June number of the *Mercur de France* Monsieur Louis Dumas comments on it as follows:

It is curious in this age, when all studies tend more and more to substantiate by documents, to find a mind still sufficiently seventeenth century to dare to make speculations on a matter so complex, mobile and fleeting as the genius of different peoples and to treat their literature somewhat after the fashion Bossuet treated history.

The dramaturgy of the brilliant professor could be reduced to questions and replies, like the catechism. Without entering into details it proceeds somewhat in this fashion:

Of what is the French spirit composed?

1. It has a primitive basis of sound common sense, of which the characteristics are clearness, order, logic, rapidity and movement. 2. Belonging to the Middle Ages; enthusiasm and mysticism. 3. The enriching of the primitive basis by the study of

antiquity, bringing with it its sense of the beautiful, which the Middle Age period was not sufficiently strong to begin.

2. What best represents the French spirit? Tragedy.

3. What should tragedy be? Bright, clear, orderly and logical, like the French spirit, with traces only of mysticism, while imagination and sensibility, the bequeaths of antiquity, should always be subordinate to the ideal of beauty.

4. Does the French drama so constituted differ from the Greek or English drama? Yes. Just as the Greek spirit and the English spirit differ from the French spirit, and in the same relation.

5. What are the characteristics of the Greek spirit and the drama to which it gave rise? The Greek spirit is plastic, epic and rhythmic. The Greek tragedy is first of all a poem, where action and intrigue hold a much smaller place than recitation, harmony and æstheticism. Dramatic combination was a matter of indifference to the Greeks. That was not the effect they sought.

6. What is the English spirit and drama? The English spirit takes life before everything and disdains form to get at the heart of things. Its drama accumulates events, develops characters, multiplies the personages of the play, throws crowds and history herself palpitating with life upon the stage. * * *

And so on, to the end, he puts the three systems before you and draws an ingenious parallel:

"The Greeks take a very simple subject from history and surround it with all the marvels and all the arts, in order to compose an æsthetic ensemble of full and perfect harmony.

"The English take a long subject from history and lengthen it still more, following and trying to embrace reality in its infinite amplitude.

"The French take a simple fact and dispose the causes and effects in such order that the conclusion is the result of the premises, at the same time logical and unexpected.

"The Greeks, in love with the beautiful, have simple characters, because simplicity is beauty of lines and nobleness of attitude. The French, in love with things reasonable, have abstract characters, because an abstract character is an idea. The general impression of a Greek tragedy is that of a beautiful artistic ensemble. The general impression of an English tragedy is that of a fine picture of human life. The general impression of French tragedy is that of a good argument well continued to the unforeseen ending. For the Greeks the interest lies in contemplating the beautiful, for the English in the sensation of life, for the French in curiosity satisfied by logic.

"So it follows the unity of the Greek drama is the unity of the æsthetic impression, the unity of the English drama is the unity of great moral or historical observation, out of which the drama is born; the unity of the French drama is unity of action. The muse of the Greeks is beauty, the muse of the English life, the muse of the French reason. * * *

"There is the sculptor, the musician, the lyric or epic poet in every Greek dramatist. In every English drama there is the historian, the moralist and philosopher. In every French drama there is the dialectician, the orator and moral professor."

It would seem from this that the French drama, which Monsieur Faguet himself judges to be the least poetical, the least real and the least living of all, is inferior to the others. How and by what series of captious arguments the eminent critic arrives at proving that it is superior is a passage of arms I will not attempt to explain. He cannot leave his dear seventeenth century to suffer from such an allegation. I do not quite see the real end he wishes to attain, for the author does not say one word about the modern drama, which from the title of his book I expected to see figure somewhat. A single disdainful phrase about romanticism is all. Is he going to give us another volume?

Have the multiplicity of tendencies manifested by our last two centuries so routed that which he loves best that he prefers to take no notice of them for fear of seeing his whole system exploded?

In fact, we would arrive at strange conclusions. We should find, for example, not to confine ourselves strictly to dramatic authors, that—

Hugo, Musset, Lamartine and Balzac are English.

Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Lessing, Addison and Pope are French.

Goethe, turn about, Greek, French and English.

Wagner, Greek.

And horror of horrors, that Ibsen is French!

Monsieur Faguet leaves himself open to some false deductions when he declares in his book that everybody admits that Bossuet and Voltaire represent the French spirit better than Montaigne or Rabelais! In fact, Rabelais is only an "Englishman" like most of his contemporaries. This makes me want to ask whether the study of the drama by the genius of epochs—modified by circumstances of race and means—would not give results less open to discussion? For my part I should be sufficiently disposed to believe that there is much more likeness between the men of the same epoch, though of different nationalities, than between men of the same nationality and different epochs.

All this does not prevent "Ancient and Modern Drama" from being a very strong book, of great interest and eminently "French," if only from its mania for reasoning on art.

NIETZSCHE, AS GENTLEMAN.

A TRADITION in which Nietzsche put much faith was that he was descended from the seigneurial Polish family Niëtzky. I, too, am ready to lend credence to the legend. It explains for me so many dark riddles in Nietzsche's philosophy. This blood of the lords of Poland flowing in his veins explains and justifies his aristocratic instinct. His was a very fine nature, delicate, tender, sensitive to beauty and vulgarity, to harmony and dissonance—a very gentle poet.

Is this a new view of Nietzsche? Of him, whom Nordau has pictured as a Solomon's fool, hurling firebrands? In Nietzsche's works, as in his life. I see only the sensitive poet, the self-contained aristocrat, the contemner only of what in life and art and morals is essentially vulgar.

But was it not Nietzsche—you ask—who wrote "Thou goest to women? Forget not the whip!"

Yes, but it was in the same sense that he wrote, "A savant woman must

have some physiological disorder?" It requires only a slight examination of his works to see that his attitude toward women is neither vulgar, nor brutal, nor unlordly. His words are aimed solely at the emancipated woman—she who, in the fields of art and literature and commerce, wrestles familiarly with men. He did not love the woman writer; he had no kindness for the female commercial traveler; and in this he was essentially aristocratic. He loved slight, useless, lily-handed ladies—the chateleines, pale or fervid—and he knew (as you and I may never know it) the tenuous and subtle charm of woman's tenderness. But he loathed the woman who can do things, the woman of uncanny and almost male canniness; and it was with her in mind that he wrote "Forget not the whip!" Nor should it be forgotten.

* * *

A very gentle poet, exquisite in his personal tastes, exigent in art, buoyant in egotism, a self-respecting and accomplished aristocrat—this was Friedrich Nietzsche, son of the Count Niëtzky, of the hereditary nobility of Poland.

He was too well bred to chastise any save the emancipated woman. Indeed, like all poets, he was a continuous lover. His sentimental excursions were winsome and pure as the Maying of the swallows. He was not a great lover, Jove-like, as Goethe was; he was no realist in love like Schopenhauer. But there was in his amours a delicate idealism—a pretty, aristocratic selfishness—that lends them an interest beyond the amours of any poet save Shelley.

* * *

Nietzsche's tastes in art were as refined as his tastes in women. He was no enemy of periwigged art. He had a predilection for beauty of form, for purity, elegance, polish. He read "Athalie" and "Bajazet." He hated the vulgar, the deformed, the tumultuous, the emphatic. He loved the orderly, antique civilization—the frankly beautiful civilization of the Renaissance—the peruked and powdered civilization of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in France—the accomplished French culture of to-day.

He had no sympathy with the Twelve Apostles.

They were humble; they gave themselves to be buffeted and spat upon; they were men of serf-like souls; in them there was nothing that appealed to Nietzsche's aristocratic soul. And all this makes clear his theory of the debasing effects of Christianity and explains as well his personal antipathy to the Founder of that religion. He loathed the vulgarity of a salvation that is free for all as he loathed the vulgarity of universal suffrage.

In Luther he saw only a rustic and uncouth boor—and he detested boors.

In one splendid, lordly anathema he gathered up the vulgar French Revolution, democracy, feminism, socialism, communism, Germany and Christianity.

* * *

In art, in literature, in life he could not pardon bad form. He could not condone a lack of distinction—moral, intellectual or physical. He could not forgive a lack of tact. His tastes were exigent and immitigably refined.

I think that in his mind there was a picture of the "Uebermensch" in which Hercules was subtly complicated with Beau Brummel.

* * *

"God is everywhere," they said to him, and he answered, not cynically, I believe, "That is very inconvenient."

There spoke the innately modest aristocrat who would not that even Omnipotence should pry into the toilet of his soul.

* * *

In the beginning Nietzsche wrote "The Birth of Tragedy"; in the end he wrote "Zarathustra," and they are one and the same. The former is written in terms of criticism—cold, savage, intrepid; the latter is chanted in the dithyrambs of prophecy.

* * *

The sum total of it all is that man should laugh and dance; and all the philosophy of Zarathustra is in the song he sang when Cupid and the girls danced together.

* * *

In his love for gaiety Nietzsche was a true aristocrat. His revolt against the Wagnerian music-drama was due to his ancestors—those accomplished Counts of Niëtzsky. He recognized that mysticism is plebeian; that the theory of sacrifice is unquestionably vulgar; that the adoration of woman is proletarian.

Excess of any sort is disagreeable to the aristocratic mind. Excess of emotion is unpardonable. Now, Wagner's emotional excesses are even as the debauches of the Huns.

* * *

You have seen that Nietzsche's predilections were all for the orderly, the well-bred, the patrician in art. He had a good word for Merimée; he appreciated Flaubert and Leconte de l'Isle. His revolt against the Wagnerian literature was inevitable.

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